HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

In Three Books.

I. On VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

II. Adapted to the LORD'S SUPPERIMI. In PARTICULAR MEASURES.

By SIMON BROWNE.

- Ob, come let us fing unto the Lord, let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation. Pfal. xcv. 1.
- O fing unto the Lord a new Song. Pfal. xcviii. 1.

LONDON:

Printed for EMAN. MATTHEWS, at the Bible in Pater-Noster-Row. M.DCC.XX.

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PREFACE





THE

PREFACE.

HE noblest part of divine worship, is praise. This is the peculiar employment of the celestial state; and the more our
minds are engaged in it on earth,

the nearer approach do they make to future blifs, and the higher they rife towards the life of heaven. Poetry enlivens praise. What is written under a kind of inspiration may be recited in rapture. Lively thoughts, gay images, strong figures, proper and florid diction, and easy slowing numbers, naturally strike and enliven the mind: And then is the mind most in tune for the work of praise, when its powers are in most vigorous exercise: When the thoughts are bright

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bright and intense, the passions warm, and the whole foul awake. Hence those parts of Holy Scripture that were composed for she praise of God, are mostly poetical ... And the poefy of them is the most pompous that can be, and as much exceeding the bigbest flights of the heathen poets, as the inffiration under which they were written, was Superior to theirs Matthew Andrew son

Mulick still beightens the power of Poetry, and gives it fresh force to engage and affect the mind. There is somewhat very moving in the proper variation of founds: And roben a tune is compos'd according to the rules of barmony, and fuited to the matter of a Poem, it improves every beauty, adds gaiety to every image, and force to every figure; it puts spirit into every word, gives a more easy flow to all the numbers, and thereby more powerfully draws and fixes the mind, quickens all the powers and poffions, and quite transports the man. Mufick bath many times this force by it felf: Those who have no ear to taste the elegancies of it, have yet an heart open to its impressions; have been fruck, have been feiz'd by it, and lost all at once in wonder and de-But when Mulick and Poetry join their forces, and both together engage and impress the mind, it yields without resistance.

ance, takes in a new recruit of life and power, and under the mighty influence, acts beyond nature, and out does it felf. It is no wonder therefore that the first piece of Poetry upon record in the world, should be praise to Godutter'd in a fong: Then lang Moses and the children of Israel this long unto the Lord. And it is possible that both the Musick and the Matter were inspired: The Poetry I am sure is all in the sublime, and if the Musick were by inspiration too, there is no doubt but it was worthy its divine original, suited to the matter of the song, and apt to strike the minds of the song-ins, and make the deepest impression of what they sung:

But not only are Poetry and Musick apt to elevate and enliven the mind, upon the fublime subject of praise; they have a power also to compose, and soften, and melt the soul; they may be sitted to convey instruction, to excite penitential grief, and to assume and calm the turbulent and unruly passions, when stirred by resentment or calamity. And therefore in that book of Holy Scripture, which was originally composed to be sung, we find Psalms upon variety of occasions, and with great variety in the matter and

form: Some breathing praise in the highest raptures and slights of Poetry: Some utter-ing instructions in obvious language, and plain song: And some bemoaning guilt and affliction in the most melting strains, that touch the heart to the quick, and mould it to the temper they describe. And under that diffensation, which had much of the gaudy exterior in it, the musick of the voice was affifted by instruments, which doubtless were of use to the devout worshipers of that day. And the I think, nothing of this kind sould be introduc'd into Christian worship without a plain warrant, nor never was in fact introduced for many of the first ages after Christ, yet will I not censure any who under the Gospel think fit to use instrumental, as well as vocal musick in the worship of God, provided they take care this be done, not fo much to delight the ear, as to warm. the beart with fincere devotion. But all robo engage in this part of worship, and those especially who are for joining instruments with the voice, should take this cantion with them, viz. that it is but too common and easy for the sensual delight to drown the seriousness of the Spirit, and the entertainment of the musick to extinguish devotion; and yet persons all the while imagine they are in a temper of mind highly pleasing to

to God, because they feel an uncommon sutisfaction, and a fort of transport in themfelves.

It is plain from many passages of the New Testament, that singing is a part of Christian-worship. Private persons are dirested when they are * merry to sing Pfalms; and not only so, but to treach and admonish one another, in Pfalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, finging with grace in their hearts to the Lord and that it was a part of the publick won the in the Apostolick times, is plain from what St. Paul faith about it, I Cor xiv. 1751 will fing with the Spirit, and I will fing with the understanding also. For being joined with prayer here, it carries a plain hint in it, that the Church of Corinth was guilty of like diforders in one as in the other. which it is the purpose of this discourse of the Apostle to rectify. From whence it follows, that he must be understood of singing in the publick worship, because be is certainly to be understood of publick prayer. It is plain that the Pfalms of David were given by inspiration of old, that they might be sung in the worship of God, and the devotion of the heart might be promoted by

Jam, v. 13. 1 Col. iii. 16.

the harmony of the song. And many of them are still sit to be sung in Christian-worship; but this can hardly be said of all. Some have such reference to the sewith eastoms, that they can hardly be sung with anderstanding by Christians. Many passages in them hardly breath the Spirit of the Gospel. And when the veil is taken off from all the other parts of worship, there is no reason why it should still remain on that part which is the most sublime and delightful; or that we should sing and give praise, wrapt up in the mists and clouds of sewish forms.

Indeed there is no book of this kind of divine inspiration, besides the Psalms of David, nor is any other necessary. The full as reasonable to confine our selves in our pragers to those forms that were uttered by Inspiration, or are left upon record by inspir d'men, and never use any other, as that we should be confined to the Jewish forms of praise, which were adapted to the state they were under, and to many occahons and circumstances of that people pecuhar to themselves. But Mr. Watts bath so well handled this argument already, and as I am inform'd, intends to go it over again, that I shall add no more. Some. Pfalms are indeed of general use, and fit for

for any worsbipers of the living God: Some are plainly evangelical in their sublimest sense, and direct reference. It is easy to give many more an evangelical turn. Of this Mr. Watts has given many excellent specimens in his Plalms of David imitated in the language of the New Testament. The only exception I have against that admirable performance, wherein I think he has out-done himself, is, lest he should have carried too much of the Gospel into the sweet singer of Israel, and should lead some (who will not remember that this is only imitation) to mistake his sense for the proper meaning of the inspired Writer.

But I see no reason, why Christians should be ty'd down to the use of forms of praise, that were peculiarly fitted to a very different state of religion from their own, and to many peculiar circumstances of a single nation, singularly savour'd of God; or limited to the use of those, which, though they speak of evangelical times, and things, do it in the Jewith language, and in war of prophesy; or to those general forms that will fuit any worshipers of the true God, without having any adapted to their own state and circumstances as Christian worshipers, because they have none such divinely inspired. Why may not men uninspired help

belp themselves and fellow Christians to fine to God, by private composures speaking af ter the Spirit of God in Scripture, on according to the common sense of mankind a bout the things of God? monrod fighting hom

It is certain, that in the first ages of Christianity, other composures, besides the Pfalms of David, &c. were used in this part of worship. The Apostle tells us plain enough in a passage cited above, that Pfalms were sung in Christian-assemblies at first by immediate suggestion of the Holy Spirit for he blames them for giving went to such suggestions, in breach of all natural order and decency: * The Spirits of the Prophets being subject to the Prophets. So that they were under no constraint to introduce any indecency or confusion into the publick assembly, the they were under a supernatural impulse, which would have been into evitable, if at the same time several bad had a distinct plalm, or a distinct doctrine or revelation to have propos'd in the affembly; which, I think, was one of the irregularities among them, which the Apostle blames, and would have redressed, because it tended to confound all things, and break in upon all the rules of natural order.

¹ Cor. xiv. 32. 1 Ver. 26.

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Indeed, bad the Holy Spirit, in this part of their worship, suggested to every one in the affembly at once, the same platm and tune, there would have been no confusion, but the most perfett barmony and order throughout. But this was not a gift poured out on an affembly, but on some particular members. for the common benefit; which end could never bave been answered, if many should at once utter the same words for all to join in the fong, and much less if they should at once propose every one a distint pfalm. For, that several had gifts of the same sort, and were likely to breed confusion in the assembly, by shewing these gifts, rather than by interfering with one another in thefe of a different kind, feems obvious to me, not only from the scope of the Apostle, but from the nature of the thing: It being more reafonable to think, that feveral of them should break out at once into a fong, at the proper time for finging, than that they should ut-terly confound all the parts of worship, and be uttering pfalms and dottrines, &cc. all atonce?

But be that as it will, 'tis plain from this passage, that divine songs were then suggested to many by the Holy Spirit, and that for publick worship : And that these were not David's pfalms, seems most reaso-TO THE PARTY

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nable to believe, it being utterly needlefs that they should be deliver'd to the Church again by a new inspiration. We may as well suppose, that the doctrines and reve-lations here spoken of, were some of the old Jewish Scriptures delivered over again by a new Afflatus of the Holy Ghoft. bult. frems to me therefore most reasonable to believe, that these were divine songs more fuited to the evangelical worship and state.

Such were certainly in use after the first ages of the Apostles. The bymn, which, Pliny the younger tells his master Trajan, the Christians sung in honour of Christ, seems to me to have been such, whether it were a private composure, or an inspir d one. Private composures of this kind were certainly used by Christians, both in their families and affemblies. Tertullian in his.
Apologetick bath a paffage full to this purpose; where, in the account he gives of the love-feasts among Christians, be tells us, that after the supper was ended, and water to wash their hands and the lamps were brought in, * every one was call'd out to fing to God according to his ability,

^{*} Post aquam manualem & lumina, ut quisque de Scripturis sacris vel proprio ingenio parest provo-catur in medium DEO canera. C. 39.

either out of the Holy Scripture, or from his own invention. Eulebius also gives as a fragment of an ancient author, against the berefy of Artemon, fashe denied our Saviour's divinity, and reduc'd bim to a mene man) in which we are told that the * plalms and hymns of the brethren, written at the beginning by the faithful, do celebrate the praises of Christ, and attribute divinity to him. It was also one of the charges against Paul of Samolata, who about fixty years after, reviv'd the error of Artemon, that he abolished the plalms which were usually sung in honour of our Lord Jesus Christ, as novel, and the composures of modern men. + Dionysius also of Alexandria is quoted by the same historian, as commending Nepos, an Egyptian Bishop, the otherwise a sebismatick, for the many plaims and hymns he compoled, with which many of the brethren were greatly delighted. From all which passages it is plain, that even in the earliest ages, bymns were used by private persons, and in publick worship, that were composed by Christians without divine inspiration of the control of the control

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^{*} Eccl. Hift. L. V. c. 38. † Ibid. L. VII. c. 30. thid c. 24 con and and a

I am not ignorant, indeed, nor will I difsemble, that the Council of Laodicea (which Some make earlier, and some later than that of Nice) forbad the use of hymns composid by private hands; but then it must be remembred, that the same Council probibited private persons singing in Christian-assemblies, reserving this to the canonical chanters, as they call them: And whatever regard was paid to their canons in Phrygia, and the East, it is notorious, that in afterages many such bymns, compos'd by Ambrole, Bilbop of Milan, by Prudentius, Fortunatus, &c. were introduc'd into the liturgies of the Latin Church, and continue in them to this day, as is manifest to any who will be at the pains to compare the bymns in the Roman Breviary, with those of the authors mention'd and AM avoice

At the Reformation here, or about that time, David's, &c. pfalms were not only turn'd into English metre, but it was also thought proper to turn some of these Latin bymns in like manner; such as Te Deum, Veni creator Spiritus, and to add some new ones, such as, The humble Suit of a Sinner, The Complaint of a Sinner, The Lamentation, &c. which were commonly bound up with the version of the psalms, by Sternhold, Hopkins, &c. and used both in

in publick affemblies, and private families, from the beginning of the Reformation, or at least from its establishment under Queen Elizabeth.

I do not find that the reformers abroad took the same liberty in this point, as ours did here. The French psalmody, (which) if I mistake not, is the pattern of most of the Churches called reformed) is confined to that of David, with one or two versions more from Scripture. But the Lutherans have taken greater liberty: And Comenius tells us, that the Bohemian brethren had above seven hundred bymns in use among statem, besides the psalms of David.

Several versions of the psalms were attempted among as by Sir Philip Sydney, King James I. Mr. Ainsworth, Mr. Geo. Sandys, Mr. Barton, Dr. Roberts, and perhapsothers, besides some particular psalms by Bishop Hall, Lord Bacon, &c. before any additional bymns were composed. The sirst attempt of this kind, that has fallen under my observation, (besides some few scriptural songs, put into metre, and set to musick, by Mr. Ainsworth in his Annotations) was made by Mr. William Barton, Minister of St. Martin's, Leicester, who was sirst led into the design, as himself relisus, upon Mr. Baxter's desire, that be would

TheAPREFAGE:

In the Team 1659, be published a century of Scient Hymns, collected out of Scripture, and baving added another century of Chapter Hymns, be published both together, in the year 1670, and two years after that, two centuries of Pialm Hymns; and these, with two centuries more which he had left ready for the press, were published again by his son, in the year 1688, ander the title of, Six Centuries of Scient Hymns and Spiritual Songs, collected out of the Holy Birtual Songs, collected out of the Press.

These bymns of Mr. Batton are a mere metrical version of some passages of the psalms, and other places of Scriptures. Regard is had in them to the variety of measures in the old psalm translation; and in this respect they may be prefered to most that came after. But the worthy author seems to have had little of a poetical genius, or at least to have taken care to conceal it in his version. Tet doubtless he took good pains in going through so large a work; and the-lieve has much pleas d and benefited many serious Christians, both in private and in publick worship, by his labours.

The publick baving received these with favour, and some impressions being sold off, others.

others were encouraged to attempt fomewhat in the same way. The Songs of Praile, compos'd by good Mr. Malon, and The Penitential Cries, begin by the fame bond, and carry'd on by another, puft through several impressions with good occeptance, and have a very great favour of a ferious and devout Spirit, and in many places, at least, rife much above Mr. Barton's paetry. These are neither ver sions nor paraphrases of Scripture, but the pious suggestions of the anther's own mind upon divers religious fubjetts. And, befides some collections from private bands, and an attempt to turn fome of Mr. Herbert's poems into common metre, these I have mention'd were all the bonns I know to have been in common use, either in private families, or Christian assemblies, Will within a few years past od in come

Others, I know, have been composed for the Lord's Table. Those of Mr. Nathaniel Vincent I have not seen. Those of the very learned and judicious Mr. Joseph Boyse (now alive in Dublin) are well chosen from several passages of Scripture, and put into proper measures to be sung: But as he modestly disclaims a poetical talent, so, I doubt, he has affected to avoid giving them that heavy he was able, from his care to make them level to the meanest well and the search of the sear

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derstanding. This I am apt to think has a spice of superstition; for when many of the psalms of David, and other passages of Scripture, are slights of poetry in the original, in the perfect sublime, I see no reason why we must be content with a mere literal version, without any attempt to make the sense shine and strike in the translation, provided we don't obscure it, out-soar the capacities of those that are to use them, and lay them under a necessity to sing with-

out understanding.

Mr. Stennet, who has given us a collection of sacramental hymns, had a truly poetical make. His bymns are not only well. chosen for the matter, and selected from proper passages of Scripture, but the christian, the serious, the devout Spirit breaths in severy line, and the poet shines out in many beautiful passages. The language is proper and clean, the numbers for the most part easy and slowing, and there is nothing mean throughout the whole performance, though all is level to common understandings. Indeed, as bimfelf complains, the common measures of our psalms are not very favourable to a vein of poefy: The lines are too short, and the breaks too frequent, to indulge a poetical fancy, or perform with any elegance. He also tells us, be carefully avoided

THE PREFACE.T

avoided bold flights, and some heatherish phrases, that he might not prejudice his design, and render his performance less grave, and pure, and perspicuous, than what was to be employ'd in the immediate service of God, and intended to edify common Christians, ought to be. But after all, he has perform'd worthily: The devout Christian, and judicious Divine shine throughout the performance, tho' the poet is, it may be, more concealed than he needed, or ought to have been.

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. But the ingenious Mr. Watts has outdone all that went before him, in the variety of his subjects, the smoothness of his verse, and the richness of his fancy. The lively imagination, and the devout heart, happily mix in his composures. And if there be any thing which the criticks may think less correct, there are not many things which they will be able to mend. The World, hope, will not do me the injury to think, that I aim at being his rival. These hymns are design'd as a supplement to bis, not intended to supplant them. 'Twill satisfy my ambition, if they may affift the devotion of private Christians, or publick assemblies, upon such subjects as be bath not touched. I shall easily yield him the preference as to poetry. He hath much more of the poetical fire

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fire in his make; be has enter'd more into the rules of art, and practis'd much more upon them, than I, who have hardly attempted any thing beyond robat I now offer rally laid abide, and what all sailing out of

I do not fet up for a paet. And yet tis no vanity to say, I aim at being more poetical, than some who have gone before me. I have labour'd to make the verfe smooth, and the fense abusious and clear; to use propriety of expressions, and to give as much ornament as I could to the subject, with out rifing above the level of ordinary understandings: And if I may please the common readers of divine poetry, and help the devotion of common Christians, I shall not be out of bumour, the the criticks despite me.

I have more ty'd my felf to thyme than any of my predeceffors, Mr. Barton except ed; baving throughout taken care, either to rbyme in couplets, or in every other line. This, every one who has a taste of poetry, must be sensible bas been a confinement to fancy. But in the method of finging, which generally prevails, and whilft the clerk gives out the matter to be fung by pieces of a fentence, it cannot but be of great advantage; and the more, where there are but few words to rhyme to the preceding close, (this many times suggesting the sense that is to follow) to

THE PREFACE

follow) which yet is a great blemish to the poetry; the frequent recurring of the fame founds being apt to naufeate. Indeed, I wift this method of finging were more generally laid afide, and that all tongregations did what some do, I mean, sing without reading. I am fure the duty would be perform'd with more pleasure, we should sing more with understanding, and, what is not the least consideration, should allow more time to this most delightful duty of our boby religion. Could this change be made, a frist regard to rhyme would be less necessary. But it is very ufeful on another confiderarion, rhyme being apt to engage the attention of youth, and help their memory, and render such composures more pass to be got by heart, which I think is of great ufe. For I take poetry to be the pleasantest, and therefore the fourtest way of conveying moral and religious instructions and an invital

I have divided the rabole into Three Books: The First is apon Various Subjects; The Second is more peculiarly adapted to the Lord's Table; The Third is filled with Hymns in some Uncommon Measures. In the two sirst books, I have thrown those hymns together that are of the same measure; having put those in common measure at the beginning, those in the measure of

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of the old C. psalm next, and closed each with a few hymns, to the same measure with the old CXII. and CXIII. psalms; which last, I take to be the properest for

English Lyricks.

I have not distributed the bymns so exactly under the three heads, but that some of the first book may be used at the Lord's Table, and some few of the second may be used on other occasions; but these last are

very few.

The third book is wholly in peculiar meafures, no line confifting of lefs than ten notes, or syllables. In these composures I have given my self greater scope than in other parts, the not to cross my main purpose, which is, to affift the devotion of Christians in singing the praises of God. I hope any common audience may sing any hymn throughout the whole, with understanding. Some particular words may, perhaps, be out of their reach, but the rest of the sentence, and the connexion, will, in a great measure, help them to the general meaning.

I have, for the most part, work'd them out of my own fancy, and my materials for the pulpit. Sometimes I have borrow'd my Stamina from others. But wherever I have done so, I think I have either improv'd the

verse,

verse, or else bave so chang'd the form, and measures, and phrase, that the original auther will hardly know it for his own. Thus in the first part I have taken several hints from the Penitential Cries. In the second from Mr. Boyle, Stennet, and Watts. In the third I have borrow'd materials from some of our more celebrated poets. But if they'll forgive me for spoiling the beauty of their pieces, to make the materials comply with my rhymes and measures, I am satisffy'd they will not strip me of my folen plumes. In this part the bymns are fitted to four tunes; one of them is that of the ald L plalm, the other three are news or with money

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And here I must add, that one great intention I had in publishing these bymns, is, to promote and improve plalmody. I long. to see this part of divine worship better perform'd in all our congregations. Lam far from thinking the Church is to be made a theatre. The mulick of the voice should not drown the attention of the mind, or damp the devotion of the heart. But the regular singing a few well chosen tunes, in two or three parts, would be so far from bindering, that it would mightily help both attention and des votion. I mean, if the tunes are carefully adapted to the matter to be fung, for as that bymns of praise be set to a brisk and Sprightly

sprightly tune; penitential hymns, to a Soft and melting tune; and pfalms of instruction, to a grave and folemn one. For this reason I have, to the best of my skill, affix'd the name of a proper tune to each bymn, and taken care to have a fet of tunes, in three parts, engraven on copper, and bound up with the bymns, which I have either compos'd my felf, or felected out of a great collection of plalm tunes, which I have been many years making.

I shall rejoice, and God, I hope, will bave glory, if any Christians, or congregations, be provoked by this attempt to improve in plalmody; and follow it with an earnest wish, that God may be more constantby prais'd in private families, and this part of his worship may be more laudably perform'd in publick affemblies. And let me add, what marching said After the variety

I shall take it as a peculiar encouragement and testimony of respect from that congregation to which I minister, if they would but forward this attempt among themfelves, and fet an example to others. A fmall number, with a little refulation, would be sufficient to get over every difficulty.

I have now only to add, that of the tunes annexed, the authors of many are unknown, and have an U fet over them, or no letter

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at all. One is taken from the melodies of Mr. Hart, and mark'd, P. H. Three are taken from a set of psalm tunes, compos'd some years since, by Mr. Bishop, Organist of the College at Winchester, these have B fet over them. Three are taken from the supplement to Tate and Brady, and bave an S affixed to them. Two were compos'd by William Rogers, a name hardly known among the mafters, yet his composures are such in this way, as the artists, I believe, will not despise. These bave W. R. affixed to them. Two were compos'd by Mr. Thomas Williams, to whom the lovers of pialmody are also indebted for most of the trebles to the rest; and I wish this may recommend him to encouragement, these bave T. W. fet over them. Those with S. B. are the author's own: If he falls under the censure of artists, for going out of bis province, he must be content to bear the blame.



of all: One is traine from the mention of Mir keine, and marche, R.H. Chive me refers from the fact of moder lines, composed your releast fines, for left. Hickory, Organish of the theretains the Windholms y states for all for over them. Three are taken from the to please to Town and Bereinstein dans and S with west to the history and we con south by Williams Rogerth a mine harmydrocen and been been suit the the second of a grown fuch in this way, as the anish of Lindones, will need delegate. The fe have W. R. Harfines rothern that however commented by being Theemans Williams to which will Killery of white ready art alfo indebrad for medical the unables to the first filled it thinks the first tree and contributed the left and the female is a feet because tribusing the sense of the second of the sec are the distinct a const. The fell a sender the kenture of critics, for gaing out of distance erise, de mini devoscont to dene abiditata. Assistantist in the

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HYMNS

Contribution the D. N. Amorent,

SPIRITUAL SONGS

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Various Subjects and Occasions. *******

I. Morning Hymn.

Portimouth Tune!) haven od w mid of



treatments the circle. he ca HE veil of night is now withdoing drawn, mid or over

And day falutes our eyes: Fatigu'd and spent we laid us Let us repeat or aviol

Refresh'd and hail we rife.

Safe

Safe guarded by th' Almighty arm, Securely we have flept:

Whilst he who never sleeps, from harm Our senseless bodies kept.

Our busy thought in languid dream Just liv'd, or dy'd in sleep:

Whilst ev'ry sense, and ev'ry limb, Lay bound in slumbers deep.

Unthinking thus, and impotent, We pais'd the night away: Could nothing relish, or relent,

Nor form one wish of day.

But kindling day reviv'd the flame,
And rous'd our fleeping pow'rs:

Recoviring thought shook off the dream, And marks the passing hours.

Tir'd faculties awake repair'd, Lost vigour life regains:

Thus we're for daily work prepar'd, And thus forget our pains.

To him who never fleeps:

He shades the night, he gilds the day, Our sleeping dust he keeps.

Let's live to him, whose quick'ning voice.
A dying life prolongs:

As daily he renews our joys, Let us repeat our fongs.

Safe

olir avillian bas b' H. Night

Spiritual Songs.

II. Night Hymn.

Farcham Tune.)

A ND now, my foul, the circling fun Has all his beams withdrawn: Once more his daily race is run, And gloomy night comes on.

Thus one day more of life is gone, A doubtful few remain:

Come then review what thou half done, Eternal life to gain.

Dost thou get forward in thy race,
As time still posts away?
And dye to fin, and grow in grace.
With ev'ry passing day?

This day what conquests hast thou gain'd? What lust is overcome?

What fresh degree of grace obtain'd, To bring thee nearer home?

Alas! this life will foon be past, 'Tis dying ev'ry day:

But do thy hopes make equal hafte?

Or negligence betray?

Do they more ftrong and lively grow, And make more pure from in?

Give more contempt of things below, More peace create within?

B 2

Oh!

Oh! do not pass this life in dreams,
To be surprized by death:
And sink unthinking down to slames,

When I refign my breath.

No: ev'ry day thy course review, Thy real state to learn:

And with renewed zeal pursue,
Thy great and chief concern,

III. Self-Dedication.

Dorchester Tune.)

TOO long, alas! too long I've liv'd,
From thee, my God, withdrawn.
Lord of my felf, my felf believ'd,
And thought me all mine own.

Thus I thy facred rights deny'd, And did thee utmost wrong:

And to my use those things apply'd, Which did to thee belong.

But now I see and own my crime, Mine heinous guilt deplore:

To thee I yield my life, my time, My felf, and all my ftore.

For Jesu's sake accept what's thine,
Though long to thee refus'd:
My self shall be no longer mine,

Nor ought of me milus'd.

Grandy

Thy

Spiritual Songs on ob 1 15 Thy business shall my thoughts employ, My time thy fervice claim and baid baiA Thy laws be my delight and joy, and W Thy glory still mine aim ab yrva ov With me I offer all that's mine and I' Tis facred now to thee vener this bnA Self I renounce, mine all refign, Thine evermore to be. Command, I'll gladly now obey, Nor once dispute thy will: Dispose of me in thine own way, I'll be complying still. Tis pleasing, Lord, to yield thy right. And give my self away: The act affords sincere delight, in him to And God commends the joy. That did thed atmost whom the IV. The Election on even A Grantham Tune. Vist and or tale daily to I of Birdhala Hanksto my God, my choice is made, And by his help shall And: No more shall sense my soul mislead, who Nor brutish lust command. I now look down with vast disdain On all inferior things: In vain wealth thews its charms, in vain Soft pleasures hide their stings. odna B 3 Grandeur.

Grandeur and state I now despise, In all-their pomp array'd:

Whilst to my glad believing eyes A brighter scene's display'd.

For heav'n mine heart is fully fix'd, Nor will its hopes forego:

There boundless treasures, joys unmix'd, And living pleasures flow.

There ev'ry want shall be supply'd, And my whole foul be bles'd: And dwell for ever fatisfy'd, Of boundless good posses'd.

No length of time the flock shall waste, Or this estate impair:
Fruition will improve the taste,

Of ev'ry pleasure there. a how hat A

There would I make my long abode, Where fuch a treasure is:

Lord, guide me through the narrow road, And bring me fafe to blifs.

V. The Remunciation.

St. James's Tune.) and shall be and 6/1

Ain world thy cheating arts give o'er, Thine offers I despite: In vain thou spread'st thy tempting store, Before enlighten'd eyes. Bribe

Spiritual Songs.

Bribe me no more with	hining dulteria
The state of the s	· 医不足术 在是可能的 医二二氏 医三氏红 · 在 是 · 医二二氏 · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
Nor feek by foft enchant	inglusty filled W
To lead me still astray	" A brighten for
To lead me itili alting	C-11-
Oh! no, my foul l'Ilone	venuen assu 10.
D corr corred Value	
AT Comments mealine at	MINISTERNATION
To fiery wee and pai	ter and eving to
I'll never quit substantia	Lblife to brodit
For flat and frothy m	icthe said bakerd
For Hat and Hothly in	atented milses
Nor heav'nly wealth co	ment 120
For all the itores on	CONTRICTION VIV.
Till never part with gold	ditor droise
TITEL Colid mond total	BENES PERMIT
Ourlive my bliss and I	DOUTH STREET, WALL
In everlasting woe.	re. Of ev'ry pleaf
III CYCIIALES	Code
I'll never lose the living	Cion word
For one short dream	ornay or an arrange
With fond embrace cli	un rea electron
And fling all heav'n	awaye sto Ish hard
Vain world thy vain at	tempt forbear.
I all thy charms def	Will am Walmada of
I all thy charms def And rate my precious	foul too dear
For all thy wealth t	o buv.
For all tily women	
the section of the	follow nik 1
for him sentled	4 VL 25
C D	4. STATE NEW PART AND

Sciencity

VI. The Preference of God's Favourtoworldly Enjoyments. Pla. iv. 6,7,8. Middlesex Tune.)

LET worldlings gilded toys pursue,
With fond and fierce desires:
My mind hath brighter things in view,
To nobler good aspires.

Let God his pleasing face display,
And smile upon my soul:
Thus let him drive my doubts away,
And all my sears controul:

Let him with friendly splendor shine,
And seast mine hungry eyes;
And with the plenitude divine,
My craving heart suffice.

This will immortal joy create,
Joy that will flourish still:
Sincere delight, and far too great
For fensual minds to feel.

They may their stores of corn and wine.
Their wealth and honours prize:
To them these trifles I resign,
And their mean joys despile.

Nay with such high vouchsafements blest,

I fear not want nor harm:

They'll give my soul delight and rest,

And ev'ry foe disarm.

Serenely.

Spiritual Sones.

Serenely I can yield my breath, And lay me in a grave; or and dri W Fearless can face approaching death The king of terrors brave.

Tho' I must leave my slesh behind To moulder into duft,

Twill sleep a while, but wake refin de When God shall raise the just.

VII. Satisfaction and Security, The fame Tune.)

Y ES, 'tis enough. I'm fafe and bleft,

If God be truly mine:

To worldlings I can leave the reft, Nor at their stores repine.

I shall not live without my share, Of all that's good below Beneath his providential care

Shall still securely go.

Or should I suffer for his fake; He'll needful strength impart:

Reace to my troubled foul he'll speak,
And raise my sinking heart.

Ally'd to heavenly minds above, I here on earth shall live:

Kind visits from the God of love, Shall frequently receive. B.C.

And.

And when I pass the vale of death, With horrors overspread, On all my foul he'll vigour breath, And heav'nly comfort shed.

Soon as the bonds of life untic Will full release be giv'n: Kind feraphs will be flanding by; To bear my foul to heav'n.

To heav'n where boundless glories shine, And boundless pleasures flow:

Where bliss, consummate and divine, Will never period know.

Lord, 'tis enough, Em fafe and bless'd, If thou be truly mine: Nor am I of my felf posses'd,

Till I am wholly thine.

VIII. Peace, Pleasure, and Safety. Portsmouth Tune.)

Ell! fince my gracious God has laid His just resentments by; Since he will hear my Saviour plead For fuch a wretch as I:

Since my proud heart by grace subdu'd, Now yields him up his throne: The ancient friendship is renew'd, And Lagain his own. The state of the

Spiritual Songs.

I'll banish all my guilty fears, nonw ball.

And still my troubled breast: dri W I'll stop the torrent of my tears ile no.

And charm my heart to rest.

Tis now, my God, the very found nood. Spreads pleasure thro' my foul : W

With grace he'll compais me around.

And all my foes controul.

He'll be my helper and my hope My leader and my guard;

My pow'rful patron and my prop My fure and rich reward.

No weight can make me fink, whilf he Puts underneath his arm:

No dangers make me fear or flee Whilst he defends from harm.

IX. Sinner's Self-Reflection.

St. Peter's Tune.)

20 30 1

TI HAT have I done? alas, my God! I Where hath the wanderer been? What fatal mazes have I trod!

Led by the lure of fin!

Far off from thee my foul hath ftray'd. And after idols run:

Thus I the foolish wanton play'd. Ah! Lord! what have I done?

B.6.

only limit cheston

The living spring of boundless joys,
I blindly have forlook:
And in pursuit of very toys,
The road to ruin took.

With lab'ring hands and plodding brain,
I've hewn the rugged ftone,
And broken cifferns form'd with pain:
Alas! what bave I done?

From off my neck thy gentle yoke,

I with contempt have torn:
Thro' all the bonds of duty broke,
And treated thee with form.

I have thy property deny'd,
And call'd my felf mine own,
To humour my rebellious pride:
Ah! Lord! what have I done?

With heart unshaken I have heard.
Thy dreadful thunders roar:
When grace in all its charms appear'd,
I only finn'd the more.

I've brav'd thy glowing vengeance, Lord, And fpurn'd thy bleeding fon; Have both thy love and laws abhor'd:

Alas! what have I done?

A flave to Sathan I have been,
And drudg'd to do his will:
I've freely fold my felf to fin,
And wear my fetters ftill.

I ne'en

I ne'er on death or danger thought, But still kept sinning on,
And thus mine own Destruction sought Ah! Lord! what have I done?

X. The Simer's Distress:

The fame Tune) and State with west and out of I

制度

BY, thy victorious hand struck downs.

Here prostrate, Lord, I lye:

And shake to see my Maker frown,

Whom once I did defy.

Those fins which once with boundlesspite. I pointed at thy throne,

Driv'n back by thy reliftles might, Cut thro' an heart of stone.

Tis wounded, Lord! I feel the pain, The anguish makes me roar:

The richest balfams all are vain, Nor can they ease the fore.

I breath in groans and dismal sights, My drink is briny tears; div and to

My language lamentable cries, Forc'd from me by my fears, and a T

My kindest friends attempt, in vain, To mitigate my grief:
Their efforts but encrease my pain,

And yield me no relief. To and and

To flun the hated light of day,

I close my guilty eyes:

The fun with ev'ry cheering ray,

Adds still to my surprize.

Life is a load too heavy grown,
And yet I fear to dye:
I hate to stay, nor dare be gone:
Ah! what a wretch am I?

I feel a very hell within,

Nor can my felf endure:

I'm fick, fick to the death of fin,

Where shall I get a cure?

XI. Self-Abasement.

I OR D, what a loathfome wretch am ??.

How brutish have I been?

Here blushing at thy feet I lye,

For all mine heinous sin.

So vile a wretch was never bred,
On this vile earth before:
My foul with filth is overspread,
'Tis leprofy all o'er.

My reason hath a pander been,
To brutal appetite:
My heart's the very fink of fin,
The seat of vain delight.

My

My thoughts are all impure or vain.

My breath pollutes the air:

Defilements of the deepest stain,

On my whole life appear.

Lord, to thy pure and holy eyes,
I'm all offensive grown:

One whom thou should'st abhor, despise, And utterly disown.

My glory is departed quite, My beauty all decay'dz

To shun the sharp reproach of light,
I hid my self in shade.

And hang my guilty head:
Asham'd of all my wicked ways,
The hateful life I've led:

A fool, a wretch, a base ingrate,
A monster I have been:

But now I loath, abhor, and hate My felf, and ewry fin.

XII. The Sinner's Hope.

Farcham Tune.)

MIN!

A ND must I sink beneath my load.

By weighty guilt born down!

How should I scape an angry God?

Or bear his killing frown?

No, 'tis in vain, I know, to fly Nor can I bear my load: But may not fuch a wretch as I Find mercy with my God?

He might (who can his pow'r withstand?) Drive me to fiery pain:
But he restrains his lifted hand,

And lets me here remain.

Why should he thus forbear to flay, If not inclin'd to spare? And shall I fling all hope away, And yield to wild despair?

This were my fad account to fwell, Too big to be forgiv'n: All fins lead down to death and hell,

But this shuts out of heav'n.

No, I will hope for grace divine, And pard'ning mercy fill: Others with guilt as great as mine,

Have gained his good will.

Peter deny'd his bleffed Lord, Thrice almost in a breath:

Paul rag'd against his heav'nly word . And hunted faints to death.

Mary of Magdala had been By lev'n foul fiends poffels'd: Yet Peter, Paul, and Magdalen, Were with forgiveness bless'd.

Why.

Why may not I like grace obtain?
Did not my Saviour dyc?

Or did he shed his blood in vain, To ransom such as I?

What, the my guilt be great, 'tis not Too great to be forgiv'n;

When Jesus's blood this favour bought, Who pleads the price in heav'n.

With gentle voice I hear him call,

" Come thou with guilt oppress'd

"On me let all thy burthen fall,
"I give the weary reft.

The door I find is open still,
Whate'er my guilt has been:
And since 'tis my Redeemer's will,
I'll humbly venture in.

XIII. The Sinners Confession and A. Prayer.

St. Peter's Tune.)

DEploring my offences, Lord, Here at thy feet I lye:
By thee condemn'd, by thee abhor'd, Ah! what a wretch am I.

Oft have I with contemptuous pride Transgress'd thy holy law; And that Almighty pow'r defy'd, That keeps the world in awe.

With

With impious hands from off thy head I've fought to pluck the crown; And infolently dar'd to tread, Thy royal honour down.

The heav'nly hosts thy pow'r revere,
And stoop to thy command:
The earthly kings thy subjects are,
Nor can thy pow'r withstand:

With haughty air I've bid thee lay,
Thine useless scepter by;
Have said, thy will I'll ne'er obey,
And thy revenge defy.

Prodigious guilt! alas, my God;
How faulty have I been!
Who can support the heavy load
Of so much sinful sin?

Most humbly at thy feet I fall,
Thy mercy to implore:
For Jesus's lake forgive me all,
Wipe out my guilty score.

On mine hard heart thy pow'r display;
And melt away the stone;
Then shall I readily obey,
And yield thee up thy throne.

was weat the bloom land.

Sin-

XIV. Sinner's Confession.

St. Edmund's Tune.)

Just, dreadful God! what have I done!

How injur'd and affronted heav'n!

Thanks to thy name that, thro' thy Son,

So vile a wretch may be forgiv'n.

At thy command I now am come,
With grief my follies to recount:
But ah! to what a monstrous sum
Do my transgressions, Lord, amount?

Much sooner might I number all
The glittering stars that deck the sky;
The drops in mighty show'rs that fall,
Or those in driving mists that fly,

Alas! how often have I broke
Thy good, and just, and holy Laws?
And from my neck shook off thy yoke,
Without remorse; with self applause?

How oft have I withstood the light, To favour my beloved sin?

How oft transgress'd thy laws, in spite

Of all the checks I felt within?

How oft my fins have acted o'er, When mine own conscience did dissuade; And run asresh upon the score, Spite of the promises I made?

How

Trop 13

How oft thy patience have abus'd, And dar'd thee boldly to thy face? How oft thine heav'nly call refus'd, And flighted all thine offer'd grace?

How oft have scorn'd the greatest good, And endless life and bliss delpis'd? Have trampled on redceming blood, And pour'd contempt upon thy Christ?

Dread Lord! to what a frightful fum, Do my foul faults and follies rife! They break my heart, they strike me dumb With heavy grief, and huge surprize.

As clouds, thick clouds they now afcend, Rife up to thine eternal throne: With their loud cry the heav'ns they rend And urge thy flaming vengcance on.

But, Lord, let thy just vengeance stay, A while the proftrate wretch forbear: Attend to my Redeemer's plea, And for his lake to mine give ear.

I have thy word; those who confess With heart contrite their fins to thee, Thou wilt accept, forgive and blefs; These favours now vouchfase to me. Here off my firs have acted a'er.

When mine own conference did difficults erical self upon the fcore. Spice of the promifes I muck?

XV. Sinner suing for Mercy. Dorchester Tune.)

ORD, at thy feet a finner lyes,
And knocks at mercy's door,
With heavy heart and down-cast eyes,
Thy favour to implore.

On me the vast extent display,
Of thy forgiving love:
Take all mine heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.

I fink with all this weight oppress'd,
Sink down to death and hell:
Oh give my labouring foul fome reft,
My numerous fears dispelant out of

Tis mercy, mercy I implore,
I wou'd thy bowels move:
Thy grace is an exhauftless ftore,
And thou thy felf art love:

Oh! for thine own, for Jefus's fake,

My many fins forgive:

Disly I

This grace my rocky heart will break, My breaking heart relieve.

Thus melt me down, thus make me bend,
And thy dominion own: I will mad I
Nor let a rival more pretend, at I live to //
To reposses they throng we cannot to

XVI. The

XVI. The Sinner complying with the

Tonchelize Time!

Portsmouth Tune.)

Reat God with vast, but gladsurprize,
I hearthy kind command:
Thou bid'st the growling sinner rise,
And reachest him thine hand.

Thou bid'st the wandring wretch return,
To his forsaken blis:

The stupid fool no longer spurn,
At such rich grace as this.

Thou bid'ft the flubborn rebel bow,
And fiery vengeance shun;
Accept thy gracious pardon now,
And no more hazards run.

Thou bid'st the fiercest foe lay down
His enmity and arms:

Thus to avoid thy fatal frown,
And 'scape all future harms.

Thou bid'ft the trembling wretch draw And meet a smiling God: (near, And wash his guilt, and drown his fear,

In reconciling blood.

XVI. File

Great God! with great, but glad surprize
I hear thy kind command:
Nor will I more such grace despite,

Or mine own blifs withstand.

I yield

Spiritual Songs. 23
I yield by mighty love subdu'd. Who can resist its charms?
Into my Saviour's arms.
I'm now return'd to thee: Be thou my father, and my friend,
Be all in all rome corners bow on vi
XVII. The repenting Sinner's Resolves.
Northampton 1440 1 hora
I'M now resolv'd: the monster sin, Shall lord it here no more:
Too long I have its vallal been, Now I the state absor-
With wrath and Just undant. Bid ev'ry lust be gone:
I'll gladly to my saviour bond and and and and wield him up his throne.
He shall my conquer d heart points and F
I'll cv'ry rining thought to controul.
I'll take his ipirit's influence and
From all, ey'n from my fav'rite fin, I'll utterly depart.

I'll shun each fnare that heretofore Has led my foul aftray:
To wicked inclinations more

I never will give way.

Each old companion I'll forfake, Who tempted me to ill; But them my dear familiars make

Who God's commands fulfil.

His word and spirit still shall lead, In ev'ry thing I do:

By their direction I'll proceed, And their advice purfue.

What is his will, with utmost care, I'll from his word enquire: I'll live devoted to his fear, and I would

And to his love aspire.

On heav'n I'll fix my longing eyes, And there expect my reft : vibely it!

The only way to prove me wife by bal Or make me truly blefs'd. ven flech ... H

Thus tis my purpose to proceed,

But I thine help expect:
Lord, give the succour I shall need, To bring it to effect. Ill take his fourth

> from alle ev'n from my lay alle hits sort Like depart.

To form anew my heart :

XVIII. The Sinner applying by Faith to a Saviour.

Fareham Tune.)

ORD, at thy call I now am come,
With guilt and want oppress'd:
Oh! take the foolish vagrant home,
And give the weary rest.

I thirst for thy forgiving grace, Free pardon I implore:

Oh! let thy Blood my crimes efface, And clear my guilty score.

I long to see an angry God Look merciful and mild:

Oh! quench his vengeance with thy blood, And shew him reconcil'd.

Nor will a pardon, Lord, suffice, Or my high thirst allay:

I'd have my grov'ling spirit rise, And cast her clogs away.

Oh! by thy spirit's influence, Each heavy passion move:

On all my foul flied light and fenfe, Shed life and holy love.

Let her indeed become divine, From droß and filth refin'd: With heav'nly luftre make her shine

For heavinly life defign'd.

Thefe

These are the goods I covet, Lord! Nor can I be deny'd:

But trust thy never failing word, And hope to be supply'd.

XIX. To Day, while it is called to Day, harden not your Hearts.

Dorchester Tune.)

Wake, drowzy soul, from sin awake, And run the christian race: To this great work thy self betake, Whilst 'tis a day of grace.

The gospel sounds, the spirit moves, God courts thee to be bless'd: He kindly thy delays reproves, And prompts to wifer haste.

What means this floth? what, wilt thou Fold up thy fluggish arms? (still

Slight thy Redeemer's great good will? And difregard his charms?

Wilt thou again God's patience try?
Again new hazards run?

Nor to a Saviour's bosom fly, And fiery vengeance shun?

SMIT

What! on the brink of boundless woe, Wilt thou keep dreaming on?

Nor heed the shricks and flames below, "Till ev'ry hope is gone?"

Up,

Up, to thy Saviour hafte away,
His needful help implore!
Beg he would bless thy foul with day,
Thy better mind reftore.

Lay ev'ry other bus'ness by,
And this great bus'ness mind:
Swift thy uncertain moments fly,
And few remain behind.

Oh! let th' important work be done.

Done whilft 'tis call' d to day:

Lest thou the time of hope outrun,

And rue the mad delay.

XX. Thankful Improvement of 4 Day of Grace.

Northampton Tane.) of accuracy bat

A LL thanks to thine indulgence, Lord!
Yet'tis a day of grace:
Thear the reconciling word,
The word of life and peace.

Yet thine embassadors entreat,
And court me to be bless'd:
My false and fickle mind is yet
With truths divine impress'd.

With me my strong convictions stay, My fears still urge me on:
Thy spirit, griev'd with my delay,
Is not provok'd and gone.

But

But will this day forever last?

Nor night nor period know?

The time of patience ne'er be past,

Nor God resentment show?

Alas! I stand upon the brink
Of everlasting death:

At once to boundless woes I fink, If he should stop my breath.

Yield now, my foul, without delay, Bid ev'ry lust farewel:

To thy Redeemer hafte away, And Tcape from death and hell.

Yet'tis indeed a day of grace; But God hath long forborn:

And should'st thou let this season pass, The like may ne'er return.

XXI. Divine Condescension admir d. St. James's Tune.)

What shining seraphs do:
Though they in constant raptures sing,
The glories of their King.

But oh! how dost thou condescend?
When man is made thy friend?
When despicable dust may be,
With its own Maker free!

When

When those who were by fin undone,
Are ransom'd by thy Son!
And from his death may hope derive,
To keep their souls alive!

When rebels to thy laws and crown, May lay their weapons down: Again may fee thy smiling face, And triumph in thy grace!

When humbled finners may draw near,
Nor thy just vengeance fear!
May at the footstool gladly bend

May at thy footftool gladly bend, And find thee yet their friend!

May hear thy kind forgiving voice, And in thy love rejoyce!

May to thy holy house repair, And meet a welcome there!

May on provisions all divine, At thine own table dine!

Nay to thine heav'n at length may rife, And dwell in paradice.

Lord, what a stoop is this in thee!
What grace to such as we!
To thee so let it bind my heart,
That we may never part.

C3

to be undone

XXII. Di-

XXII. Divine Patience, Grace, and Condescension, subduing the Sinner's Heart.

Dorchester Tune.)

A ND wilt thou still a wretch pursue,
With fresh intreaties, Lord!
And court this stubborn heart anew,
And melt it by thy word!

Will God a very worm intreat,
To be his Maker's friend!
And oft refus'd, his fuit repeat,
And its fuccess attend!

Will he, at whose tremendous bar
I shortly must appear,
And from his mouth, with trembling heart,
My final sentence hear:

Will he, with long endearment try
My wilful heart to win?
To lave so vile a wretch as I,
From misery and sin!

Surprizing stoop! and shall I still
Thy glorious friendship shun?
Still slight thy grace, resist thy will?
Resolve to be undone!

- and the Kill. Di-

Duly

Is it, my foul, an easy state, In endless flames to dwell?

Wilt thou not fink with double weight, Down to the lowest hell?

Whilst, gracious God, thy tender heart, Shall quite relentless prove?

Nor all my cries, nor all my finart, One thought of pity move?

Prevent this frightful ruin, Lord,
Make my hard heart comply:

Once utter the commanding word, And ev'ry bar shall fly.

XXIII. Sinner's Reflection on his loft Condition.

St. Peter's Tune.) a soling vit poil bola

Oft! who the dreadful found can bear,
Or its full import know!
'Tis charg'd with horror and despair,
With death and boundless woe:

What! must I part with thee, my God,
The source of all my blis!
Be banish'd from thy blest abode!

How fad a doom is this!

When God is gone, what can remain!
All else is dung and dross:

Yet must I part with this poor gain!
To aggravate my loss!

CA-

Must

Must I e'er long sink down to hell, To darkness and despair! With raging siends forever dwell,

And thy full vengeance bear!

No, gracious God, some pity take, Stretch out thy saving hand: And, for my dear Redeemer's sake,

Deliv'rance now command.

Thanks to amazing patience, Lord, Some respite yet is giv'n:

Thro' grace this wretch may be restor'd, And made an heir of heav'n.

Spare me, dear God, my sin forgive, My sinful heart renew: Speak thou the word, I yet shall live,

And fing thy praises too.

XXIV. The lost Sinner's Hope, and Application unto God for Relief.

Ely Tune.)

力。這是

And overwhelm'd with grief!
Sad found to hear! what, am I loft!
And loft beyond relief!

No: thanks to rich redeeming grace,
Thanks to a dying Lord:
Yet have I room to make my peace,
And hope to be restor'd.

Thou

obstantial dollar. 33
Thou God of wildom, make me wile, The way of life to know:
Thy Christ, to my enlighten'd eyes, In all his glories show.
Oh! let his love enkindle mine. And all my foul fubdue:
Make me to him my felf refign, And form me all anew.
Make me the fin of fin to know, And part with ev'ry luft
In its own form the Monfler show, To give me full disgust.
And whilft I bear a Saviour's name. Let me obey his laws:
Nor ever my profession shame, Or once desert his cause.
Thus may I hope, though now undone, To be reftor'd again;
Thy just and dreadful wrath to shun, And heav'nly life obtain.
XXV. Receiving Christ and walking
Northampton Tune.)
ORD, I confess thy rightful claim, And yield to thy command:
To own thy dear, thy pow'rful name, I here rejoicing fland.
TO IVIVY C. C. COOK! SYEST O'TO

I my whole felf refign: Detail By thee to hope and life reftor d.

I will be ever thine. and it and it and

Thy merit shall my shelter be, From God's avenging hand:

Thy spirit shall my spirit free, and shall from sin's impure command. The but

Here to his influence and Iway, and all I offer up my mind:

Thence let him purge the filth away. I Nor leave a spot behind.

Let him each dull affection move; which And melt my frozen hearts on 19.1

And life divine imparts also some to

Then with unweary d zeal shall I.

The best design pursue:

Shall fland refolv'd for heav'n and thee, And ev'ry foe subdue.

Then shall I worldly charms despite, VXX And tread the tempter down:
Shall mount triumphing to the skies.

And wear a glorious crown.

Thus I a dying life would spend,
Obedient to the will:

And then the heav'nly hills afcend, awo of To ferve thee better fall.

XXVI. The

Spiritual Songs.

XXVI. The Redeemer's Name obliges to depart from Sin.

The same Tune.)

DEAR Jesus, I thy name adore,
The Saviour and the King:
At once I own thy sow'reign pow'r,
And thy salvation sing.

Thou hast my gasping hopes restor'd. Who for my sins wast stain:

By thee redeem'd, to thee, my Lord, I wholly now pertain:

And shall I still in sin proceed,
And still rebellious prove?

Make all thy wounds afresh to bleed,
And thus require thy love?

Forbidit, Lord: no, I abhor The very form of vice:

No more shall lust command, no more Shall treacherous sin entice.

Here to thy gracious influence,
I offer all my foul:

Take each vile inclination thence, And make it clean and whole.

Fain would I feel within my breaft
The force of heav'nly love:
Fain would to God, my life and reft,
With strong affection move.

CG

Pour

Pour out thy mighty love, dear Lord, On all mine inner frame: And daily fresh supplies afford, To keep alive the flame.

XXVII. The Condescension and Grace of a Redeemer, conquering the Sinner's Heart.

St. James's Tune.)

WILT thou with such endearments.
Complying finners, Lord! (treat
Vouchsafe thy self with them to eat,
And feast them at thy board?

Wilt thou their crimfon guilt remove,
And for their crimes atone?

Commend them to thy Father's love,
And blefs them with thine own?

Wilt thou thy stores of grace display,
Before their ravish'd eyes?
And bear their rising souls away,
To their own native skies?

Wilt thou the fearful pilgrims guard,
The howling defart through?
And their perfifting zeal reward,
With heav'nly glory too?

Thin would to God, my his and it.

r	3/
Lord, what hard hea And still rebellious	prove?
Refuse to bow to thy Or to accept thy	ove? 344 932 of
O'ercome by glorious My former war give	graces I now IIVX
To thy command I g And will rebel no	ladly bow.
XXVIII. The comple	ying Sinner's Pur-
poses as to his fi	uture Conduct.
Portsmouth Tune.)	Complying to
Y ES, gracious Lord The kind del And to the dictates of My heart at last fine	d, fince then halt still
1 he kind de	ign purlu'd.
And to the dictates of	thy will,
My heart at lait ful	April for took for the
With full conient to	thee I bown dillows
Refume thine ancie	ent throne:
I'll not a fingle though	tht allow.
That would thy right	thes allown.
On all the wonders o	f thy love
I'll my glad though	its employ.
I'll my glad though And thus my dull affe	ctions move.
And animate my jo	treion during a tr
	y or amilines that be whilf bere I flav.
1v1y 10th man lean o	n thee:
My life and itrength.	my onide and way
Thou, dearest Lor	d. thalt be.
cil	And

Up to thy throne above that lish bath

And oft on wings of hope I'll rife, or ships I

Thus would I evermore proceed, With what I have begun:

Help, Lord, thy conflant help I need, That this great work be done,

XXIX. The Duties of those who have devoted themselves to God by Christ.

Ely Tune.)

Devoted to thy will:

Oh! may we ev'ry law divine,

With constant zeal fulfil.

From common and inferior things,
We now divided fland:

Domesticks to the King of kings,
And all at his command.

Oh! may we always live and act,
Above the common rate!
And never more commit a fact,

That missecomes our state!

Sacred to thee, we would no more
Thine holy things profane:
We would the form of finabhor,
And thun the flightest stain.

No

No secret lust allow defiall beginner of or In bar to the command in an illa more

No outward object more; with thee, a baA In competition stands was you like o'T

We'll think our felves our own no more, Nor any thing that's ours:

What's thine we will to thee reflore, and V

Nay, we would fill in zeal improve, but A Grow more devoted fill?

Feel more the force of holy love, And better do thy will.

Lord, we are fale, and rich, and bleft, Whilst we belong to thee:

Thine let us ever be. The board of the let us ever be.

XXX. The converted Sinner rejoicing with God.

Middlesex Tune.)

B Lest God, art thou rejoic dto see
The straying sheep brought home?
A wretch so long estrang'd from thee,
A penitent become?

To see my stubborn heart submit,
Thy sov'reign rights to own?
Imploring mercy at thy feet,
And yielding thee thy throne?

To

To see my soul obtain release,
From all its guilt and chains:
And my Redeemer's blood give ease,

To all my inward pains?

To see me snatch'd from hell and woe,
And made an heir of blis?

Whilst angels their glad wonder show, At such a change as this?

And shall I not with thee rejoice,
And all thine hosts on high?

Oh! tune my tongue, and fit my voice, To this fweet melody.

Of highest thanks to thee,
Who dost such matchless love display.

Who doft fuch matchless love display, In kind concern for me.

XXXI. False and true Faith.

Dorchester Tune.)

4777

Is groß mistake to dream of heav'n,
And make a foolish boast,
Of saving faith, and sin forgiv'n,
Whilst we are slaves to lust.

Faith must with glad subjection bow,
To all its sov'reign's laws:
God will his holiness avow,
Whilst pardons he bestows.

When

When from our guilt he sets us free,
He makes us clean within:
Nor could he send his Son, to be

The minister of sin.

Vain are our hopes or high delights,

If faith it felf be dead:

A vital power alone unites, To Christ our living head.

'Tis faith that purifies the heart,
And kindles holy love:
That to the foul will life impart,

And fix its hopes above.

A faith that with prevailing pow'r
Will earth and hell withstand,
That in the great decisive hour,
The Saviour will commend.

XXXII. We have received the Atone-

Northampton Tune.)

THE Jewish shades are all withdrawn,
And vanish'd quite away:
Like pitchy night, or kindling dawn,
Before the blaze of day.

No more devoted beafts must die, On flaming altars laid: No more must costly incense fry,

Or blood of bulls be shed.

The

The prieftly robes are useless grown, The office laid aside:

Since Christ to act the priest came down, And for transgression dy'd.

And harmless beasts in vain had bled, And altars smoak'd in vain: Had he not in the sinner's stead

Confented to be flain.

But his rich blood atones for fin,. And full remission buys:

Our gasping hopes revive again,
At this great sacrifice.

Thus by the shipe of gospel day,

The former night's dispell'd:

The ancient mifts are clear'd away,
And all the types fulfill'd.

That great atonement we receive, IIX
Which prophets did foretel:

That will from sense of guilt relieve, Redeem from wrath and hell.

Jefus, to thee our thanks we owe, For all this light and love:

Thou fource of all our hopes below, And all our blifs above.

or blood of bulls be thick.

On Haming alters had

XXXIII. The Jewish and Christian Priesthood.

St. James's Tune.)

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
Superior glories far,
Than all thee glitt'ring gems and gold,
The Jewish priests did wear.

Bullocks and goats by them were flain
To purge from guilt of fin:
But all fuch facrifice was vain,
To make the confcience clean.

Thou, by thine own most precious blood, The enmity did'st slay.

And from thine heart pour'd out a flood, To wash all guilt away.

They for themselves their off rings brought,
For they were all unclean:
Thou, as a Lamb without a spot,

For our offence was flain.

They on their smoaking alters laid, o doubt Each day a facrifice.

But that one off ring thou haft made, Our utmost need supplies.

Through many hands their priesthood past, I One went, another came:

Thy priesthood half forever last and 154 11.

For thou are still the same at or but.

Once

Once ev'ry year their high-priest stood
Before the mercy seat,
Not with his own, but others blood,

God's favour to intreat.

But our High-Priest, within the skies, In God's own presence stands, There shews his blood and sacrifice, And our discharge demands.

Let Jews their constitution boast,
And their high-priest esteem:
On Jesus we will fix our trust,
We know no priest like him.

XXXIV. New Year's Day.

wa sha sha dhaw c'l

Fareham Tune.)

A ND now, my foul, another year
Of my short life is past:
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

Much of my dubious life is done,

Nor will return again:

And swift my passing moments run, The few that yet remain.

Lord, what a fool, a wretch am I,

If one year more is lost:

If yet beneath thy curse I lye,

And to thy wrath exposed!

If

If I get deeper in arrear,
As life still shorter grows!

More distant from my God, more near

To never dying woes!

Awake, my foul, with utmost care Thy true condition learn:

What are thy hopes, how fure, how fair?
And what thy chief concern?

Rouze all the man, thy work is great,
And all the man demands: (fweat,
Thine head, thine heart, thy breath, thy
Thy strength, and both thine hands.

Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out therewith for heav'n:
Seek pardon for thy former fins,
In Christ so freely giv'n.

Devoutly yield thy felf to God,
And to his care commend:
And still pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt an happy end.

XXXV. Christ a Light to the Gentiles. Grantham Tune.)

OH! 'twas the dawn of heav'nly day,
When Christ, the Lord, appear'd:
He chas'd the former night away,
And all the shadows clear'd.

We who were once wrapt up in night,
Without a glimple of day;

Now see the source of faving light, His brightest beams display.

The gospel shines, and God appears
Great on his throne of grace:
With pitying eyes, attentive ears,

And with a finiling face.

To purge our guilt, and stop our sighs, He shews his bleeding Son:

With humble hope he bids us rife, Up to his heav nly throne.

He points the way which we must tread, To shun eternal pains:

And mount where Christ our living head, In boundless glory reigns.

Christ, 'tis a name of sweetest sound, Diffusing life and grace:

We'll gladly spread his fame around,
And loudly sing his praise.

From Mic. vi. 6, 7, 8.

Ely Tune.)

W Herewith shall approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne?
Or how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone?

Shall

Shall altars flame, and victims bleed, And spicy fumes ascend?

Will these my earnest wish succeed, And make my God my friend?

Should thousand rams in flames expire, Would these his favour buy?

Or oyl that should, for holy fire, Ten thousand streams supply?

With trembling hands, and bleeding heart, Should I mine offspring flay:

Would this atone for my defert, And purge my guilt away.

Oh! no, my foul, 'twere fruitless all, Such victims bleed in vain:

No fatlings from the field or stall, Such favour can obtain.

None but a dying Saviour's blood, Will take away my fin:

And God hath show'd me what is good; How his good will to win.

And proofs of kindness give:

To him with humble rev'rence bow, And to his glory live.

Hands that are clean, and hearts fincere, He never will despise:

To costly facrifice.

XXXVII.

XXXVII. The Erection, Ruin, and Restitution of God's Temple in Man.

Northampton Tune.)

PRoduc'd at first by pow'r divine,
The human nature stood:
A sacred building in design,
A dwelling-place for God.

With finish'd art the pile was rear'd,
And fitted for its use:
Just symmetry thro'out appear'd,

And glory fill'd the house.

God smil'd in friendly visits there, And thus his dwelling blest: And solemn acts of praise and prayer, The creatures love exprest.

But fin defac'd its form, and broke
This stately structure down:
His ruin'd temple God forsook,

And left it with a frown.

Polluted thus, and thus abhorr'd, The place in ruins lay:

'Till 'twas again by Christ restor'd, His glories to display.

Laid deep in love his building stands, Cemented with his blood:

Work'd all with unpolluted hands,
And fitted up for God.

Here

Here his transforming spirit dwells, To beautify the place:

With kindly influence fin expels, And sheds forth life and grace.

Our selves devoutly yield:
With us thine habitation chuse,
Thy temple, Lord, rebuild.

Here let thy spirit still reside,
And still disfuse thy love:
Nor lust, nor sin, nor ought beside,
Provoke thee to remove.

XXXVIII. Dead to Sin, and alive to God, through Christ.

St. James's Tune.

Too long, my foul, the tyrant fin,
In me hath kept the throne:
Too long have I a vallal been,
To what I now disown.

With grief and shame I now review,
Each former wicked deed:
And shall I then my for less

And shall I then my faults renew?
Or in my crimes proceed?

Forbid it, Lord: and thou, my foul, The secret thought disdain: No, I abjure and hate them all,

Nor will offend again.

Objects

Objects that once gave chief delight, II

In vain forbidden joys invite, brid MW The vicious tafte is gone.

From luft withdrawn, and dead to fin,
My better hopes revive:

My better hopes revive:
Th' immortal pulse beats high within,
I feel my self alive.

Beams of celestial light descend,
And quite transform my mind:

With wings full stretch'd to God I tend, And leave the world behind.

In free submissions, low I fall,
Before my Maker's throne:
To him with joy devote my all,
And live for him alone.

Thanks to a Jesus, by his death
These blessings I obtain:
And by his spirit's quickning breath,
Dye and yet live again.

XXXIX. All things made for God.

Portsmouth Tune.)

Reat first of Beings! mighty Lord!

Of all this mighty frame!

Produc'd by thy creating word,

The world from nothing came.

Soon

Soon as thou gav'st the high command, 'Twas instantly obey'd:

And for thy pleasure all things stand, which by thy pow'r were made.

Thy glories shine thro'out the whole.

Each part reflects thy light:

For thee in course the planets roll.

And day succeeds to night.

For thee the earth its product yields.

For thee the waters flow:

And various plants adorn the fields.

And trees aspiring grow.

Unthinking brutes, and fenfeles things, To thee their homage pay:

Beafts roar, each bird thy praises sings, The skies thy pow'rs display.

For thee the fun dispenses heat, And beams of cheering light:

Far distant stars in order set,

Break thro' the shades of night.

Whilst, in superior glories drest, The angels touch their strings:

Each feraph, with thy favour bleft, For thee both lives and fings,

Let us too, Lord, with zeal pursue This wise and noble end:

That all we think, and all we do, May to thine honour tend.

D 2

XL.

XL. The best Remedy against the Evils of Life.

Dorchester Tune.)

OH frail estate of humane good!
How soon the blaze expires?
Our joys are short, our griefs corrode
With sierce and lasting sires.

Perplex'd and pin'd with frequent woes, We drag our heavy chain:

A blast of life thus tiresome grows, . By quick returns of pain.

Fatigu'd with life, we turn our eyes
To death for fure relief:

But greater horrors there surprize, And urge to sharper grief.

Nature's too weak the weight to bear; It finks beneath our load:

'Tis faith that must our state repair, And setch relief from God.

He from the worst of ills can save, Or under them sustain:

He will our faddest suff'rings wave, Or bless our sharpest pain.

To heav'n he bids us lift our eyes, The world of living joy:

Fresh pleasures there forever rise, And pure without alloy.

MIN

From

F

From thence, in times of great diffres, Faith may supports derive: In shades of death, the hopes of blis Will keep our fouls alive. There fasten, Lord, our hearts and eyes, By faith and fervent love: No ills shall then our fouls surprize, And death shall harmless prove. XLI. Patience under the Rebukes of God for Sin. Fareham Tune.) Eace, oh my guilty foul, forbear: Complain of God no more: No more pronounce his ways fevere But reverently adore: Tho' fmarting flesh dislike the rod, And pain must needs disgust: Yet is he still the righteous God; He cannot be unjust. The project of a sid! Hast thou not broke his holy laws? And his command refus'd? Of all thy grief, guilt is the cause: Tis fin should be accus'd. Alas! his heaviest strokes are kind, With my desert compar'd: Cease then complaining, froward mind, Nor call his treatment hard.

In filence his rebukes sustain:
They are thine own desert:
Thou hast no reason to complain,
And this will ease thy smart.

XLII. The delaying Sinner quickened.

St. Andrew's Tune.)

A Wake, my drowzy soul, give ear, God offers friendship still:
Yet may thou in his favour share,
His fatherly good will.

He bids thee to his scepter bend,
And fling thine arms away:
Bids thee in Christ become his friend,
And bear his voice to day.

Whence is't, my foul, that thou should'if Unwilling to be bleft! (be

Get up, for thy falvation flee:

This is no time for reft.

Vengeance hangs o'er my guilty head,
The flaming fword is drawn:
In law I am already dead,
And doom'd to woes unknown.

And shall I trifle on the brink
Of everlasting wee?
Still loiter, 'till at once I sink
To pains and fire below?

Now

Now hearken to the call divine,
And shun this hov'ring fate:
To morrow may be never mine,
Or it may come too late.

XLHI. Our Obligations to Christ makes
us Debtors to his Servants.

Farcham Tune.)

JESUS, my Saviour, and my judge, Great all in all to me: Shall I to thine their portion grudge, Who owe mine all to thee?

Thine is my all, and yet, dear Lord,
What I expend on thine,
Shall be with large increase restor'd,
And richly add to mine.

Thou wilt accept as done to thee,

What for thy faints is done:

And at the great decisive day,

Each hearty kindness own.

Lord! what a faithless wretch were !!

This honour to refuse!

And to the faith their their there done

And to thy faints their share deny, And my great trust abuse?

How shall I, then, my sentence bear,
Should'st thou pronounce "Depart?
But should I, "Come thou blessed, hear,
How would it glad mine heart?

D 4

Now.

Now, gracious Lord, mine heart enlarge, And open wide mine hand,

That here I may my trust discharge, And there triumphing stand.

XLIV. A thought of our future Ac-

Parcham Time?

Dorchester Tune.)

A ND must we, Lord, both great and Before thy bar appear? (small, And give a strict account of all Our trusts and talents here?

Then here let's act the faithful part, And thy commands fulfil:

With cheerful and with upright heart, Search and perform thy will.

From thine own word let's gladly learn, What we should do and be:

And act with just with great concern, As stewards, Lord, to thee.

Oh may we well our time employ,
And well improve our health:

Well use the means that we enjoy,
And well lay out our wealth.

That when we shall be call'd upon,
Our last account to give:

Thou may'st pronounce a loud "Well done, "Come, and for ever live.

XLV.

XLV. No Peace to the Wicked.

Northampton Tune.)

In vain the wicked climb on high, In vain their heaps increase: No Wealth will satisfaction buy, No pow'r procure them peace.

Beset with guilt they trembling stand,
Midst all their stores and state:
In dread of God's avenging hand,
And their impending fate.

Their names with mighty titles swell,
And plenty crowns their board:
But what relief to heirs of hell,
Can swelling sounds afford?

Debauch'd with riotous delight,
Their anguish they may drown;
Their doom a while keep out of sight,
Nor heed their Maker's frown.

But noify mirth dethrones the man,
And ruffles all the mind:
Soon the tumultuous blaft is gone,
But leaves a sting behind.

And should it last the whole extent,
Of life's uncertain lease,
Soon will their stock of joy be spent,
Their anguish never cease.

D 5

At

At death their mirth will all expire, And death comes on apace:

When they must fink to woe and fire, Beyond the reach of grace.

Sad state! of all on earth the worst!
And most to be abhorr'd!
That I may ne'er be thus accurst,
Grant me thy peace, O Lord.

XLVI. Death and its Confequences.
St. Andrew's Tune.)

R Ouzeup, my foul, the awful day Is coming fwiftly on, When thou must leave this house of clay, And sly to worlds unknown.

When thou must rise to realms of light, Where all the holy dwell:

Or fink, with all the form of night, To milery and hell.

Where will thy lot be cast?

In heav'nly blis, or hellish woe?

When this short life is past?

Is Christ thy Saviour, God thy God, And heav'n thy chosen rest?

Would'st thou with them make thine And there beever blest? (abode, Where

Spiritual Songs.

Where all in prompt obedience move, Glad to perform their parts:

Whilst holy joy, and heav'nly love, Tune all their tongues and hearts.

Would fuch delights, my foul, as thefe, Yield happiness to thee?

Such work, and fuch companions pleafe; Thro' all eternity?

Or, art thou not bent fully still.
Inferior things to mind? A rebel to thy Saviour's will

And to his beauties blind? Tis thy concern thy state to know. And that without delay:

And to what regions thou must go, When thou hast dropt thy clay.

mergain homage hav XLVII. Duties owing to God!
Somerset Tune.)

And thus folicit more. Y foul, from all created things, Withdraw thy weary eyes: A while fretch thine afpiring wings, And pass the utmost skies.

Leave far behind each shining star, And to their Maker foar:

Thou'lt meet with boundless beauty there, There gaze, and there adore.

In him confummate fulness dwells,
The utmost glories shine:
Glories that shade all beings else,

With splendor all divine.

Forget thy felf, and bowing low,
His height immense admire:

Till rev'rence and religious awe
The purest thoughts inspire.

With humble trust dismiss thy cares, And on his love depend:

To him commit all thine affairs, To him thy self commend.

Let high esteem affection raise, and with air

Let thankful love excite thy praise:
In him alone be blest.

In solemn worship homage pay,
His constant help implore: IVJX

Give thanks for mercies ev'ry day, phomo?

And thus folicit more.

Without reserve to him submit, All his commands fulfil:

Leave him to judge and do what's fit, hid was Nor once oppose his will not any bank.

nivax cet with boardlet be I here ed a

And to their Maker low

XLVIIL Duties owing to Men.

Northampton Tune.)

Ome now, my foul, and kindred own.
With ev'ry other man:
The' num'rous now the race are grown.

Tho' num'rous now the race are grown, All in one pair began.

Thus near, by birth and blood ally'd Is all the human kind:

In strictest bonds thus closely ty'd, For mutual help design'd.

To this design see thou attend, Thy Maker's will approve:

To ev'ry other act the friend,
And shew the pow'r of love.

Let kind affections footh my heart,

Kind actions speak good will.

Free help to all let me impart.

Free help to all let me impart,

And be obliging stilk.

Let me my passions all subdue, Nor provocation give:

But peace with constant zeal pursue,
And inoffensive live.

To all men let me yield their right, Nor offer any wrong:

And render with fincere delight, What doth to them belong,

Respect

Respect and free obedience shew, Wherever they are due:

With friendly condescension bow To mine inferiors too.

Thus would I near relation own,.
To all the human race:

Love I'll exalt, and felf keep down,
By God's affifting grace.

XLIX. God so loved the World, as to give his only begotten Son, &c. John iii. 16.

Middlesex Tune.)

South SI

IS true, my foul, however strange!
Doubt this event no more:

Thy Maker's

The faints believe the wondrous change,
The matchless love adore.

The love of God! how great's the found!
His love to finful men!

And render with facers delight,

A world in hateful vices drown'd, Condemn'd to endless pain!

Yet lov'd of God! furprizing grace! And yet there's more behind: for but A

For this condemn'd, revolted race, alls o'l Eternal life's defign'd.

now bat doth to them beleng,

Nor was this wondrous purchase made,
At any vulgar price:

But God the Son our ransom paid, And dy'd our facrifice.

His death our guilty lives repriev'd,
His blood aton'd for fin:

Thus are we fav'd from death and hell,
Thus life and blifs obtain:

On earth with God our Father dwell, And hope in heav'n to reign.

Below like instance can't be brought,

Or thro' the worlds above:

It passes all the bounds of thought:
Thus God alone could love.

And thus he lov'd, my foul, 'tis true's
Doubt thou its truth no more:
But at this flame thy flame renew,
Believe, approve, adore.

L. The Sinner yielding at the Consideration of divine Grace and Patience.

Somerset Tune.)

ORD, shall so vile a wretch as I, Continue to rebel? Slight all thy grace, thy pow'r defy, Just at the brink of hell?

Too

Too long have I my blis withstood;
And shun'd my Saviour's arms:
Too long have trampled on his blood,
And slighted all his charms.

To all the offers of my Lord

I've turn'd a scornful ear:

His melting calls, his quick'ning word,
I have refus'd to hear.

And yet his kindled vengeance stays,

Nor do his thunders roar:

He kindly chides my long delays,

But won't his suit give o'er.

And shall I still a rebel prove?

And still my bliss withstand?

Still spurn my Saviour's wondrous love,

And scorn his high command.

No, my proud heart, resist no more,
Let ev'ry bar give way:
Thy Saviour to his rights restore,
And bear his voice to day.

der or erining

And bid him welcome in:
Bid ev'ry tempter now be gone,
And part with ev'ry fin.

777

LI. God's sovereign Dominion own'd and submitted to.

Southampton Tune.)

A Lmighty God! thy pow'rful word
From nothing all things brought:
Earth, seas, and skies, by thee their Lord,
With skill divine were wrought.

By thee preserv'd, the whole remains
A proof of pow'r divine;

And all that this great all contains,
By sov'reign right is thine.

Thy pleasure heav'nly hosts sulfil;
For thee each planet rolls:

Earth, Sun, and flars perform thy will;
Thy nod the world controuls.

Thou over all art Lord supreme,
All else from thee derive:

No being can dispute this claim,
Or independent live.

To thee, our Lord, we therefore bow, To thee our all refign:

Entire to thee our selves we vow;

For we are wholly thine.

To thee, and thee alone we'll live, From other lords withdrawn:

No more to idols homage give, Nor think our felves our own.

ober Draid

Accept

Accept what now without referve,
We to thy will refign:
And let thy mighty grace preferve,
And perfect what is thine.

LII. Duties of Ministers, from several Scriptures, for an Ordination.

Ely Tune.)

A ND now all you who have obtain'd.
This office from the Lord;
And are by his command ordain'd,
To spread his faving word:

With faithful and unfainting zeal, and a Your facred truft fulfil. And with integrity reveal

Your master's mind and will bon you T

Act under his observing eye,
To him your selves commend:
Nor utter in his name a lie,
For any sordid end.

Preach not for worldly wealth or gain,

For honour or for fame:

But let his love your fouls constrain, And raise your Saviour's name.

With firm affent to truth divine,
The christian doctrines spread.
God's wrath to fear and to decline,
A stupid world persuade.

Perfuade-

Persuade the trembling wretch, who lies
Just at the brink of hell,

With humble trust in Christ to rise, And all his fears dispel.

The weak confirm, with patience teach
All who the truth would learn:

In feafon, out of feafon preach, Exhort, reprove, and warn.

To all your flock just patterns prove,
And fair examples give,
Of faith, of holiness and love,
How they must speak and live.

Thus when th' Arch-Pastor shall appear,
The last important day,
You shall a crown of glory wear,

That never fades away.

LIII. The finful Heart overcome by divine Forbearance and Grace.

Dorchester Tune.)

I ORD, 'tis enough, I can withstand.'
This mighty love no more:
I bow at last to thy command,
And all thy rights restore.

Long thou hast ev'ry various art
Of soft endearment try'd,
To melt my hard and stony heart,
And cure my stubborn pride.

And

And long have I been blind to all
Thy majesty and charms:
And deaf to ev'ry heav'nly call,
Have shun'd my Saviour's arms.

Too long, ah! much too long, dear Lord!

Have I thy rights deny'd:

Thy pure and righteous laws abhorr'd,

And all thy wrath defy'd.

Too long have I thy grace withstood,
In all its forms displaid:
Too long despis'd redeeming blood,
By my vile lusts betray'd.

My fatal folly now I own,
Ah! what a wretch I've been!
At length I fling my weapons down,
And bid farewel to fin.

Convinc'd, asham'd, amaz'd I now.
Obey thy gracious call:
To thy command I freely bow,
And offer thee my all.

At last, dear Lord, my stubborn heart,.
Is by thy grace subdu'd:
Tho' long, in vain, with ev'ry art
Of soft endearment woo'd.

Att to be a regard beautiful to

JULY TERRETORISM AND THE

t distance have been LIV.

Spiritual Songs.

LIV. Prayer for the British Church and Nation.

Fareham Tune.)

SHALL I the British church forget, And God's own holy hill: Where he hath fixt his royal feat, And makes his dews distil!

No, I'll prefer the bleft abode,

To ev'ry other place:

Here Falus thede his large than 1

Here Jesus sheds his love abroad, And shews his glorious grace.

Here he his holy will declares, In fost and melting founds:

And fov'reign balfam here prepares,
To all our bleeding wounds.

Here frequent visits he affords,
To poor and contrite hearts:
Admits them often to his board,
And life to them imparts.

Whilst by his kind protecting care,
We live exempt from fear:

Nor foreign nor intestine war,
Make desolations here.

Here ever may the gospel shine,
And God vouchsafe to dwell:

Whilst mighty proofs of love divine, Both foes and fears dispel.

Here

Here may his spirit grace dispense, And holy life inspire:

May fin and strife far off from hence, With all their train retire.

May peace on balmy wings descend, And bless the fav'rire isle:

May God from threat'ning ills defend, And on his people smile.

In warm requests i'll breath my love, Nor supplication cease:

'Till Britain's God propitious prove, And grant us lasting peace.

LV. The Prodigal wandring from his Father's House.

The same Tune.)

How foolish and how vain?
How apt to stretch beyond his span?
And all controul disdain?

Thus did the Prodigal of old,
His father's rule despile:

Refolv'd he would not be controul'd, Nor live on his supplies.

With fortish heart, but haughty air, His portion he demands:

And foon as he obtains his share,
He hies to foreign lands.

Far

Far from his father's check and eye, The foolish wretch retires: Lays all his whollome counfels by, And feeds his own defires, would A. A. He flings from him with huge distain, Nor would he bear controul: Yet there gives ev'ry luft the rein, work And yields them up his fouldisw bala He thought it hard to live at cafe, wo stor! Beneath his father's care: nod mor's Enough would not the wanton please, T Nor other children's fare. He musta proper stock obtain, show we I And independent live: moo at back This would alone remove his pain, it was a And full contentment give. But foon the value deflock was gone, union In fottish pleasures spent: His dream of blifs was foon withdrawn.

And he reduc'd towant of to alol od T

Thus he who foorn'd the bread and wine His father's housedid yield:

Was fored to feed on hulks with fwine Nor could he thus be fill'd.

Thus all who leave the house of God, And hope their flate to mend Meet want and woe upon the road, and all And ruin in the end load one a mid and LVI.

LVI. The Prodigal making ferious Reflections on his fad Condition.

St. Andrew's Tune.)

ORD! tis a wretched flate indeed A Prodigal to bel In vicious courfes to proceed

And wander on from thee.

Those who thy family forfake, From their own bleffings run:

Themselves the vilest vassals make, True liberty to thun.

They drudge each lordly huft to please, And its commands fulfil:

Satan their captive minds with case Bends to his curfed will.

On hulks they feed, or empty air, Instead of wholsome food:

For shew, they can submit to bear The loss of folid good supposed back

On ruin bent, for endless weed and and The They ev'ry day prepare:

On the pits brink they thoughtless go, Nor death nor danger fear.

Lord! 'tis a frightful state indeed; Mine error now I fee:

Let me no more this way proceed, But bring me back to thee.

LVII.

LVI. The Prodigal humbling himself; and making Confession.

St. Peter's Tune.)

Ather, the prodigal at last Has sounded his retreat; And owning all his follies past, Lyes prostrate at thy seet.

How foft how fweet it founds!
And yet it covers me with shame,
And opens all my wounds.

To fuch a wretch as I?
Who have refus'd to be thy fon,

And left thy family!

Ah! what a monster have I been?
To turn my back on thee!
And for the low delights of fin,
From love it self to flee!

Nor have I only fourn'd thy grace, I have thy pow'r defy'd, And broke thy laws before thy face, With most contemptuous pride.

Can I have any room to hope
For any good from thee?
Lord! should'st thou give thy vengeance
Hell must my portion be.

(scope,
E

Yet will I hope Should I despair IVI

My Saviour's merits boundless are,
Thou art a pitying God. Had not of

If 'tis too much to be a fon, I dinicipal Let me a fervant be:

I would, on any terms be one.

That appertains to thee.

LVII. The Prodigal refolving on a Return to his Father's House.

Dorchester Tune.)

Y God! my Father! shall I still
In this sad state remain?
A rebel to thy righteous will,
And doom'd to endless pain!

Shall I for ever wander on!

Nor to thine house return!

Or till all time and hope are gone,

This needful work adjourn!

Can I be fond of want and woe,
And starve among the swine?
When to thy table I might go,
And feast on food divine!

Ah! no, at last my heart relents:
How stupid have I been!
With bitter grief my soul laments,
For all my former sin.

With

Spiritual Songs.

With ev'ry luft I'll freely part,
Nor will the fav'rite spare.

I'll tear each idol from my heart,
No fin shall harbour there.

Submiss I'll throw me at thy feet,
And all thy rights will own:
I'll to thy full command submit,
And place thee on thy throne.

Thou shalt my God and guardian be,
My father and my friend:

My self entire I'll yield to thee, Thy bus ness now attend.

This is my fettled purpose, Lord,
And in thy strength shall stand:
To make it good, thy grace afford,
And lend thine helping hand.

LVIII. Mock Repentance, and real.

Fareham Tune.) (James I tibe model)

Or in a Saviour trust,

And hope thro' him to be forgiv'n,

Whilst we are slaves to lust.

Should we our wicked deeds repeat,
And still keep sinning on,
Tho' with reluctance and regret,
Our lusts still keep the throne.

2 With

LIV. Service of Heaven imitated.

Like then we would here.) bloow ow ment said

Reat Lord of all, by right supreme,
The universal King!
Thinc empire is the dazzling theme,
That heav'nly people sing.

Scraphs

Seraphs in low proflications lyes

Before thy flining throne:

And all the potentates on high,

Thee for their Sov reigh own.

With lift'ning ear and willing mind.
They hear thy dread commands: Each, to perform the talk affigured. In ready posture stands.

Soon as th' expected charge is giv' With winged hafte they fly.
Pass to the utmost bounds of hea

Or leave their native fky.

Down to our earth they quick descend Charg'd with mankind's affairs:

With utmost care they here attend And serve falvation's heirs.

They think themselves compleatly blest If God approves their pains:

No rebel thought heaves in one breaft Or in a figh complains.

These are the great examples, Lord! We would with zeal purfue:

Like them we would regard thy word, And what thou bid'ft would do.

Breath heav'nly life on all our fouls, And heav'nly love inspire;

That each rebellious thought controuls, And warms with holy fire.

We too shall then, with list ning ear, Attend thy facred will:

With pleasure each command shall hear, And with delight sulfile and the book

LX. God's fovereign Empire acknowledg'd and submitted to.

Middlesex Tune.)

Reat God, the glorious King of kings,
Of lords the fov'reign Lord;
Supreme o'er all created things,
By all heav'ns hoft ador'd.

Thrones and dominions humbly wait, And worthip round thy throne: The mighty'ft earthly potentate

Thine higher pow'r should own.

Thou dost prescribe without controul, Whate er thou judgest sit:

Each heav'nly mind, and human foul, Must to thy will submit.

Lord, what should limit thy command, When nothing heard thy call?

Or who thy soverign rule withstand, Who form'dst this mighty all.

Ah! what a rebel have I been!

How oft thy laws transgrest?

My grief, for my provoking fin,

Is not to be exprest.

Forgive

Forgive me, Lord! I'll never more,
As I have done, offend;
I'll all thy facred rights reftore,
And all thy laws commend.

In glad subjection now I fall,
Before thine awful throne;
My heart, my mouth, my life, my all,

Thy fovereign rule shall own.

I'll not a fingle thought allow,

That contradicts thy will.

In all I fpeak, in all I do,

I'll be obedient still.

Thus would I act, but, Lord, from thee
The pow'r to act must flow:
Breath life celestial into me,
And all the wheels will go.

LXI. The Power of Grace above the

Northampton Tune.)

Will drive the finner home:
Till grace with mightier charms shall draw,
The wretch will never come.

Vengeance denounc'd, the heart may shake,
But can't the stone remove:

But grace will deep impressions make, And soften it to love.

E 4

Lord,

Of guilt, and want, and woe should I shake to think th' Almighty God and I Should be mine angry foe at all both

But oh! how would it case my smarr,

If God would be my friend by

Such grace would quite subdue my heart,

And make the rebel bendance.

This grace, my God, in all its charms,
Before mine eyes display:
Open to me the Father's arms,
And smile my fears away.

Shew thou are ready to forgive,

And own me for a fon:

This will my breaking heart relieve,

And quite diffolve the ftone.

LXII. Inconsistency of Sin with a Chri-

St. James's Tune.)

JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
My life and facrifice:
My hopes, deep founded in thy blood,
Reach far above the skies.

Up to the highest heav'ns they soar,
Where round thy dazzling throne,
Seraphs lye prostrate and adore,
And thee their Sovereign own.

Thou

Thou haft those happy seats possess. Both for thy self and thing
And in thy glory thine and bluede
Among these followins, Lord, am I, the Thy glorious named bear, booth
My hopes lift up my foul on high. And fix my mantion there.
But shall I own thine awful name, And yet oppose thy will?
A fubject's highest privilege claim, my Yet act the rebel still?
The base and trait'rous thought:
I own thine ancient right and pow'r, And what thy blood hath bought.
And all thy laws approve:
And proofs of loyal love.
Thus shall my heav'nly hopes begin, Thus I'll my hopes maintain:
Nor once expect, in ways of fingent at the Eternal life to gain.
of Your the highest heave ancher loan. O Vinder nount invadorshing throng.
mobile Boyslood but DXIII.

LXIII. Christ's Call. Matt. xi. 28, &c.

Somerfet Tane!) of the date and but of L

Ark how a gracious Saviour calls,
To all with guilt oppress: Come heavy laden, weary fouls, "And I will give you reft.

" Lay all your finking load on me, " I can the Burthen bear:

" My blood your guilty fouls shall free, "Your drooping minds shall chear.

"This will the wrath of God appeale, " All his demands 'twill pay:

"Twill all your inward anguish case, " And wash your guilt away.

"But you must my disciples be,

"And take my doctrine in;
"With humble mind must learn of me, " And loath and leave your fin.

"Like me you lowly must become,
"And all your passions tame:
"If you would reach the heav'nly home,

" And not reproach my name.

"Your necks you freely must submit, " And patient bear my yoke:

"Think all my laws and measures fit,

" For once the choice revoke.

" Nor

"Nor are my terms, believe me, hard,
"I call you to be bleft:

"Come but with lowly minds prepar'd, " And here you'll meet with reft.

"My yoke will neither gaul nor pain,

"But foft and easy prove:
"The hardest laws that I enjoin,
"Are all fulfill'd by love.

You shall with no such load be try'd, " As will furpass your might:

"Or needful ffrength shall be supply'd, "To make your burthen light.

LXIV. Future Judgment a Restraint on youthful Lufts. Eccl. xi.9, 10.10 Ely Tune.) (Which the grant was been o'T

TE thoughtless finners, vain and young, Indulge your youthful fire:
Your wanton eyes, unbridled tongue, And every loofe defire. and brim bal

Tafte all the pleasures you approve, and I And act without control ? aid fin al Range all the paths of lawless love, " Y To feast a sensual soul. and most back

In trifling mirth confume the day, All ferious thoughts decline: And melt the tedious night away, In wantonnels or wine.

Shake

That would your lust restrain:

Laugh at the thought of dangers near,

And count the terror vain:

But know, your judge with peircing eye.
Marks all your fins and faults: T

E'er long he'll all your actions try, illing we

And fearch your feerer thoughts. bak

What deeds you have in darkness done,
To shun reproach and shame,
He will expose before the sun,

And to the world proclaim.

How will you bear his wrathful frown, Or your fad fentence hear?

Oh let the thought now melt you down; To good advice give ear.

Renounce each dear and pleafing vice,

Each loofer air lay by:

Grow serious, sober, chaste and wise, And mind the things on high.

Then when your righteous judge shall In all his glories drest, [come,

In trilling mitting contains the day.
All feelous thoughts declines

You may screnely wait your doom,
And hear him call you blest.

. LXV: The redious night away,

Shake

LXV. The Gofpel Invitation, from want reached the first and a many

Grantham Tunei) v voriot anti anuos b

ve E To eviry mortal man give ear,

"Come hither eviry flarving mind, The pitying Saviour cries of mark 1

"All who have fed on empty wind, "Or furfeited on viceow and of

"Come every foul that pants for blifs, "But wants where with to buy:

"Come hither, you can never mils " A free and full fupply. Do

"Why should you waste your strength in "Work on, and hunger still? [vain, Will fenfual mirth or worldly gain,

A mind immortal fill?

" Oh from the fruitless chase retire, " Come hither and be bleft:

" Here you may fully fate defire, " And at free cost may feast.

" Hearken to me, you'll be supply'd

"With ev'ry thing that's good:
"Your fouls be fully fatisfy'd,
"With most delicious food.

a Here

"Here milky currents, mixt with wine, "For ever rising, flow:

" 'Till (fed by fprings of grace divine,) "They to an ocean grow, True but

"Come, without money you may buy;
"Incline your ear to me:

" Hear and your fouls shall never die, " But ever bleft shall be

My streaming blood shall wash away, The guilt of former fin: My spirit, with enlivining ray,
Shall kindle life within.

I'll be your life, your food, your hope, Your covert and your guard:

Your guide, your pattern, and your prop, And then your rich reward.

LXVI. The Prodigal's Admiration and Praise, upon being taken again into the Family of God. of Ob from the first

Portsmouth Tune.)

Ord! what an happy change is this! What! all my fins forgiven! Am I a candidate for blifs! A joyful heir of heav'n! a Vour souls be fully actis

nw Wich most desicious food

Will God the hateful rebel own!

And meet me with a finile!

With tender love embrace his fon!

And treat me as a child to make the

[How far doth this my merit pass!

My highest hopes exceed:

'Tis all the pure effect of grace, Of glorious grace indeed.

I had renounc'd thy favour, Lord, IVII And cast away thy fear:

My heart thy kind command abhor'd, Nor would I trust thy care:

And shouldst thou entertain me now, With frowns or with disdain:

When want and woe have made me bow, And brought me home again,

It were but just. I must approve This conduct, Lord, in thee:

But 'tis a glorious scene of love, Lies open now to me.

No frowns prohibit my accels, And scare my trembling soul

But friendly finiles my heart refresh, And every fear controul.

Delight, and love, and glad furprize, Bear my whole foul away:

To thee her God fain would the rife, Her joyful thanks to pay. Thy grace shall be the dearest theme, I'v I hat e'er my thoughts employs: This my devotion shall inflame, soot vol' And feed my favirite joys, role vil T

Here would I breath in humble strains, T My gratitude and praise; brition o'T
Till on the vast celestial plains vin slive it
I higher notes shall raise, graded but

LXVI. Living and dying to the Lord. From Rom. xiv. 8.

St. James's Tune.)

10 whom, dear Jesus, should I live? To whom but thee alone? Thou didst at first my being give, And I am all thine own.

When fin had made my state far worse, Than if I ne'er had been:

Thou didft for me become a curle, And fuffer for my fin.

To whom should I, dear Lord, but thee,

Yield up my parting breath? Who haft by dying ranfom'd me, And triumph'd over death organish no

To thee I'll then my felf devotes My life and all my pow'rs; Each warm affection, bufy thought, and

And all my passing hours, it is noted.

中村工

I'll

I'll yield my felf to thy command a voll

Thy foes with hearty zeal withfland: Thy glory Hill purfue ven boot bak

Thus, Lord ! to live is life indeed, To boundless life the road wary viv

It will my choicest pleasures feed, And lighten evry load. on rangelist

Thus would I live, that I may tafte Celestial joys belowed and

Live here, that I may live at last, Where riches boundless flow.

Thus would I live, that I might dare To die at thy command:

Pass death's dark vale exempt from fear, And reach the promis'd land.

Lord, all my life I would be thine, Thine till my latest breath, Then leave mortality behind,

And find true life by death.

LXVII. The penitent Prodigal, and the forgiving Father.

Southampton Tune.)

OOK on, my foul, with glad furprises This moving scene survey: From all things else call off thine eyes, Here let them fix and stay. LXVIII.

Lo

Lo there that wretch the wand'ring fon,

Forc'd home by fore diffres:

Hear him his dismal state bemoan,

His horrid faults confess.

Low at his father's feet he lies, Opprest with shame and fears:

With breaking heart, and downcast eyes,
And cheeks bedew'd with tears,

Scarce any dawn of hope breaks in,
To chear his gloomy mind:

Charg'd with the guilt of so much sin, How should he favour find!

But now in all its pow'rful charms,
See grace divine appear:

His father takes him to his arms, And scatters ev'ry fear.

With melting speech and smiling sace,
He bids him welcome home:

Then grasps him in a dear embrace, Glad he at last was come.

Go let the fatted calf be kill'd, He in a transport cries:

"Let all the house with mirth be fill'd, "With feasting and with joys:

" For my dead fon now lives anew, behold him fafe and found:

"He that was lost to me and you,
"Again you see is found."

LXVIII.

LXVIII. I am my Beloved's. Cant. vii. 10. goar has his dimp. This benogn

Portsmouth Tune.) was amust berned ail

ESUS to thee I yield my all: m word Thou my Redeemer art; 1000 The best lov'd object of my foul, and the st And fov'reign of my heart.

I can't withstand, thy love constrains, And feizes all my foul:

Within the mighty passion reigns,
Nor will it bear controul.

Tis love to strong devotion grown, Affection all divine:
My felf no longer is mine own,

Nor any thing that's mine.

The whole is to thy will refign'd: Thou art my love and Lord:

My life, my strength, my heart, my mind, Mine all's to thee reftor'd.

Command, on wings of love I'll fly To do thy holy will my mad no

With every precept I'll comply, and and And ev'ry charge fulfil ton in line

For thee I'll all I have posses, you to the And all I have employ; and bloded if

What best will my beloved please, Will most improve my joy.

For

D
For thee I'll eviry thing forego, and an o'll And count my loss a gain even e W
_ And count my loss a gain over o W
For thee I'll fuffer want or woe up both
For thee I'll suffer want or woe hip back. And pleasure find in pain, no roll
Preside that the ball of the state
And ruth on any harmed at smit the
Our time is hymred year on thur bnA
The pow'r of love will conquer fear in O And ev'ry foe difarm.
And cy'ry for different and and and
P-st - st
And lay me in a grave of school of the And lay me in a grave of school of the Andrews of the And
And lay me in a grave of shi minely
And with my last expiring breath, was
The King of Terrors brave and Stored
Yes love contact at a state of the
Yes, love can act this glorious part, I find So vig'rous is its fire possedant no 10
Or an unneceed art sit story give
Lord, ined abundance on my heart, value
And, what thou wilt, require to M
XIX The Easter Level ou down of
E. De Fraitty of numan Life.
From Plal. xc. 2, 3, 5, 6, 9, 12 and I
St. Peter's Tune.) and destination like offeen,
Adde abum and the Aften.
The property of the property o
Or neav'n was thretch'd abroad
rom everlaiting thou haft been or
And art for ever God mo bour but
Port T and Table 2
But, Lord, how thort a life is ours !mad I
How languid is its flame? mool a W
And frail our mortal frame?
To

LXX

To an entail of forrow born, il hearth and We leave at first the womb too but And quickly must to dust return and to 1 Nor can we 'scape the doom q bnA Swift as the ruth of fudden fireams 10 10 Our time is hurry'd on no dur buA Or like the airy forms in dreams, wooded T Which e're we think are gone. on A. Like flow'rs which verdant meadows Man in the morning blooms: (crown, But withers, dies, and is cut down Before the evening comes. Just like a thought, a breath, a figh, Or an unheeded tale, Away our hafty minutes fly, Nor can we them recall. So teach us, Lord, to count our days, And know how fast they fly: That we to learn true wildom's ways. May all our minds apply? That we may fix our hopes above, And for our change prepare: Quick towards thee our rest may move And mind our grand affair of the bulk We fooner shall be bleft: The fooner end our weary race, dans to And mount to heavinly reft. In the

LXX. Bleffed are the dead which die in the Lord. Rev. xiv. 18.

Grantham Tune.)

H di moence an Ark! from on high a chearing voice, Lend all a list ning ear: I will make each pious heart rejoice, And vanquish ev'ry fear.

"Write, henceforth, bleffed are the dead " That in the Lord shall die:

"Their weary flesh, as on a bed, " Soft in the grave thall lie in that /

" Whilst their glad fouls, at last releast, " To heav'n shall take their flight;

"There to enjoy eternal rest, 1001. " And infinite delight a some bak.

"They'll drop each load as they ascend, " And bid tarewel to weet of

"Their labours with their lives shall end, "Their rest no period know.

" They'll drudge no more for daily bread, " No more of fin complain,

" No more be pinch'd with any need, " Nor griev'd with any pain:

"Their conflicts there with bufy foes, " For evermore shall cease:

" None shall their pleasing work oppose, " Or once difturb their peace.

cc But

"But vast rewards shall recompence "Their hearty service here:

"And perfect love shall banish thence;
"All diffidence and fear.

"Nay there their very work shall please, "And duty yield them joy:

"Their service feed their blis and ease, "And never tyre nor cloy.

LXXI. Joy in Heaven and on Earth at the Conversion of a Sinner.

Middlefex Tine.) avera addry along

OH! 'tis a dear delightful fight!
'Twill glad both earth and heav'n,
To see the finful heart contrite,
And meet to be forgiv'n.

God finiles to fee a wretch, undone,
To happy state restord;
Meets gladly his returning son,
And takes him to his board.

Pleas'd he refumes paternal right,
To gentle rule inclin'd;
Blots out all past offences quite,
Nor bears one fault in mind,

Whilst Jesus with delighted eyes,
Beholds his promis'd seed;
Sees from his death new triumphs rise,
His future hopes to feed.
The

The Spirit too, with joy furveys The conquest he hath won! Beholds, by his victorious grace, The rebel made a fon.

And all the heavenly hofts on high, with Applaud the joy divine: Strike up in cheerful harmony, And in the pleasure join.

Saints too below, with fweet accord, Join here with them above: Speak true devotion to their Lord, And right fraternal love.

Oh! 'tis a scene of spreading mirth, When finners are forgiven: It glads the hearts of faints on earth, And tunes the harps of heav n.

LXXII. The Inhabitant of Zion de-Somerset Tune.)

THat man shall be a welcome guest. Within thy courts, O God? Who on the hill, by thee possest, Shall fix his blest abode?

Tis he whole acts are fair and just, As well as his pretence: Whose words one may securely trust, They speak his real sense.

Who

Who never, with mischievous spite Will wound his neighbour's fa Nor with reproaches take delight To blot another's name,

Who honours all who fear the Lo But treats the vile with footnate.

To his own damage keeps his word, Nor once will be fortworn

Who never will his wealth augment,

By griping utury:

Be brib'd to hurt the innocent, and the Or fet the guilty free.

Whoever thus shall persevere,

God's favour will infure;
May welcome to his house repair,

And there remain fecure

LXXIII. Who welcome at God's House Plal. xxiv. 3, 4, 5, 6,

The fame Tune.)

HO shall ascend God's holy mount And to his house repair? Or who be thought, in his account, Fitto inhabit there

Such as from wicked facts abstain, And guilty thoughts abjure: Whole hands no foul transgressions stain, Whose very hearts are pure:

Who

Who never did by oaths betray,
Or hart the innocent:

Whole trufty tongues abhor to fay
The thing they never meant.

Such may the fav rice hill afcend. And enter this abode! The

With constant welcome there attend, And meet a fmiling God.

Such feel the God of Jurob's face, I'l Before him glad appear: 451 food

Whilst minds impure avoid the place Or find no pleasure there won UA.

Lord, I would be a welcome guelte T At this thine holy place: They or

There would I feek for joy and reft, T And fee thy fmiling face. and but A

Oh cleanie my heart, my tongue, my hands, From guilt and cviry dain in o'I

Bow my whole foul to thy commands Make me all pure and clean, but

Then lead me to thine holy hill,
To talke the pleasures there:
That I may heavinly raptures feel,

And feaft on heav'nly fare.bluo

wind another than on about the wine. Prote Priv bours are pure:

LXXIV. The Offices of our Redeemer sons James's Tune, and what you and and and The Offices of the Redeemer sons and the contraction of the Contrac

Dear Jests, we thy name adore, to Our Prophet, Priest and King: We own thy truth, severe thy pow'r. And thy salvation sing.

Thou, the great Prophet of the Lord,
Doft heav nly doctrines preached
And by thy spirit and thy word, filld W
All needful wildom teach built of

Thou are both Priest and facrifice to I To wash us with thy blood, I A To stand for us within the skies and I And urge this plea with Gothan.

Thou are our King, we own thy right,
To rule as by thy laws: an area of Subdue our hearts by faving might,
And guard us from our foesaway

To thine influction, gracious Lord, We now our felves refigned of And from thy pure and heavinly word, Would learn the will divine.

To that rich blood which thou hast shed We for redemption sly:
On our behalf thy merit plead,
And justice will comply.

F 2

Nor would we pardon, Lord, expect, Or heav'n e'er hope to win, Whilst we thy rightful rule reject,

Earth I don't ni thing Tith bank

Oh! no, we own thy fov'reign fway, And bow to thy command:

We'll all thy holy laws obey, And all thy foes withfland.

We will (but thou must strength impart) This purpose close pursue:

Oh! by thy spirit in each heart

Work thou to will and do.

Thus, Lord, our streighten d louis enlarge, And we shall ready stand,
With pleasure to receive thy charge,

And run at thy command.

By thee we ever would be taught,

And learn thy doctrine well:

And be to glad subjection brought,

As well as fav'd from hell.

Thus would we honour thee our Lord,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Obey thy laws, consult thy word,
And thy salvation sing. Should I this specion carris policies t died

y yield one tull hippings.

.VXX. the presting kies.

LXXV. Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? And there is none upon Earth I defire besides Thee Pfal. in the own thy lov regridant And bow to thy command

Grantham Tune) well don't yet lis li

Y God, my glory and my love, Of all my blus the foring, For thee I'd part with all above.

And every earthly thing joint also

Heav'n were a waste deserted place,

If God should disappear:

Or should'st thou hide thy glorious face,

Twould be thick darkness there.

In vain the Seraphim would try

My passion to excite:
Their borrow'd splendors fade and die, As God withdraws his light.

But as for meaner things below.

I all their charms dildain:

In vain their brightest form they shew, And tempt mine heart in vain.

Should I this spacious earth posses, And all the spreading skies, They never would my thirst appeale, Or yield me full supplies.

Without

Without my God with all this store, w I should be pining still: was day A Vol I With thirst inlatiate crave for more tow A And never have my fill in moun o? But when my foul's of God possest, and VI What can I wish for more many at I' Here it will ever fix its reft in I flad both And give all wandring o'er. mugi bak I'd part with heav'n, and earth, and feas Were all at my command or arrigod. For the dear willon of his face in appropried. And joys at his right hand that bit A LXXVI. He that loveth Me, Shall

be loved of my Father, and I will

Farcham Tune) Tody by MA

ND can I, Lord, forbean to love, And still avoid thine arms Will my dull heart still stupid prove And blind to all thy charms What! if I love thee, wilt thou, Lord, Nay more, a kind return afford,
And give me love for love!

The second of th

Wilt thou, before whole awful throne Th' Archangels proftrate lie, buoil A worm for thy beloved own, had a So mean a thing as I! well sown but.

What! shall I be below d of God! 'Tis quinteffence of bliss: I may rad

And shall I still cling to a clod And fourn fuch grace as this?

Oh! no, my icy heart at laft, Begins to thaw and warm, Laments it felf for dulines past, And gladly would reform.

Lord, let thy love its charms display.

Its kindly pow'r exert:

Take all remaining chill away,

And kindle my whole heart.

LXXVII. All ye that love the Lord avol hate evil. Pfal xevi. 101

Northampton Tune.) 20 111 brea

VES, fin, the monster fin, must be, By ev'ry one abhorr'd, Who would express respect for thee,

Or true affection, Lord, Idriow

With enmity profell, it stands; And all thy pow'r defies:

Inveighs against thy just commands,
Thy sov'reign rights denies.

Nor

Nor can its full and boundless spite
Be foster'd or subdu'd:
Were it possest of equal might,
Twould ruin all that's good warm
And can I love thee, Lord, and yet wo?
Relentment here refrain?
Or what thou must for ever hate,
With pleasure entertain!
Oh! no, with constant hatred now A
I'll every fin purfue:
Henceforth perpetual war I vow har I Nor will the truce renew.
From him inal certain pow't receive
With my offending hand I'll part,
Till took out my very eyes:
Pluck out my very eyes: I'll tear each idol from mine heart. Nor spare a darling vice.
TOTAL PROPERTY AND ADDRESS OF THE SECOND CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY AND ADDRESS OF THE PROPERTY AND ADDRESS OF THE PROPERTY AND ADDRESS OF THE PROPERTY OF THE
Thus proofs of loyal love I'll give of T Relifting fin to blood,
And ever at defiance live mont avol 11 9H
With what offends my God di 104
the of when with water and we
And be their contratinguite -
Sometimes, but with a genite hand?
Hell for their faults Chaftile,
To bond their heurs to his council.
Investiga againt thy juit communds,
Thy for reign rights denies.
and a second

LXXVIII. To them that ? him, he gave Power to become the Sons of God. John in z Juov

Southampton Time.)

H! what a fund of hope is here For ev'ry finful foul! Here's news the drooping heart to cheer.

And make the wounded whole.

All who in Jesus Christ believe And leave their former road, From him shall certain pow'r rece To be the Sons of God.

His Father will allow the name The dear relation own, And give to each a right to claim

The treatment of a fon. o stool all

He'll love them with affection dear, For their supply provide:
He of their safety will take care, And be their constant guide.

Sometimes, but with a gentle hand, He'll for their faults chaftise, To bend their hearts to his command, And make them truly wife.

would or Fire boog sang Below

Below he'll make them meet for blis on A And then to heav'n conveigh of 8 Where pleasure in perfection is byound And never fades away, vol principal

Oh happy state! Lord, I would fain id T This bleffed powir received introd A Let me the carnest wish obtain or turn W

And belp me to believe warm lift Ba A

LXXIX. Want of Love to God la LXXX The Committee Cappea sing in the aubility

St. Peter's Tune.)

Ord, what a flupid heart is mine! How heavy here it lies I noming Not all the charms of love divine Will make it flir or rife. won't ball

That love by all the heav nly choir With constant rapture sing,

Will scarce one tuneful thought inspire, Or once unlook my tongue low of T

Shame and Reproach! what had I, Lord My pow'r to love from thee?

My forfeit life halt thou reftor de bank And fav'd and ranfom'd me it this reft if

Haft thou redeem'd at coll immente. My wretched foul from woc! My God aton'd for my offence, His great good will to show!

baA

And yet this flupid heart of mine, and I Be void of love to thet by neally bunk.
Unmov'd with all this love of thing you?
Surprizing love to me but soon but I

This fatal chill, dear God, removed find A better mind inspire on palloid and T Warm my whole foul with holy love; of And still maintain the fire children

LXXX. The Goodness of God appearing in the whole Frame of Mature, an Argument to praise and love bim.

Portsmouth Tune

Ord, thou are good: All nature shews
Thee full, and free, and kind:
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Nor can it be confined.

The whole and ev'ry part proclaims

Unlimited good will: It things in thats, and flows in threams, And broods on ev'ry hill.

It spreads through all the spreading main, And heav'ns which spread more wide:

It drops in ev'ry flow'r of rain,
And rolls on ev'ry tide.

And be complying full. The but

till'

Thy

Spiritual Sones. 409

Thy holy word a rule I'll In cyry thing I do this	Parisimal slam
In all I think, or act, or f	Seak in a partition in
Nor will I duty more dec Nor any danger dread	Toth math than
But, thro' the pow'r of to Bold in this course pro-	SVEIGHTE SECTION
I'll face my fee, his force And tread the tempter	with the think
And still the work and w	ar attendanton.
This will fincere affection Love that will bear the	I net ithings I
All else is mere pretence? Diffembled love at befi	Know.
EXXXII Preposterous	Love and In-
Southampton Tune.)	HOSAMEANS 1
MY God, I must no A fool, a wren	168 11 5 VOI - U
From mine own bliss Yet my fond heart, with Has vanity purited.	fierce defire
And layifhe fweat and	on fire
viT"	Bu

Huma and But ah! how cold and languid, Lord, it Have mine endeavours been house fit To get my heart with graces for'd, with Or purify'd from fine nands you sold To get my spirit clean and dreft, soils to il For heav'nly fears above how and appl Or have it here on earth pollelt and the And warm'd with heavinly love? How Prepost rous course! with heat and zeal, Mere phantoms to purfue a Lolla IIA

And all this while indifferent feel us a vM. Where all my flame is due lovil but A Lord, fend thy Spirit from above, that off And all my foul refine also along of T Set proper bounds to other love, a wind of But heighten what's divine, we obside ! · LXXXIII. Devotion to a Redeemen. This to my mind will cor (sour madtan SWithney on ESUS, to thee I yield mine all, Thou my Redeemer art:

The best lov'd object of my soul, and a val

And sov'reign of mine heart.

The best lov's book I can't relift. Thy love constrains, And feizes all my foul: winny and Within the mighty passion reigns, will Nor will it bear controll hive but 'Tis Ties?

"Tis love to ftrong	devotion	grown	But a
Affection all div	nem had	onthi W	MY I
My felf no longer : Nor any thing t	hat's mine	punity c	0
For thee, I'll all I	第 二·编选研究中的现代形式		
For thee and thi	no emplo	heavin	104
What belt will my	n beloved	pleate	on Tu
Will most impr		CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY OF	
All elfe I freely	quitt and	ment of	Me
My gaudiest honor	urs breig	en enrabil	India
And lay them	t thy feet	nillanosos	INV
Delighted now I	part with	all, boot	DIO!
The gross delig	nes or lea	my foul	ng 16
I chase with ple	talure the	ncelepan	Bin
Tis my ambition		THE PERSON NAMED IN THE PERSON OF THE PERSON	XX
My deirest love		a:	
This to my mind With joy and			d L
Vouchfafe but to	or Londit	Alle Sand	外上月
And shew it w	ith a limit	et	d ad
Ev'n pain will the	en a pleat	ure prov	SaA
And easy all my	prolevald	Entitled	P 1462
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Thy be	unty Lo	ord, is the	wo:
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And spread	s to wor	as unkno	MIT
It shines in be Where all.		THO TURE	Tit hat di
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Nor can the	heavin's	extentive	bonnes
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Thy good	icis, Loi	a, connn	601
Thro; all the	world it	s fame re	ounds,
Earth shar	es in love	divine	Roll of the
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But above all	thy wo	ks below	Loswinson
Thy create	ire man	edstatto de	Montherin
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He stands, th			
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For him a	re richly	dtor'd.	My lang
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Spiritual Solds.

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With comely form his body's gra	LXXXI
Though for a shell design d:	
But, Lord! how much is this fur By his indwelling mind!	him
By his indwelling inner.	a dina
There have his nobler pow'rs the	
Which fit him to be bleft: To find in God a fund compleat	Tolkier
Of hannings and reft.	That
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	Worker!
That claims our highest praise	HILL
That claims our highest praise. For ever let it be ador d. And holy wonder raise.	A COMMENTS
And holy wonder raile.	PARTICE STATE
LXXXV. God to be loved for	his con-
descending Grace and Favo	W.S.
Portfmouth Time) into I thanks	A LANCE
T Ord, at how high a rate do	Habam L
My worthless pathon pri	HARB
To what surprizing height allow	But More
My humble hopes to rife?	· HT
What if I love thee, Lord ! I o	Wenthold
Far more than I can pay, think	Doiting
Should all my loui in rapture no	Mys 19 C
And melt it lelt away in the a	tre terre
But will thou with a finiting fac	And lange
But will thou with a finiling factory and languid flame approve? My foul with kind endearments And thus requite my love?	non non
My foul with kind endearments	bleis,
And thus requite my love?	Will
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	was the first that the	PERMIT AND		
Will he	who fits er	thron'd o	n high	X
Converte	wells in daz	zling ligh		
And r	nake me his	delight!	ופרוכל ליי	Son
At all ti	mes grant m	e free acc	ES, has	V
And t	o my pray'r	s attend!		Z.
And e	the tenderell ever act the	love exp	reis vo. bn	R
AND MEDICAL COLUMN	ounteous he	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·		Shid S
Will	he my wan	s supply:	onethin!	A.C.
For my	defence still	ready fla	die colon	And
	ut all dange		and holy:	Loro
Whe	fupport my n heavy bur	thens pre		
My buf	y foes and fe	ars contro	off Allian	Dut.
And	help in all d	iftres?	dinouth i	Por
Nor on Whi	ly thus expi	tels his lot	7 e j	
But lift	my hopes	o heav'n	above	77
And	perfect frien	dship the	e 2014 of	4
What 4	it returns,	lear Lord	, cin l	Nan X
Oh! w	ith new por	n make e		M Bue
And	all its old a	wake istra	ing sittly A	B
Fain w	ould I love	thee, Lor	d, and fee	dT'
of he	dear, the he	avinly fin	etawy bo	A
But	y devotion ever may al	oire de la	a vuota sid	T
DdO -			LXXX	VI.

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THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN
be Love of God
r John iv. 19.
with dear surprise!
endring Eyes, em oT
down and III I
Low Land Comback Low
When bould love his down to work and White events a village with the bill of t
dictagnic that I
of his friends, and who do his breather had a life of the death in an ille bath
ous love indeed, which lived allel: feed at great! doth farex- each to tell on the Oh!

Oh! let this stoop of	of peerless grace, XXI
Engage my heart, e	xcite my praile
And turn me all t	o love.
EXXXVII. The Sa	ul chusing God as it
Northampton Time.	
	beauty, life and light,
I Of beings	first and best stora
There to be rich	elemy Algherical viril.
Thy Majelly my m	indi will awereby woll.
But give it dear l	HTDENZE ALDINIO COLONIA.
Engage and feath	mine several minute.
Thy love will confl	and life imparty I no VI
Thy kindness fee	Candove volven be being
And fill, but nev	ereloywand the sint
In thee all beauties	fully meet, don't variation
God to enjoy is joy	Celeftial drains said
The quinterience	social marshanois constru
Oh! bear my rifing	Hut here neways word tull
To her thy gloriou	s form display of lon P
And draw her to	her Godi man on T
	AND A THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF THE PART

अर्था सम्भागित LXXXVIII. God infinitely amiable. Middlelex Tune. Reat God of love! that charming Should all my pow'rs controll; Should make my bell affections flame. And kindle all my foul. In thee confummate beauties thine, Thy form indeed is all divine, of Linow I. Without a spot or shade, or mally Tow'rds thee myriting thoughts may And boundless charms defery: (ftretch, But far beyond their utmost reach Unnumber'd glories lye. Nor I nor angels round the throne Can love to what's thy due: Beauties divine to them anknown, Pass all they have in view. They feel, indeed, feraphick hear, and all Celestial strains they sing: In some of their King amup on the But heav nly minds, great God, in vain Would grain this mighty themer The more than mortal powers they frain To measure thee Supreme. When

When they have stretch'd their wings for The theep alcent to try; the flight, Struck with the vast and boundless height, In wonder lost they lye. Dann but

Yet they for ever wonder on the month And love the infinite unknown, and pol With all their mind and might.

I too would lift mindeyes to fee What angels can't explore:

And wonder and adore on you

Oh! draw mine eyes, my heart enflame
With love fill up my foul: The Target Let this affection reign supreme, and

And all my pow'rs contrould but

LXXXIX. Redemption from all Iniquity employed to estimost 公共国でを言う

Ely Tune.)

Racious Redeemer, Tatlore Thymerit and thy might; Oh! plead thy blood, exert thy powr, And fnatch me from the pic.

Let not thy precious blood be fall. Or shed for me in value of the P But wash off all my crimion guilts Nor leave the flightest flam.

And

.11

Spiritual Songs. 8 Tro

And by thy spirit's cleaning pow'r Purge out the filth of fin: Thine image to my foul reftore, And make me pure and clean.

From ev'ry fin redcem me, Lord,
Nor my vile fav'rite spare:
Be this above the rest abhorr'd

With enmity fincere, de the die

That I each finful thought may thun, Each wicked word and deed: 1// And never more, as I have done, 1//

Let my corruptions lead now bal

But being freed from fin, may chule On earth may heav nly fruit produce.

And heaving at length obtain bo A

In XC. Fellowship with God.

Grantham Tune.) To lemontary control

What grace is this, my God? may I Have fellowship with thee! Wilt thou advance a worm to high, Or stoop so much to me! and But

A wretch, a rebel to thy crown, Thine enemy I've been: And will thou yet forbear to frown, Or to revenge my fin?

Canf

C111 . 2010 C
Canft thou forget what I have done
To urge thy vengeance on?
Wrongs offer'd to thy bleeding Son, -
And infults to thy throne?
And after all invite my love,
And court me to be blett!
My dearest friend and patron prove, -
My refuge and my reft?
May I to God have free accels,
And boldly venture near:
Seek help in seasons of diffress,
And have thy gracious ear?
May I behold thy fmiling face;
And hear thy chearing voice?
Taste all the blessings of thy grace,
And in thy love rejoice?
Be at thine house a welcome guest,
And at thy board fit down?
Find this the path to endless rest,
And an immortal crown?
Great God! and canft thou stoop so low,
Who art enthron'd fo high!
Such love express, such favour shew,
To one fo vile as I!
What great, what glorious grace is this?
And what good will to me?
When tis my life, my health, my blifs,
To've fellowship with thee? XCL
A.C.

XCI. Frail Life.

St. Peter's Tuner) do volt or administration.

I ORD, what a feeble frame is ours!
How frail are all his boatted pow'rs!
And short, at best, his span!

Swift as the feather'd arrow flies,
And cuts the yielding air;
Or as a kindling meteor dies
E're it can well appear;

So pals our fleeting years away,
And time runs on its race:
In vain we alk a moment's stay,
Nor will it flack its pace.

But, Lord, what mighty things depend On our precarious breath! And foon this dying life will end, In endless life or death.

Oh, make us truly wife to learn
How very frail we are,
That we may mind our grand concern,
And for our change prepare:

May think of death, and learn to die To all inferior things; Whilft our glad fouls full loaring fly. Tow'rds life's eternal fprings.

G Park

This

This course will prove us wise indeed; Tis the high road to blis; To heav'n it will directly lead, Where boundless pleasure is.

There let our treasure ever be: Be this our great defign, To dwell for ever, Lord, with thee And feath on joys divine. modified

Then may we bid our years roul on, And time make hafte away; The fooner will our fouls be gone To endless life and day, mo is ord

XCII. Gads Readiness to forgive Sin manifested by providing a Saviour. St. James's Tune y mont a Da ow niev ni

Nor will it the Ord, thou art good: To anger flow, But ready to forgive; And free thy rich compassions flow, The wretched to relieve.

When dreadful justice did demand Our guilty race should die, And none besides our friend could stand, And put the sentence by:

Thou didft, thy mercy to display, Devote thy ion to death: Made his heart's blood the bath.

Strange

Strange proof, thou'rt ready to forgive The vilest finners, Lord,

When thine own fon, that we might live, Dy'd by his Father's fword.

He dy'd that inj'ry to repair
Which we by fin had done,
To awe our minds with holy fear,
And vindicate thy throne.

And now with honour, Lord, thou mayst The greatest fins forgive: Speak peace to wretches fore distrest,

And breaking hearts relieve.

When fuch convincing proofs appear,
I'll doubt this truth no more:
Nor add the guilt of black despair

To all my former fcorc.

In Jesu's name, now at thy feet,
A penitent I fall:

Oh! for his take my fins remit,
And heal my bleeding foul.

XCIII. Prayer for Pardon.

St. Andrew's Tune.) | words nodw bal.

Porgivenes! 'tis a chearing word;
But who can pardon give?
None but mine injur'd fov'reign, Lord
'Tis thy prerogative.

G 2

Thou

coll T

Thou dost the greatest wrong receive, From ev'ry sin of mine:

And what the inj'ry can forgive,

But grace and pow'r divine?

To thee I therefore turn mine eyes,
This mercy to implore:

In pity hear my mournful cries,
And wipe out all my score.

Forgiving goodness, Lord, display;
My burthen'd mind relieve:
Take all my crimson guilt away,

My num'rous fins forgive.

Thy pard'ning voice will ease my smart, Mine anguish quite remove:

'T will heal my bleeding, breaking heart, And kindle thankful love.

Oh! let me, Lord, this grant obtain,
And hear the chearing voice:

Still all my griefs, remove my pain,
And make my heart rejoice.

None can forgive my fins but thee; 'Tis thy prerogative:

Yet hear my Saviour's plea for me, And when thou hear'st, forgive.

But who can duride give

Lia. Legist wit Emple Sente me XCIV.

XCIV. Forgiving Mercy exciting Love. Middlefex Tune.) A and hard side in the A.

Obe forgiv'n! how bleft the state! How easy, how secure! When God remits our mighty debt, And charges fin no more!

No more will angry justice frown, and A And threaten wrath and hell: Atoning blood our faults will drown And ev'ry curse repeal hon order batA

Sins of enormous fize and height, That reach'd as high as heav'n, Will wholly vanish out of fight, And freely be forgiv'n met distriction

Lord, this is wondrous love indeed, Tis grace all o'er divine: How loud doth bleeding merit plead? 10 1 How bright doth mercy shine?

And shall so vile a wretch as I, Of this rich grace partake! Will God pals mine offences by, For my Redeemer's fake! A month W

Will he my num'rous faults blot out, My heinous fins forgive! With Jefu's blood folve ev'ry doubt,

And bid the rebel live to aminow 10

otimila T

G3

Wake,

Wake, oh! my foul, with dear surprize, This glorious scene survey: Fix on a pard'ning God thine eyes,

And at the prospect stay.

Gaze on 'till love divine conftrains, And feizes thee entire

'Till o'er me all the passion reigns: Look on and feed the fire.

A little love can't ferve my turn, Who have much mercy found: Strong let the flame for ever burn, And more and more abound.

XCV. The Inheritance of the Children of God.

Portsmouth Tune.)

Here's an Inheritance divined Referv'd in heav'n above, For every child, dear Lord, of thine, To shew their Father's love.

An happy flate that bars out all Solicitude and fin:

Where joys continual feast the foul, Without a paule between.

The stock will never waste away, Nor will the pleasure wane: 'Tis pure, without the least allay

Of weariness of paintons and but held Soft W

Infinite'

Infinite beauty draws the eye, And ravishes the heart: Transports of high extatick joy, Fresh vigour still impart.

Lord, 'tis a blifsful state indeed To dwell above with thee:

On thine own fullness there to feed Thy face unveiled to fce.

Oh! let thefe glorious hopes refine,

And elevate my foul;
To heav uly things mine heart incline, And meaner joys controul.

May faith and hope itretch all their wings And bear me up on high,

And as I mount, may earthly things Below unheeded lye.

Yet whilst thou giv'st me, Lord, my the Of these good things below,

Let me not what is needful spare To make thine int'rest grow.

XCVI, Submission to God's fatherly Chastifements. 10 closes and And to well to has

Fareham Tune.)

ORD, what a pleasure 'tis to say, My Father and my God! Tho' thou shouldst take my joys away, Or make me feel thy rod!

A father with the wifest care, The tend'reft love will guide: 'Twill spoil the faulty child to spare, And ne'er correct nor chide.

My God, thy wisdom I adore, Nor will I doubt thy love: Tho' with afflictions long and fore Thou shouldst my faults reprove.

Thy just resentments have been slow, Thy stripes have gentle been, Compar'd with my deferts, I know, And with mine heinous fin.

I needed too to feel the fmart Of thy correcting rod:

To fix this wanton wandring heart, And keep it close to God.

Yet, Lord, in all my griefs and pains Thou dost a Father prove;

My finking heart my hand fustains; And can I doubt thy love?

My good I know thou dost intend, My greatest good in all: 170X The errors of my life to mend,

And to refine my foul. The regularies

- A &

Work thou thy will in thine own way, And tho' I feel thy rod, With grateful relish yet I'll say,

My Father and my God. XCV.

XCVII. Pardoning Mercy improvd to boly Fear is missing Dorchester Tune.) 2010 min bruig a trigite (IS thou, mine injur'd God, alone Who canst my fin forgive: My load will ever make me groan, If thou wilt not relieve. But thou art kind and prompt to spare And pardon finners too; That all thy glorious name may fear, Who for thy favour fue. All glory to thy name be paid, For this rich mercy, Lord: That full remission may be had, mow A And glorious hope reftor'd. Grant I may ne'er this grace abuse Or thence a license take: Thy rightful empire to refule, the result Thy righteous laws to break.

Oh! no, mine yielding foul possess and of the With reverential fear; many laws impress, and the Deep on my heart thy laws impress, and the second sec Form thine own likeness there but

Let all the glories God displays on thi W In blotting out my fin, a harmond Effeem and admiration raife, moting absigned And kindle love withing altitud but. When

Alldy

When

Spiritual Songs. 131
When thro mere frailty I offend,
Will he the fault o'erlook? of large And wilful fin, when I amend, illid who A
Blot wholly from his book?
AND THE PART AND INCOMES OF A PERSON AND AND ADDRESS OF A PERSON AND ADDRESS O
A rebel made a ion! A wretch, by grace advanced to bills, vol I
A rebel made a ion! A wretch, by grace advanced to blis, who was by fin undone!
Oh let this love entandle mine.
Set all my foul on fire; Exalt my voice to strains divine,
And utmost praise inspire.
And whilst with tuneful tongue and heart, I celebrate this grace, Let all mine actions bear a part,
Let all mine actions bear a part.
And my whole life be praise.
XCIX. God's Fatherly provision for
Inverse more ended and are
Somerfet Tum.) on aniquods vils lie han
Y E.S. Lord, thy children may depend to On thy paternal cares on and W
Thou will the Pather and the friend! baA
In ev'ry thing appears on oslam lli W
With open hand and lib'ral heart, Thou wilt their wants supply:
To them thy benefits impart,
And no good thing deny.
G 6 ··· Ou

132 I	Нум	ns and	2	
On them a	t last thou	wilt be	low,	baw.
And whilf	joy and re	urn here	below.	W .
And whilf Still giv	e them w	hat is be	Horlw 2	Blo
If worldly	CONTROL OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF	CONDUCTOR SPECIFICATION CO. CONTRACTOR CO.	######################################	
They shall	ure joys for	ge eltates	be bleft	n A.
And ha	ve their lo	t enlur a	d sion to	W
But if a la	arge ellate hazard he	and iton	Caid to	[Hd0]
Far bettte	r were it	to be poo	r,	Lock
	ant fuch v			Gr.
My Fatho	ifdom gui	des his lo	ve :	WanA
To thine	elections.	l submit,	in Anion	Let all
	ry choice aternal lov			buk
With	chearful h	eart I tru	ilt:	$M\cup Z$
Thy tend	ler mercie I thy thou	s boundle	is are,	rintan2
I cannot	want whi	Iff God	provides.	TE
What	he allots	is beit:	On the	
And Hea	win, what	ich at la	hids yo	75 11
The state of the s	sund let	dil bac b	and may	With c
The Philipp	relqqul I	1607 (13)	1 TOTAL	iod I
	ing.	thing di	pood ou	bnA
60		66		

C. Grace of God in binding us to believe that we may be forgiven.

Northampton Tune.) (and notquestimo?

Ord, thou hast bound us to believe, If we would be forgiven: We must by faith thy Son receive,

To be made heirs of heav'n.

Just, sit, and kind is this demand, and speaks thy goodness, Lord; When pardon thus may be obtain'd,

And forfeit life reftor d.

Sure thou art prompt to pardon fin, And quit our guilty score:
Or thy demands had higher been,

And we oblig'd to more.

Mercy it self could alk no less, and no A For fetting rebels free:

Than with thanksgiving to confess, Their mighty debt to thee, and all i

And to thy Christ the honour pay, ain al

Due to his peerless love; Whose blood must wash their guilt away, And thy fierce wrath remove.

'Tis glorious grace, thus, Lord, to give, My bleeding foul relief:

I would with all mine heart believe, it is "Help thou mine unbelief. CI. God's

Kind

CI. God's Fatherly Protection.

Northmerca 2

Southampton Tune.)

Y God, my Father, and my hope, Great all in all to me; My fure protector and my prop, My portion thou fhalt be.

If thou art mine, I want no more, I count the reft but drois:

With all thy wealth I can't be poor, Nor fuffer real loss.

But thou thy children wilt defend, By thine Almighty arm:

And always timely fuccours fend, To cover me from harm.

A constant watch my Father keeps, To guard me fafe from ill:

He flumbers not; he never fleeps, His help is ready still.

In vain would foes my foul moleft, Of fuch defence prepar'd:

In vain would fears invade my breaft, My God will be my guard.

He'll cover me when danger's near, Defend when foes invade:

I'll therefore banish ev'ry fear, w bluow I And trust his pow rful aid. It gald

Kind

Kind is his heart, and quick his eye,
Omnipotent his arm: He'll ev'ry hidden fnare elpy, And thield from ev'ry harm
And micia moni of 19 minus
I'll to his care my felf commend,
And ev'ry thing that's mine: And with true filial trust depend,
On pow'r and love divine.
CII. Forgiving Mercy, promoting Re-
Didamini from in Pentance in mon luminblid
St. Andrew's Tune:) flim offen fandrol val
And blotted from the book?
May I again towards injur'd heav'n,
With peace and pleasure look? has
May I benold thy finiling face, do 1991
And dry up all my tears? Triumph in free and boundless grace,
And hush my guilty fears? his will
Surprizing level Lord, I adore, will
What none can comprehend be and I'But shall I now as heretofore, aw tames I
So good a God offerd? of reven bnA
Oh, no! I own my vile desert,
Though thou hast gracious been: At once thy mercy melts my heart,
And aggravates my fin.
Alas

Flowing compassions I have spurn'd,
From mine one bliss have sled:
Disdainful from my God have turn'd,
By sensual taste missed:

And yet my gracious God forgives,

Forgets what I have been !!

With healing balm my heart relieves,

And blots out all fin.

Break, oh my heart, from both mine eyes

Let briny torrents flow:

Melt all my foul; thy faults revise

With undiffembled weerm and bak

Mix hearty grief with utmost shame, Thine own vile form abhor:

Eternal war with fin proclaim,

Oh, no! I own my vile defect,

And never love it more. I a boog of

Thearin thou half gencies in the control of the Lift.

The appropriate free that the control of the control of

Alus I

CIII. Less than the least of God's Mercies. lectile Chi

Ely Tane.)

TES, Lord, all merit I disclaim, Tis void of all pretence: Rich grace shall be my darling theme, For all I have is thence.

The bleffings thou dost still heap on, Are for thy goodness take: Nor can I for a fingle one,

The least requital make. The least requital make.

The least of all is greater far, Than I can claim from thee:

But, Lord, how great thy favours are! And manifold to men it out glad ! 60

My debt is vaft, nor can I hope.

To quit this mighty score:

Accept the thanks I offer up, For I can give no more.

Deep on my heart the sense impress, How mean and poor I am That I may still thy grace confels, And all desert disclaim.

anno la francia diametrali un Lua

Thy morning broadless

Nor.

CIV. I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the Goodness of God, &c. Pfal. xxvii. 13. TES Lan

Middlesex Tune.)

Y God, when storms of trouble rife, And overwhelm my foul, To thee I'll lift believing eyes, Thou wilt their rage controul.

Long fince, with num'rous grief opprest, Ih'd funk beneath my load: But that I hop'd (when thus diffrest)

For mercy from my God.

Oh! help me firmly to believe, at bal Thy faithful promise, Lord and of M

Full credit to thy truth to give, or Thy never failing word.

Faith will disperse my gloomy fears,

And cheer my heavy heart: . And living joys impart:

Though I all merit must disclaim, Thy mercies boundless are:

And my Redeemer's pow'rful name, Will hush each guilty tear.

Nay, faith will bear my foul away,
To brighter worlds on high:
To regions of eternal day,
Where all my treasures lye.

Soon will this gloomy scene retire,
And boundless joy succeed:
Such hopes will vig'rous life inspire,
And lift my drooping head.

Though faint before, now I revive,
These thoughts my spirits raise:
Joyful I feel my self alive,
And triumph in thy grace.

CV. It is of the Lord's Mercies that we are not consumed, &c. Lam.

Grantham Tune) Lie ovil guind van avad I

Aks

My guilt to heaven for vengeance cries,

And merits death and hell.

Long fince, if thou hadft been fevere,
I must have wretched been:
But thou in pity dost forbear,
Nor punish me for fin.

Tis.

Tis from thy rich and glorious grace, ... That all my bloffings flow:

That on thine earth I've yet a place, And 'scape eternal woe.

Deep on my thankful breast impress,

The sense of love divine:

With my whole heart my God I'd bles, Would my whole felf be thine.

Thanks at all seasons let me pay, Whatever may befal:

And when he gives or takes away, Yet bless the Lord in all.

For all on this fide endless woe, Is much too good for me:

Lord, what a debt of thanks I owe!

I have my being, live and move, In free and wondrous grace:

Oh! let my foul be turn'd to love, And all my life be praise.

CVI: Prayer for the Spirit's Influence.
Fareham Tune.)

Ome, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quickning pow'rs:

Shed light and fense, shed life and love,
On these dull souls of ours.

Alas!

Alas! how grovling here we lye, Chain'd down to earthly things: We scarce attempt to rise or fly, Scarce lift our feeble wings.

How weak is faith, devotion faint! How breathless all our praise! We rarely strive, we hardly pant, For everlasting joys milimo ned T

Come, Lord, and with a gentle gale On thine own garden blow; Make all my foul thine influence feel, Make ev'ry spice to flow.

Then my lov'd Saviour may descend, His pleasant fruit to taste :00 w Delicious fragrance forth they'll fend, And yield him fweet repair.

sion I diw you migraight thou ! CVII: All Things are naked and open'd to him with whom we have to do. Heb. W. 130 W soid 10 Open to view I'll always

Dorchester Tweet) we estimated on anh

But form my life by thy commend, TO, 'tis in vain, great God, from thee What can a fercen or covering be From quick all-piercing system but Should think, and freak, and more

Should I to fuch a place retreat, Where never man had been:

There I my righteous God should meet, Nor could securely sin.

Should I beneath the veil of night

To hide mine actions try:

Alike in darkness as in light Thou canst my faults espy. 10 1

My fecret thoughts, the hidden fprings Of ev'ry thing I do:

All acts, intentions, words and things, Lye open to thy view.

Fix deep this truth upon my breafty I

Convinc'd, that where I rove and rest, God's mine observer still.

Lord, 'tis is vain, nor will I more
Thy presence seek to shun.

One future act to cover o'er, hand Or hide what I have done. A ot

Open to view I'll always stand,
And no disguises wear, I inflation (

But form my life by thy command, With diligence and care in .

To thine all fearthing eye The strive

Each action to approve.

And as thou doll direction give,

Will think, and speak, and move.

CVIII. Filial Obedience.

Somerfet Tune.)

Y God, my Father, I adore
That dear commanding name:
Twill my whole foul to life restore
And kindle all my flame.

By grace my heart stands fully bent. To learn thy holy will:
With fix'd unchangeable intent

Thy pleasure to fulfil.

Entire I bow to thy commands, Thus filial homage pay:

With heart and life, with tengue and hands
I'll chearfully obey.

As I too oft have done:

But ev'ry finful thought suppres, Each sinful action shun.

Each day I live, I'll feek with care
My Father well to pleafe,

And in this course will persevere By thine affilling grace.

Thus will I close relation claim, And prove my felf thy fon;

And while I bear the glorious name, My Father's rights will own.

I will,

I will, but thou must strength impart, This promife to fulfil!

Lord, write thy laws upon my heart,
That I may do thy will.

CIX. A Thought of Death and Eternity aids were list Al

Fareham Tune) in tom had don't ber

Eath! tis an awful scene indeed! 'Twill fix the wand'ring mind: For everlasting things succeed: They lie but just behind.

Soon as our bodies breath their laft,

Our spirits must away,
To pains which never will be past, Or joys that ne'er decay.

Lord, what important things depend On our precarious breath? our last

For foon this dying life will end on ma In endless life or death. In his north

Oh! make me wife to know and mind My true my chief concern: 171/2.
Help me the way to life to find,

And found religion learn.

Make me attend my future state, and T That whilf I live below, or but The things which worldly minds call great,

To me may trifles thew, within the

Iliw I

That all the baits of fin and fenferm no I may avoid with care; balk and I But with the utmost diligence on old I

May for my change prepare.

Make me to mind eternal things, That when I come to die, Id ad I

My foul may clap her joyful wings, And climb her native lky.

CX. Death expected and prepar'd for.

Dorchester Tune.)

ES, Lord, I know I must resign, And once yield up my breath: The mightiest monarchs strive in vain To shun the stroke of death.

Tis thine appointment, Lord, and I Confess thy measures just:
"Tis fit rebellious men should die,

And turn again to dust.

I'll not oppose the will divine, Nor reckon thee fevere, But at thy call my life relign, don't And for my change prepare.

Help me the second death to shun, Give true repentance, Lord: Incline mine heart to kis the Son, And trust his faithful word.

Hymns and 146

On my dead foul thine influence fhed, There kindle life divine:

Help me the path of life to tread, Nor from it once decline.

Then shall I calmly meet my death, The king of terrors brave:

Triumphant yield my parting breath, And lay me in a grave.

Whilst my glad foul shall wing away

To her defir d abode; Where boundless bliss and heav nly day, Stream from the face of God.

CXI. Life untertain.

St. Peter's Tune!)

AIS but a short uncertain space sh la Allow dus here to live? Death unperceived comes on apace, And will no warning give 1 11

Nor great, nor small, nor old, nor young, His fatal dart can fly

The rich, the poor, the weak, the fireng, Without diffinction die sono ent bal

Each day we live may be our last, For any thing we know: old add one.
E're the next minute shall be part,

We our last breath may draw. ind leaves in bills beginn

And thall we trifle and delay And still keep finning on?

Neglect our fouls from day to day. Till life and time are gone?

The present moment let us seize For that alone is ours:

Now, let our selves our God to p With all our heart and pow'rs.

To day, while yet its call d to day, or Let's hearken to his voice is of Put ev'ry luft and his away.

And make all heav'n rejoice.

st. Poteets Tanahitchis of

The same Tune I month and 21 Eath! 'tis to them a difinal day .90 Who live changed from God? Reluctant they are inatch'd away, but And forc'd to change abode.

A ghaftly palenels now fucceeds a larger To all their tempting forms; don't see And the once pamper a carcais feeds And is devour d by, worms, web does

Into the gloomy grave 'tis thrown, Whilst the surviving mind Defencelels roves to worlds unknown, And leaves its blifs behind.

H 2

All

All the lov'd glory, pomp, and state, And treasures here on earth;

All the proud pleasures of the great,
And scenes of meaner mirth.

To all their fond delights they must For ever bid farewel!

And whilst their slesh converts to dust, Their spirits plunge to hell.

Where darkness, horror, vengeance reign, Where the worm never dies,

But in perpetual wee and pain Each hopeless spirit lies.

Oh! 'tis a dreadful thing to die, And fix in this abode:

Lord, let me all this danger fly, And turn me back to God.

CXIII. Lord's Day.

Portsmouth Tune) mid of most bak

H Ail, glorious day, when from the dead My bleft Redeemer role, and Bruis'd the old ferpent on his head, and vanquish'd all his foes. The state of t

Hail, holy time of Goddefign'd and Hail, holy time of Goddefign'd and to record,

To raise and to enlarge my mind,

And magnify my Lord.

God's

God's temple-gates now open stand
To give me entrance in; Whilst my Redeemer is at hand
To answer for my fin to sonot be
There I may hear his faving word; And see his smiling face, 10 10 10
Join in the triumphs of my Lord, And praise recovering grace.
There may I learn his bleffed will.
The way to heav'nly reft: And by his grace acquire the skill. To be for ever blest, along of the skill.
His kindly influence on my heart
The heav'nly dove will pour, He'll light, and life, and joy impart,
And teach my mind to foar. He'll kindle up an heav'nly fire,
And make devotion glow: Teach my affections to aspire, And scorn the things below.
Sure carnest this of heavinly joy! 'Tis glory in the bud:
Here's a rich feast that ne'er will cloy, 'Tis all celestial food, suppose be
Hail, glorious day! of days the best And brightest here on earth,
Sure pledge of everlasting rest, And everliving mirth.
TI TO THE PARTY OF

Will riling finners leize?

High

When Jesus, from the glowing skies, IIA

Accurled.

Shall speak such words as these?

" Accurled, from my prefence go,"
"You hated me and mine and more

" Now in greenal fire and woeliw

" With your old leader join you be a

But faints shall joyful lift their eyes And ice their Saviour Imile;

He comes to take them to the fkies And all their hopes fulfil.

"Come, ye below'd and bleft, he fays,
"And heav nly realms possess: [ways,
"You low'd my friends, and chose my
"And wish'd my cause success.

"Come now and you with me shall reign,
"And in my glories share:
This said, they'll rife and join his train

Triumphant in the air.

And thence in pomp the judge attend Up to the world of praise And in celestial strains commend

His justice and his grace.

CXV. Heaven. S. Dears.

Middlesex Tune.)

Here is a land of living joy Beyond the utmost tky: All pure without the least alloy, All perfect extage.

H 4

aults his dust

High

High seated on a blazing throne, on one Th' eternal God appears : both 101/2

Puts all his finiling glories on, and mod To And awes at once and chears, xo nl

The flaughter d Lamb at his right hand, Assumes his royal feat to due land

Whilst round at proper distance standus His ministers of states and 19 15 Took

Angels, arch-angels, feraphim, Bleft natives of the place,

And men whom Jesus did redeem, Made denizons by grace.

Each person there shines heav'nly bring And God's resemblance bears;

Each face an air of high delight, And humble rev'rence wears.

Each beart with strong devotion

Love ev ry breast inspires,
Whilst God's own spirit gently blows And fans these holy fires.

In strains celestial ev'ry tongue, initial al Will God's high praise proclaim

And all in confort fing the fong Of Moses and the Lamb.

The Hallelujabs once begun No pause nor close will know: But joy and harmony in one Perpetual transport flow. To these high strains their minds they'll Nor find their tengues remises bend, Their spirits ne'er will tire or spend, In extance of blifs. The same but A

A constant bloom in eviry face out Sal Shall death and age defy: And pain and fin far from the place For ever far shall fly

CXVI. Hell.

St. Peter's Tune.) was mondy from bu

July VV

ELL! 'tis a dreadful found to hear, It shakes a pious heart:
Who can the woe and horror bear, The agony and fmart?

In frightful gloom the region lies, Which bars th' access of light

Whilst mingling sames, which constant Add horror to the night.

In burning and immortal woe The wretched weltring lye: Their pains shall never period know, but

Their worm shall never die.

The righteous God, with wrathful breath. Will fill fupply the fire Still they shall feel the pangs of death, But never can expire.

Hymns and Conscience enraged will gnaw the heart,
With never ceasing pain:
Whilst the lick mind the mortal smart And cuts the meltin frum grinnight Far out of reach, but still in sight no 1A.

The heavinly glory lies:
But raging they, tow rds blis and light.
Lift their despairing eyes, and heaving head. All former dear delights are dead, in Il'oH Each pleating Icene withdrawn : W Mirth, mulick, joy, and ease are fleded W For ever fled and gone bleed won'T For rice I who the thought can bear in Who can for ever dwell, with like I Sick, pining, taving (and despeir like 5 ha Of all relief) in Hell I wind more 10 Quick, let me, Lord, thy vengeance fice, When fear alled ruoived yen est W Repent of fin and turn to thee out you'T And ne'er this potion talte, The BRA CXVII. The Hardiness of Simers in being without Fear of Death The same Tune. TArdy the wretch who death defies, And yet goes on in fin:

Tis this the King of Jears Supplies.

With his whole magazine While Cours

CXVIII.

Whilft guilt remains the venom flays,
Which deadly makes his dart:
With full revenge he rehels flays,
And cuts them through the heart. At once he'll all their blis deftro And make their woe entire; Extinguish eviry hope and joy, And plunge them into fire. He'll drive them down to shades below Where wrath and horser telen Where in extremity of twoe intermediate They hopeles must remain 1949 10 And yet can wretched mortals dare In all their guilt to die lot disconding.

And ftill fin on, too ftout to fear Or from this danger fly? total in he When fear might work a cure. They keep the danger out of fight. And make their ruin fire 172 3m June Lord, let not me thus hardy prove, And thy fierce wrath defy: But out of hand fecure thy love, And to a Jesus fly. Let me be pardon'd and approv'd, In thy beloved Son:
When God's appear'd, and guilt remov'd,

The fting of death is gone.

H 6

MINZO

ic guilty fouls thall prev.	Death on the
CXVIII. The fad Death	of rich Sin-
mers, and happy Resurre	
Saints, from Pfal. xlix.	And own
a shad with right rotal if	Berchington
hilenner their dustrydred 141	And in the
St. Andrew's Time Inflations	Be his above
theurmative flies.	And climb
TN vain industrious wordli	nes frive
And heap up wealth i	n vain sov
Grow pleas'd and proud to fin	d they thrive,
And boaft of mighty gain	Www.mewerd
They can't produce one mon	nent's health
They can't procure one mon Or buy one gasp of breat	CXIX. Dark
Or footh their pain with all	their wealth
Or bribe approaching dear	Portingue h.d.
The mind his fummons must	uniti l
Be sever'd from the kindred	clavada red W
And all her treasures quit.	And moulde
Even kings like other men a	han and hor
And level'd in the grave mu	alva a drad
With those of meaner bir	the Henry and
Then the cold pavement of	itemo, men (i
Will be their foftest bed	
And dismal shade and frights	ul gloom,
Their brightest scene succ	Death
1711/20 5 H	Death

Death on their guilty fouls shall prev, The worms their fieth devour; Their strength and substance waste away, And own their conqueror's pow'r. But faints shall leave their dusty beds And in the morning rife: on the Be lift above oppressors heads, wanting I. And climb their native fkies. Biv boA My Saviour will thy life reftore mineral And then break up my grave out And to his arms, to part no more que. CXIX. Saints armed against the Sociochethein weith the help in weilth, Portsmouth Tund) smile tranga educate ND why should death the faints dif-Lift up your heads ye just of may? What the your fieth must cum to clay, And moulderinto dult a patrille ben God can the fharter'd frame reftore. He'll ev'ry atom keep sel dianius in A Death as to you has lost his pow'r, You will not die but fleepe plottiffe Y When your Redeemer bled and dyd, From guilt he wash'd you clean to

And death no venom hath befide any of T

His deadly fling is find the had Now

And guard her up to reft:

Where in the enjoyment of your God,

You'll be for ever bleft.

Triumph, ye faints, in grace divine, Your fears are at an ende The grave your bodies must resign, And death appears your friend. CXX. *WEST

CXX Delaying Sinners quickened by the Fews of Denth. " Suit Farchand Tune of montions and those of the A TAfte, finners, to a Saviour run an Each dear loy'd fin disclaims A That you the dread of death may thun And fcape devouring flame, and back Haste for your lives, make no delay, trold You're tott'ring on the brink with H Should justice fnatch your fouls away back To burning woe you fink of the W And can you flop the flying hours to ball Or life one day prolong? would money Oh! make no boath of mortal powing of However hail and strong: among with How foon may fickness profinte lay 25919 ! Your boafted little might down but And death command your fouls away in a To everlasting might? And can you bear in all the throws Of mortal pain to lye and broug both Or in full view of future woes, at and W Yet can you dare to die to od Wholf Go call on God whilft be is night amount His favour leck to win: no mest wind To Jesus for redemption by And part with ev'ry fin. to head beat When MILTO

When God's your friend, and fin forgiving The fling of death is gone with the 10

"Twill open throw the door of heaving # And lift you to a throne speld but

Oh! to your only refuge hafte, b ablow i If fear won't make you move a bah Try if you can fuch goodness taltes and And be drawn in by love on wing o.

rion thon CXXI. Delight in Ordinances.

Southampton Tune. y on the medit

Ord of the shining hosts on high! How pleasant 'tis to stay!

Where, drest in smiling Majesty,

Thou dost thy charms display!

The most delicious hours I spend, Are in thy facred courts, Most gladly would I still attend viv

There where my God reforts.

There to behold thy fmiling face, And feed an am'rous fire:

There to be bleft with thine embrace, And thus improve defirement mentioned

To fee thy treasures there display'd Thy pleasing glories shine;

Meet a kind God, be welcome made, And feaft on joys divine!

Surc

Sure tis the brightest scene on earths ! Of all my time the best to guilt on T A feafon tis of heavenly mitches And pledge of heavinly reft. In the A It yields delight, and dear contents in do And much would I prefer w 1631 11 One day with God thus fweetly spenty T To an whole age elfewhere. One friendly look, my God, from thee, One kind forglying word, The Add Is more than all the world to me; 'Twill greater joy afford. Oh! let me have my fixt abode, Near where thou chulest thine; Dwell much, and much converse with God, And tafte of love divine. 'Till dreft and ready for her flight, " od ?"

My foul shall rife to thee, And in thy more immediate light, Eternal light shall see. Therein Odinid, have a sufficiency

CXXII. Lord's Day

Grantham Tune.) Hand Stagga width bod? Hrice happy faints, who dwell above, In God's immediate fight: They glow with everlatting love, world And thine divinely bright, I had both

In endle	s longs and	l'extages.	In	Where
They	one long i	abbath ke	ep .	Shal
They ne	ver that th	cir mout	s or c	Deliga
They	never pan	e nor flee	take	Dak .
	how lifele			
How	flat are all	my lave?	Conno	But
In fleep	more hou	s by far I	dielno	A cep c
	e'er I liv'e			
	the day o		建设在 国际的国际发展不足	
	heds its qu			
	how flow			
How	languid ar	e its flame	2	
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	基。25.50 (E)			
Myf	my faint el railties, La	ays to 101	-	
I would	be like th	a laints a	MANUA OL	ell loop of T
Unlik	e them as	live	ayen da	ibe bo
	the proper	CONTRACTOR SERVICES TO SERVICE SERVICES AND	The state of the s	
Why	must I fo	R keen th	Prants	He was
Why. o	h my foul	! Go loth	to of	My wa
And t	o be gone	from hen	cean:	id bad
Increase	OLord,	my faith	and ho	pelT
	fit me to a			
	the assemb			
The	labbath ne'	er will en	do hb	And life
Where	Tahall bee	och in hea	viole a	men ov
Wath	heav'nly	uttre thin	CY SUL	VIV dres
For eve	r teed on h	eav'nly fa	re.	35 F TH. [
And	teel the tai	te divine.	野野田	WHO!
ulands)	odT			Where

Spiritual Sougs.

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Where I in high feraphick drains along all Shall all my pow'rs employ sao yed Tar A Delighted range the atherial plains, was I And take my fill of joye wood yed I was

Where I shall never rest nor rise, the man But sound immortal lays.

Keep confort with the heav'nly choir, and live and breath in praise.

CXXIII Morning Hyman charles

St. Luke's Tane.)

A Wake, my foul, in grateful fongs,
Praife him who full my life prolongs,
Who his kind acts each day renews,
And with new bleffings me purfues:
He takes all my concerns in truft,
He watches o'er my fleeping duft;
My wasted pow'rs by night recruits,
And fits them for the days pursuits.

This night I've past from mischief free, Because he kept kind watch for me; And now reviv'd, refresh'd I nie, And lift to heav'n my thankful eyes. I No midnight terrors shook my mind, My dreams were gentle, slumbers kind And sleep and dreams, and shady night. Now sly before the spreading light.

Thousands in pain and horror lay,
And wish'd, but wish'd in vain for day;
Whilst I with needful sleep was blest,
Nor did a thought disturb my rest.
And many guilty souls are gone.
To worlds unseen, and woes unknown;
Whilst I with equal guilt survive,
And joyful seel my self alive.

Come then my foul, glad homage pay
To him that form'd the night and day:
He flumbers not, he never fleeps,
But o'er me watch perpetual keeps,
Meviv'd by him, to him devote
Renewed time, and life and thought:
And now thy waken'd pow'rs employ,
In thankful hymns to speak thy joy,

rison VCXXIV. Night Hymn.

The Same Tune) stays soile ym salew A

To offer up an evining fong;
And let my joyful facrifice,
To thee like holy incense rise.

Each day with flowing mercy fill'd,
For praise will constant matter yield;
The I provoke, thou dost forbear,
To vengeance flow, but prompt to spare.

Nay,

Nay every day, thou dolf anew
My stubborn heart with kindnels wooe;
Dost pour continual blessings down,
And me with tender mercies crown.
Thou, Lord, throughout this closing day,
Hast been my guide to chuse my way;
My guard by thine Almighty arm,
To keep me fase from every harm.

My num'rous wants thou hast supply'd, Made joys to flow on ev'ry side: In going out and coming in, My shield and leader thou hast been. What shall I render, Lord, to thee, For all thy benefits to me? Or how proportion'd thanks repay, For all the favours of the day?

Oh! come, awake my drowzy heart, Stir all my foul, and act thy part:
Awake my voice, awake my tongue, Strain all to form an ev'ning fong:
Breath out your thanks in heav'nly ffrains, The work will well reward your pains.
'Twill feaft my foul, and feed my love, And God the mufick will approve.

CXXV.

50A

Shall angels ling our Sanour's theme The CXXV. Christs Metivity in W

In their glad musical

The Jame Tune

D Etimes, on that aufpicious morn, When the long promised Christ was inditions his paint on earth agen-

From heav'ns high court an angel came, The glorious tydings to proclaim: Around him heavinly splendor shore: X.) Glories before to them unknown, Pour'd on the shepherds minds and eyes

O'erwhelming luffre and furprize.

But foon they heard his chearing voice

Shepherds, I call you to rejoice,

I come such blessed news to bring,

Twill make all nations shout and sing.

There Christ, the Lord, is born to day,

Laid in a manger there you'll find.

"The promis'd Saviour of mankind.

Soon as this angel made an end. They faw the heav nly troops delicend in radiant clouds on high they hing, And thus in flrains celetial fung;

"To God, on high, all praise be giv'n, He His dazzling glories fill the heav no He And now his rich compassions flow, And now his rich compassions flow, And now his rich compassions flow, He And now his rich compassions fl

"In grace and peace on men below." no

Shall

Spiritual Songs.

Shall angels fing our Saviour's name.
With loud applause his birth proclaim?
And shall not we, with voice and heart.
In their glad mulick bear a part?
"Yes, glory be to God on high,"

"Who lays his dreadful Vengernce by:

" Beltows his peace on earth agen,

"And pours favation down on men

: he how to the suchers CXXVI For the 5th of November before to them unlenown,

Pour'd on the fhepherds (sour smale of

O'erwhelming luthre and luryr The grateful heart and chearful voi Well in the Lord our God rejord Our dwelling-place in ages par And still we hope his love shall last.
When plots, wrap'd up in thick disguise
Were out of reach to human eyes;
He did the hidden scene disclose. And break the measures of our foes.

When armies back'd licentious might And threaten'd ev'ry law and right, if I he to our help an Here lent, if I he hoveing mischief to prevent. He came, and lawlels pow'r gave way. He rul'd with just and gentle (way, And, fafe to hand our blettings down On royal George entail'd the crown

And

And shall we, Lord, prove so ingrate, As to require this love with hate!

Forget or blur the Hero's name,
Or thy salvation once defame!
Oh, no! whatever others do,
We'll keep the glorious scene in view;
And William's name still dear shall be,
But all the praise reserved for thee.

CXXVII. For the 1st of August: Or, the Accession of King George.

The same Tune.)

Sing, Britons, with triumphant voice, With shouts of joy in God rejoice:
Each heart be glad, each face look gay, Mirth well becomes this happy day:
This happiest day of all our year,
Reviv'd our hope, remov'd our fear,
And with indulgent beams look'd on,
To see our sov'reign mount his throne.

At his approach imposture fled,
Black treason hung its guilty head:
But truth and right with him lat down,
They fill his throne, and form his crown.
Secure we dwell beneath his shade,
Of lawless wrong no more afraid.
Right, Law, Religion he maintains,
And keeps us lafe from racks and chains.
Let

bnA

In loyal theuts express their love;
And to our God their tribute pay
Of praise, on this austicious day.
For ever let us magnify
The power and grace of God most high.
Who on bis king vouchsafes to smile,
Pleas'd to secure and bless our ide.

CXXVIII. Providence, and the Du-

Warwick Tune.)

Reat Lord of earth, and feas, and fkics.
Thy wealth the needy world supplies.
On thee alone the whole depends.
Thy care to every part extends.

To thee perpetual thanks we owe,
For all our comforts here below:
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
Our starving fouls thy grace relieves.

The wastes of life thy pow'r repairs,
Thy mercy stills tempessues cares:
And, safely guarded by thine arm.
We live secur'd from spite and harm.

To thee we now glad homage bring, In grateful hymns thy praises ling, Direct to thee our joyful eyes, And humbly look for fresh supplies.

We

We still are indigent and poor, Indebted much, yet lacking more: But thou canst still vouchfase supplies, Thy wealth will thee and us suffice.

On thee we'll evermore depend, The rich, the fure, the faithful friend: Thy wildom shall our portion chuse, Nor will we once thy choice refuse.

And should thy measures seem severe, Thy just rebukes we'll calmly bear; Without complaint to thee submit, Th' unerring judge of what is sit.

Smile on us, Lord, we'll fing thy praise? Correct, yet we'll commend thy ways; We'll our own thoughts and Wills refign, And still approve each choice divine.

CXXIX. The Mysteries of Providence.

Arundel Tune.)

Reat ruler of the earth and sky, In boundless deeps thy counsels lye, Nor can we trace thy wondrous way, Thro awful night, or dazzling day.

Sometimes thy faints, with fundhine bleft, Enjoy prosperity and rest; And under covert of thy wing, Securely sit, and smile, and sing.

Some-

Sometimes, by raging tempels toff, Well nigh the *shatter'd ark* is loft: Thy fervants fink, and drowning call, "Help, Lord, or elfe we perife all.

Infulting champions proudly hoast. Their prowers, and defy thine host: Too stout to fear defeat or harm. From them, or thine avenging arm.

Whilst weaker spite, with like intent, From crast expects the like event:
The deepest arts of mischief tries,
And hopes to 'scape all-fearching eyes.

Thy fudden strokes have sham'd the boasts Of mighty chiefs, and num'rous hosts: And in the very depth of grief, Desponding faints have met relief.

Mischief conceal'd by thickest night, Thy piercing eye hath brought to light; Thy deeper skill hath counter-wrought The schemes of deepest human thought.

Thy foes have met their overthrow, When they design'd the fatal blow: Their nicest arts have mis'd their ends, And prov'd the safety of my friends.

Great God, whom heav'nly hosts revere, Unsearchable thy councils are; Yet may thy people track thy way, From gloomy night to joyful day.

I 2

172 Hymns and

CXXX. The Word of God rightly re-

Warwick Tune! And Thands of the

The fund of truth, and source of good: To fools true wisdom 'twill impart, 'Twill mend the life and melt the heart.

Tis there that I thy will must learn, Thence rightly know my great concern: There thou hast pointed out my way, To pardon and perpetual day.

May I receive it, Lord, as thine, Receive it as the word divine, With firm affent, with liftening ear, With bending heart, and filial fear.

Make me to know its faving might,
Its quick ning heat, its chearing light:
Make it my stubborn heart subdue;
And form my sinful soul anew.

Oh! let it richly dwell within, To keep me from the snares of sin and Direct me still to chuse my way, and War That I may never go astray.

Thus shall I be approv'd of God, And follow still the heav'nly road: Here like an heir of heav'n shall live, And there a crown of life receive.

CXXXI.

CXXXI. The Soul giving it self up to the Conduct and Influence of the holy Spirit, to I do brow

The same Tune) and mobile some of the

Ome, holy spirit, heav'nly dove,
My sinful maladies remove:
Be thou my light, be thou my guide,
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and chuse my way:
Plant holy fear within mine heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

Conduct me safe, conduct me far From ev'ry fin and hurtful snare: Lead me to God, my final rest In his enjoyment to be blest.

Lead me to Christ, the living way, Nor let me from his pastures stray: Lead me to beav'n, the seat of bliss, Where pleasure in persection is.

Lead me to boliness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God:
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.

Lead

Lead me to means of grace, where I May own my wants, and feek fupply Lead to thy felf, the spring from whence To fetch all quick'ning influence wol all

Thus I conducted still by thee agus Of God, a child, belov'd shall be dised Here to his family pertain, I slidy but Hereafter with him ever reign and alighed

CXXXII. The Redemption of the Soul noi I his precious!

Arundel Tune.)

Far Saviour, now my worth I know And what to thy rich grace I owe My foul's redeem'd which once was loft And thine heart's blood its ranfom costs

Grant, my dear Lord, I never may Fling this redeemed foul away in the Beneath Or e'er be brib'd by worldly gain mad W So vast a damage to sustain of an estimal

This lower world, earth, sea, and air, With all the various treasures theres bak And all the glorious stars on high, all all A nobler mind can never buy amoob baA

And shall I give my foul away, dal For empty air, or heavy clay! Or to fecure mere dirt and drofs Sustain irreparable loss! of the one to V

Warwick Tane

Oh! no, the world shall bribe in vain, Its highest offers I disdain:
My soul to save, I could defy.
Its loudest threats, and dare to die.

Supported by Almighty grace,
Death's gloomy vale could fearless pass;
And while I feel its influence,
Despite the baits of sin and sense.

CXXXIII. Sinai and Zion.

Warwick Tune.)

I ET Singi now be nam'd no more,
Where lightnings flash and thunders
And God his dreadful glory shows, [roar:
Proposing laws, denouncing woes.

On Zion's mount we joyful stand, Beneath Immanuel's kind command; Where grace, drest out in all its charms, Invites us to a Saviour's arms.

Stern is the voice and air of law, And strikes the trembling mind with awe: It kills with its imperious breath, And dooms for ev'ry crime to death.

It bids us act, but bids in vain,
Whilst weak and seeble we remain,
The guilty mind it can't relieve,
Nor one faint hope of pardon give.

14

But

But grace, with foster sound and air, Remits our faults, removes our fear: Can heav'nly skill and pow'r impart, To conquer sin, and cleanse the heart.

Lord, let me this rich grace obtain, Forgive my fin, and make me clean:
Oh! let me feel the pow'r of love,
And all thy holy laws approve.

CXXXIV. The Love of God kindling and enflaming Love to him.

St. Luke's Time.) I won to be shall be

Aft stoop indeed! God condescends
To call polluted worms his friends:
We who his sov'reign pow'r defy'd;
Are now by grace to him ally'd:
In faith he bids us now draw near;
Nor his consuming vengeance fear:
He bids us boldly to depend
On him the never-failing friend.

To free converses he invites,
He in our services delights:
Our passion for him he'll approve,
And bless us with returns of love:
Nay, he himself in love begins,
Redeems our souls, remits our sins:
He makes our hearts with passion glow,
And still would have the friendship grow.
Great

Great God of love, shall we refuse The freedom thou allow'll to use? Shall we this glorious friendship spurn? And to old vanities return ? " oupno Shall we fuch proofs of love behold, With hearts indifferent or cold?

Move heavily towards our reft,

And feem unwilling to be bleft?

Lord, waken all our lurking fire, Draw forth our fouls in strong defire; From off our hearts the chill remove, And kindle ev'ry pow'r to love We too by all the proper ways
Would feek the heav nly flame to raife, Till it shall finish'd friendship prove, In thine own presence, Lord, above.

CXXXV. The Institution of a Gospel Ministry, from Ephniv 3, 11, &c. Arundel Tune () Arundel Tune ()

ATHenour bleft Lord went up on high, He captive led captivity And royal bounty did display, To grace the triumph of the day.

As to his throne in pomp he rode, On men he offices bestow'd mo smes Marks of munificence divine, In which both might and mercy shine. In order first Apostles came, and but The highest tank, the noblest name: but Next them, tho' still of high degree, all Evangelists and Prophets be A use ad but A

Uncommon pow'rs on them bestowed, Amaz'd the world, proclaim'd the God. Made truth with heav'nly lustre shine, at And prov'd the Gospel scheme divine.

With like good will and kind intent,
Of meaner rank he Teachers fent, g dawl
O'er Christian Churches to profide, back
And by inspired writings guide it bid bak

His faints to polish and complete, And fit them for the heavinly state: oT To build, by his own pow'rful word, T His Church, the body of our Lord, but A

Lord, we with humble faith adored
Thy for reign grace, thy laving power at
And celebrate our Saviour God, and 1 do
For such rich gifts on men bestow'd but A

of Christ to Sinners, admir d'and prais d' The same Tune.)

To give thy life for such as we?
And let thy precious blood be spilt,
To take away our crimson guilt?

And

And then the bleeding ments plead,
And for our pardon intercode,
The bowels of our God to move,
And be our Advocate above?

And court his to be happy too had a land Shew is the way to enders reft.

And preis and urge us to be bleft!

With constant kindness court our love, With gentle stripes our faults reprove! Send ministers to wood and warn, And bid us mind our main concern!

Nay, fixed thy Spirit's influence,
To rouze our dormant life and lenfe!
Thus close our flying fouls purfue,
And oft repuls'd the fuit renew!

Lord, this is love: With glad furprize, It strikes the mind, and draws the eyes: Oh! let it ev'ry heart constrain, And shew its charms no more in vain.

CXXXVII. I will come in and sup with him, and he with me. Rev. iii. 20. St. Luke's Tune.)

Dear Lord, to sup with such as we:
Alas, what off ring can we bring,
To spread a table for our King?

16

But when we fee thy table ftord (W) With all its rich provisions, Lord, 'Tis more amazing still, that we Should be allow'd to feast with thee.

Yet thou this favour wilt confer, I On all who to the call give carried I Who bid farewel to every find the do And ope their hearts to let thee into the Their humble trust thou wilt approve, Accept their service and their love, Make them the care and the delight, And with the love wilt theirs requite I

For them thou wilt the merit plead
Of blood, for their redemption shed to I'
In all thy glories be their friend, and but A
And to the Father them commended will.
Thou wilt blor out their guilty feare, W
Their souls to life divine restore: at and ITheir kind protection undertake, and at I'
And them thy Father's children make. T

Nor such high honour here below;
Wilt thou alone on them bestow:
But lift them up at last to be
For ever glorify'd with thee.
Lord, what rebellious heart can still
Reject thy grace, oppose thy will!
By love o'ercome, I prostrate fall,
And yield the up mine heart, mine all.

CXXXVIII.

CXXXVIII! Worldly Wealth well en-

The fame Tune. I set of b wolfe od bluc

Cannot create mine happines: Ils
Not all the pomp in which I shide,
Nor all the heaps I reckon mine to
Whilst still with eager with I crave,
(Desire insatiate as the grave) and the
To gather and encrease my store,
'Tis a confession, I am poor i many

But when, with lib'ral hand and heart,
I to the needy can impart,
And deal about what I posses,
My brethren to relieve and bles:
When I my stock for thee employ.
This is the truest spring of joy to
'Tis happier thus to spend my store,
Than to be still collecting more.

Oh! may I feel this truth imprest,
With all its force upon my breast!
Take in its full and pow'rful sense,
And yield to all its influence!
Then I a publick good shall be,
And well approve my self to thee;
Aright employ what I posses,
And thus enjoy true happiness.

CXXXIX

CXXXIX. Wrong done to God confeffed and lamented, and the Soul rielded ed up to him. Tuesd van in Sibility of

There let him make his fixed spode Warwick Tune on the hour may be with the may be the world the same with the may be the same with the same w

IS matchless grace in thee to sue,
Most glorious God, for what's thy
And wond'rous arrogance in me, [due;
To claim what must belong to thee.

Yet have I long thy rights deny'd, Refus'd thy rule, thy pow'r defy'd; Have liv'd as if I were mine own, Lord of my self, and Lord alone.

Thine high command with vile neglect;
And all my time and pow'rs apply'd
To gratify my lust and pride.

But, Lord, I now my felf abhor, With bleeding heart this wrong deplore; Convinc'd, confounded here I france, But yield me all to thy command.

My felf, and ev'ry thing that's mine,
I to thy pleasure now relign;
Be thou my God and let me be
Henceforth peculiar, Lord, to thee.

There let him make his fix'd abode.
Secure me wholly for my God:
Thro' my whole foul foread life divine.
And make me now and ever thine.

CXL. The Joy in Heaven over a repenting Sinner, promoting Repentance:

The Same Fune of the About Stril Joed alouse ord of the About of the A

Y God, will my repentance be
So pleasing an event to thee?
Will the glad news be told above,
And spread thro' all the realms of love?

Will ev'ty blisful spirit there,
Rejoice such happy news to hear?
And all thy saints who dwell below,
Be glad this glorious change to know?

Will none be pleas'd to see me still,
A rebel to thy righteous will;
But siends of sierce and boundless spite,
And sools who hate and shun the light?

bleme aw how all that's

And shall I, Lord, be fond to pleafe Such fools, or raging foes as thefe? But backward and unwilling prove, will To gratify the God of love?

Forbid it, Lord. No, let my heart At once with eviry idol partition from the T Bid ev'ry fav'rite luft be gone, they bal And place my Saviour on his throne.

Then with the heart of God rejoice, Each Seraph will exalt his voice; Each faint the news with triumph tell. And none be griev'd but beirs of bell

CXLI. Risings of Envy at God's Grace to others check'd and suppress'd.

And high thy merey at

The same Tune.)

Rant, Lord, I never may repine Or fad and fullen grow to fee m em saleM A straying foul brought home to thee.

When thou art glad, and ev'ry heart Should in thy pleasure bear a part in ogni With grieved mind and gloomy face, 1911 Shall I reproach thy glorious grace?

Ah! how indecent, Lord, were this? What, shall I grudge my brother's bliss? What thou wilt fave, shall I destroy? ail Or blame my heav'nly Father's joy in aiH Inchail

No.

No. God forbid. Lord, I would be In this, a counterpart to thee:
Thy pleasure I would still approve,
And, as thou art, I would be, love.

Oh! make my foul throughout divine, That I in thy delights may join:
And with transported heart may see, [thee. Each wand'ring wretch brought home to

CXLII. The convinced Sinner's Prayer for Faith in Christ.

The fame Tune.)

Porgive me, Lord, that I have been, A wretch fo long enflav'd to fin: So strongly bent to be undone, And slight thy mercy and thy Son.

Ohli chase my long and gloomy night, And bless my soul with saving light: Make me my true condition know, How great my guilt, how near my woe.

Let my known danger urge me on, Impending wrath to fear and shun: Nor let me my great work delay, But to thy Christ make haste away.

Oh! make me feel how much I need, This pow'rful friend my cause to plead; His death to clear my guilty score, His life, that I may sin no more.

Incline

Incline mine heart to kiss the Son, And him for Mediator own;
To track his feet, his cross embrace,
Bow to his sway, and trust his grace.

I cannot, Lord, give o'er this suit,
Such want as mine is never mute;
Refuse whate'er thou wilt beside,
In this I cannot be deny'd.

CXLIII. Why art thou cast down, O my Soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Psal. xlii.

St. Luke's Tune.)

ment out

Hush up, my soul, forbear complaint,
Nor under these afflictions faint;
Oh! don't with fretting thought augment
The anguish of my discontent:
My woes 'tis true now weighty are, and A load which' I can hardly bear;
And gath'ring clouds fresh storms portend,
Nor have I hope to see their end.

My friends can give me no relief, But fail my hopes, enflame my grief; Yet why, my troubled foul, should I Hang down mine head, despond and die? Oh! rouze and stretch believing eyes,
Beyond the earth, beyond the skies!
Look up to God with cheerful hope,
Thine helper, thine Almighty prop.

He can with ease the weight sustain, Disperse the clouds, dry up the rain: My drooping head his hand can raise, And tune my tongue to songs of praise; Nor doubt his love so often try'd, But boldly in his help conside; He will his smiling face display, And scatter all this gloom away.

My heavy heart his voice shall cheer, In my defence his pow'r appear; His light thro' all my soul shall shine, And I triumph in love divine: He to my fainting flesh and heart Shall strength and life, and joy impart; And I with endless praise proclaim. The deathless honours of his name.

My thierds can life end one relief.

any other Lord but thee.

W. VIX Popes, tentinge, my grief;

Flang down mind he he despond and die

CXLIV. We are not our own, but bought with a Price. 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

Arundel Tune.

O, Lord, I freely own to thee,
Mine own I am not, cannot be;
Else I shall claim what's not my due,
And injure my Redeemer too.

By him the coftly price was paid, ... Which on my guilty head was laid; Blood for my ranfom to provide, A willing facrifice he dy'd.

Strange costly price was this indeed,.
For which my captive foul was freed:
The curie remov'd, my guilt discharg'd,
And I from all my bonds enlarg'd.

No, Lord, I cannot be mine own, Since thou hast paid my ransom down; Since thou hast purchas'd me for God, With thine own life and precious blood.

Oh! help me, that I never may Thy right to others give away; Or yield my felf the property Of any other Lord but thee:

But

But let me be entirely thine, My felf and ev'ry thing that's mine; And make it my ambition still, To know and do thy holy will.

CXLV. Glorify God with your Bodies and Spirits, which are his. I Cor. vi. 20

tine by 6 Lam that The fame Tune:)

VES, Lord, fince I am wholly thine, I'll give thee ev'ry thing that's mine; My body, foul, and fubstance too, 'Tis only yielding up thy due.

My mind, and all its pow'rs shall be, Henceforth devoted all to thee: I'll think and chuse, resolve and love, As thou shalt dictate and approve.

For thee my wealth shall be enjoy'd, My time and strength for thee employ'd; And ev'ry appetite and fenfe, Restrain'd from giving thee offence.

For thee I'll health and eafe forego, I'll pain endure, and welcome woe: Nor when requir'd will I refuse My very life for thee to lose. Some short? zuff praile, and wonder, and adon

Thus still to act, is to purfue The end I still should have in view and I and when I die, My gracious God to glorify.

CXLVI. The Soul renouncing other Objects, and resolving to love God.

The Same Tune.)

YES, I for ever will abhor.

Each fay rite lust I lovid before:

What God forbids and hates, to me base

Detestable shall always be

Each rival shall its claims relign,
That, Lord, I wholly may be thine:
Its charms the world shall shew in vain,
The tempting idol I disdain.

Oh! let thy Spirit, gracious God, at Upon my heart shed love abroad; for o'll Whilst I by proper means shall strive, I'm? To keep the holy slame alive.

My foul shall oft above the skies,
On wings of contemplation rife;
View all the glorious scenes above,
And learn from Angels how to love.

And oft with fixed eyes furvey.

The wonders Golpel schemes displays More Those tracks of love divine explore, and praise, and wonder, and adore.

Thus

Spiritual Songs.

Thus would I, Lord, keep in the fire, Thus still attempt to raise it high'r; Till my now languid flame shall prove Consummate and immortal love.

CXLVII. Prayer for brotherly Love St. Luke's Tune.)

ESUS, my Saviour, and my King. Of all I have or hope the ipring; Send down thy Spirit from above, And warm my heart with holy love. May I from ev'ry act abstain, That hurts or gives my neighbour pain; And ev'ry secret with suppress, That would abridge his happiness.

Still may I feel my heart inclin'd, To act the friend to all my kind; Still wish them fafety, health and case, Wealth, fame, eternal life, and peace Still let my bowels melt and flow, When I behold a wretch in woe; And in his forrows bear a part, annobA With ev'ry one of heavy heart.

But when my neighbour's prosp'rous Shall pleasure in himself create, [state, Let me too in his triumphs join, Nor once at his fuccess repine:

With

With hearty and with forward zeal, May I promote my brother's weal; Be pleas'd to please, and give content, His griefs to case, or to prevent.

And should my neighbour spiteful prove, Still let me vanquish spite with love; Slow to refent, tho' he would grieve, But apt and ready to forgive: Let love in all my conduct shine, An image fair, tho' faint of thine: Thus would I thy disciple prove, Great Prince of peace, great King of love

CXLVIII. Seeking Things above.

The Same Tune.)

da VI

Y foul, with the Redeemer rife, With him pass all inferior skies; And follow on to that bleft place, Where God unveils his glorious face There fee the infinite unknown, Blaze on his tall eternal throne; Whilst all the shining hosts on high Adoring at his footftool lye.

And lo, enthron'd at his right hand, Thy Saviour fits with full command; Whilst ev'ry happy soul above, In heavenly strains applauds his love. open and an op. Angels

CXLIX.

Angels and faints in confort join,
And tune their harps to fongs divine:
Harmonious all they live and fing,
Without one jarring heart or firing.

And foar aloft with flrong defire;
Here chuse thy lot, here fix thy rest,
And seek for ever to be blest:
Still keep the blissful world in view,
And close the glorious chase pursue;
The way leads up to rest above,
Through paths of purity and love.

This track puriue with bufy zeal,
Each luft subdue, each foe repel,
Still stretch thy wings, and upward rife,
Eternal glory is the prize:
And as aloft thou're gladly born,
Look down on earth with hely scorn;
Despite its gay and tempting things,
Its threats dely, nor dread its stings.

Thro' snares and dangers here below,
Go cheerful on, and holier grow;
For glorious crowns thy toyls attend.
In boundless bliss this course will end:
E'er long thou wilt ascend on high,
Become a tenant of the sky;
Receive in heav'n thy full reward,
And be for ever with the Lord.

CL. Let

CXLIX. Filial Dependance on God.

The Same Tune.

My Fatheniuse will prove my friend.

And 'tis a pleasure to be poor, always friend.

And live on thine exhaustics store with a father and the continue of the

Should woes on every fide invade; H
I'll shelter feek beneath thy shade, of not had ever more on thee for all it possibilities.
I want, or wish, will humbly call debut I'll still refer my felf to thee, it shad lish And with my lot contented be; which will And with consenting heart and voice, but Approve my hear my Father's choice.

Yet will I lift believing eyes, other To regions far within the fkies, and to And hope e'er long in thine abode, and I for through the defert fafely guide, Guard me, and fee my wants supply d; Fit me for heavinly life above, And then to heav nly rest remove.

CL. Let

CL. Let the Children of Zion be glad

The same Tune.) The fame Tome To the fame Tune

Their Saviour is their gracious King; And he who for their fins was flain; For ever over them shall reign to their five way, I will be a pleasure to obey; He had be a pleasure to obey; H

He'll help to do what he requires,
For deeds accept fincere defines;
Lamented fins and faults forgive,
And broken contrite hearts relieve;
He'll keep his fervants fafe from harm,
Within the circle of his arm,
And them from evity for defend,
Who to his feeper freely bend.

Oh! let his faints a tribute pay,
Of highest thanks of grateful joy;
Triumphant let them shout and sing,
And make their boalts of such a King:
Let this high joy my heart possess,
'T will bear me up in all distress;
Make all my duty my delight,
And ev'ry gloomy seeme look bright.

Hymns and

Twill christian bravery inspire, And full keep in the gen rous fire Still prompt me boldly to oppole, The fiercest of my raging focs: 'T will raise my hope, and bear me thro' The hardest duties I must do : III.
"Twill calm each breast wherein it reigns And triumph over fears and pains.

CLL Giving thanks to God always timegradt linien bodies

Arundel Tune:

11 11 70

TES, Lord, my joyful thanks to thee, Shall, like my debts, continual be: In constant streams thy bounty flows, Nor end, nor intermission knows:

Thy kindness all my comforts gives My num'rous wants thine hand relieves Nor can I ever, Lord, be poor, Who live on thine exhaustless store.

If what I wish thy will denies, 'Tis because thou art good and wife Afflictions which may make me mount Thou caust, thou dost to blessings turn

Deep, Lord, upon my thankful brea Let all thy favours be impreft? That I may never more forget The fum, or any finele debt

Spiritual Songs.

197

I would with grateful heart each day, For thy bequelts my praises pay; And always well dispos'd would be, In all things to give thanks to thee.

CLII. The Believer's Triumph over

The same Tune.)

WELL, the the faints must also die,
And in the grave their bodies lye;
Their nobler minds shall still survive,
And safe at heavinly rest arrive.

Tho' nature dreads the parting stroke, And death must needs the guilty shock; Their Lord, when on the crois he hung, Aton'd for im and death unstung.

Now to his faints tis fure relief.
The period both of fin and grief;
The portal to eternal blis,
The world where their Redeemer is

Thither their fouls released repair,
And feast on deathless pleasures there;
Whilst their dead bodies sweetly rest,
And nothing can their peace molest.

And glorious they e'er long shall rife, And meet their minds, and mount the skies; To mansions long ago prepar'd, And be for ever with the Lord.

K 3

Then

Then shall they all triumphant fing, " Death where is now thy deadly fring!

" And grave, no more thy conquest boat

"Thy pow'rs fubdu'd, thine empire lof

"Thy boasted might we new defy,

We live, and never more that die;

" Live with our ever-living Head,

"Who by his pow'r revives the dead.

Because he lives, we too shall live,

"Whilst we in heavily firains proclain

"His triumphs, and immortal fan

Who for our fins atonement made;
Who death by dying did dellroy, And bought celeftial life and joy,

CLIII. Delight in Ordinances, Pfal lxxxii 101 92 6 Course MI

St. Lake's Tunes) and of dendword of

Is the fair dawn of heav nly day, When to his temple God descends,
And there converies with his friends:
With beams of finising Majerly He awes, and yet invites them night; His glories and his grace dilplays, And thines with bright, but friendly rays.

At

Spiritual Songs.

199

At his right hand our Saviour flands,
With golden confers in his hands,
To lift our fervices on high,
Perfum'd with his own fragrancy,
Whilst hov'ring o'er the happy place,
His Spirit sheds his heav'nly grace;
To fix the thoughts, the heart to raile,
And tune the foul to love and praise.

There we can learn the bleffed skill,
To know and do our Maker's will;
And whilst we hear, and sing, and pray,
To heav aly joys are rapt away.
These are the dearest hours I know,
The sweetest joys of all below;
Here I would chuse my fixt abode,
And dwell for ever near my God.

One day within his earthly courts,
One blifsful day where God reforts,
My heart would cheerfully prefer
To thousands, to an age elsewhere.
One gracious look, my God, from thee,
One glimple of what thy glories be.
Will yield my foul more folid mirth.
Than all the other joys on earth.

Much rether would I humbly wett,
A porter at thy temple-gate,
Than in the stateliest palace dwell,
And still remain an hear of hell.

K. 4

And

And were the world at my command, For one dear hour at thy right hand; The mighty int'rest I'd resign, And count th' advantage richly mine.

CLIV. His Name is as Ointment poured forth, Solomon's Song, 1, 17.
Arundel Tune

JEst: the dearest, sweetest name,
That ear can hear, or tongue proclaim;
Saviour of Men, and Christ of God,
What rich persume it sheds abroad!

'Tis balfam to the bleeding heart, 10 'Twill staunch the blood and ease the smart; A cordial to the fainting soul, And makes the wounded spirit whole.

It stills our passions, stops our tears.
The mind disconsolate it cheers:
'Tis strong support, and sure relief,
In times of greatest guilt and grief.

And whether should the guilty fly? Where can they with firm trust rely? But on his name, who to obtain The pardon of their sin was slain?

Or where should saints in sore distress, When sorrows swell and dangers press; Where should they lean but on his breast, Their trusty and their kind High-priest?

It is a name that luft will quell, Twill raise their hopes, their sears dispel; Twill put the bands of hell to flight, And all their conquer'd legions fright.

Twill pacify the wrath divine, God's hear to finful worms incline; 'Twill cleane their fouls, fundue their fin, And open heav'n to let them in

From worst of ills 'tis our defence And all our bleffings fpring from thence: Sure 'tis the Iweetest, dearest name The heart can know, the tongue proclaim.

CLV: A Thought of Death and Sick-

Warwick Tune.)

Y foul, the minutes hafte away,
Apace comes on th' important day;
When in the icy arms of death, I must give up my vital breath

Look forward to the moving scene How will thou be affected then? When from on high some sharp disc Reliftles thall my vitals feize?

When medicine shall be in vain,
To heal the stroke, or ease the pain?
When nature yields and art shall fail,
And still the malady prevail?
W

M Park

When all the springs of life are low, The spirits faint, the pulles flow, The eyes growdin, and short the breath, Prefages of approaching death?)

When clammy five ats thro' ev'ry part, Show lite's representing northe heart, In last relishance there to make, and then the breathless frame fortake?

When all my friends fland hopelels by And weeping wait to fee me die But can afford me no relief, To case their own, or heal my grief?

When worldly glories fade eway, Fait as I feel my life decay: Still dwindling 'till they disappear, Like vapours scatter'd in the air!

When all chemity's in fight, Told The brightest day, the blackest night? One shock will break the building down, And let thee into worlds unknown?

Oh! come, my foul, the matter weigh, How with thou leave thy deindred clay? And how the unknown regions try.

And launch into eternity? have but "

By faith the heavenly include explore, Off my thy wings, and apward lost: Be dead to earth, dwell much on high, Then calmly live, and howely die but CLVI.

BW heatshirthe follows of hie well lose, The Same Lane Linds advent to apply the

L. O. from on high a brighter day
Shines out, and melts the fun away:
The splendid pomp comes swiftly on, Tis glory streaming from the throne.

The Judge comes down in all his state, And dazzling fills the awful feat: Whillt all the heav'nly people stand In robes of light on either hand.

He bids the great arch angel found, From distant worlds the notes rebound: Earth, air, and hell together shake, And all the dead at once awake.

But with what horror and surprize, Will finners open then their eyes? See all the triumph in the air air. And from their Judge this sentence hear?

"Accurled wretches, hence, be gone,
"To worlds of fire, and woes unknown;

"Loft to all hope, descend to hell,

" And with herce hends for ever dwell.

"You hated me, neglected mine,

"Nor would be rul'd by laws divine:
"You barr'd the Saviour from your heart;

"For evermore accursed, depart."

K 6

But

Sphinial and Hass.

But faints with blooming air will rife, And lift their heads, and feaft their eyes, Rejoic'd to see their Judge appear, him w And from his mouth such words to hear

" Bleft children of my Father, come,

"Mount to your everlatting home: "
"The kingdom long ago prepar dy but a
"To be your portion and reward."

"You lov'd my faints, and own'd my
"Embrac'd my cross, obey'd my laws:
"Come now rejoice and reign with me,

" And where I am, for even being boid T

Lord, let me now accept thy grace, A And life on thine own terms embrace That when thou shalt to judgment come, I may among thy faints have room

CLVII. The new Jerufalemon From Rey xxi to be 26. Rev. vil be to

St. Luke's Tune.)

Tu (E

TAil, heav nly Salem, happy place, Where God unveils his radiant face.
Where he his throne eternal rears, And dreft in light thereon appears:

Magnificent thy flructures rife, no you And lift their heads above the fkies: And art and clegance divine, mid no Y Through all the architecture thine and " One: One pearl entire is every gate, and a Ar which a band of femphs wait. I have Whilst dazzling light incessor streams. From jasper walls inlaid with gems: but The pavement (wondrous to behold) "Is all of pure and mally golden amount." And yet permits the light to pass of a Transparent as a sea of glass rough to be a light to pass of a light to a lig

For happy faints prepard, appear:
Spacious and rich, august and tall,
With heavily splender shining all:
Thro' ev'ry street, in christal tides.
A stream of living water glides!
On whose fair banks on either hand, but
The trees of life still blooming stand.

High in the midst of all the place.
The throne of God will glorious blaze:
And streaming from the face divine,
Essential light shall ever shine.
The sun and moon are needless there.
All borrow'd light shall disappear:
Glory divine makes constant day,
And drives all night and shade away.

No temple there shall stately stand,
For faith and means are at an end:
God and the Lamb shall ever shine,
And faints inhabit light divine, or buot?

Loud

Sabina ainter Hases

206 Loud hallelujahs, heavinly frains, 10 Shall eccho through the happy plans! And fin and pain the place thall flys !!!

All that can grieve the mind or fenfe Shall always be excluded thence of Ha Al Nor third nor hunger, cold nor heat, Shall once uncalines ereace: desing his The Lamb his bleffed flock shall feed, And to immortal fountains lead in the Whillt God's fost hand from evity eye. Shall wipe the tears, shall wipe them dry.

CLVIII. Hearth or va lond?

On whole this benks on Arundel Time)

Here is a land of living joy, I Pure, endless blifs, without alloy: Where God hath fixed his dwelling place, And thews unveiled his finding face.

There on a tall eternal throne, il soil And dreft with glories all his own; A
He sheds abroad his brightest rays, And makes all heaven reflect the blaze.

Millions around the dazzling feat, In pleasing transport mimbly wait, 10 1 Seraphs and faints, celeftial biands, how Proud to perform what he commands. Lond

With

Witheyes made strong to bear the light,
They gaze with infinite delight.
Drink in the excellence divine,
And with their Maker's glories shine.

And charms at once and awes them too: Here fix'd, their hearts will rove no more, But wrap'd in blifsful trance adore

They'll love and look, and love again, Still feed defire, but feel no pain.
Their God the pathon will approve, And with his own requite their love.

They live in endless extaties.

Possest of true essential blus:

And every heart and every tongue,

Breaths rapture in celestial long.

Through all the bright and happy plains, Resound the sweet the losty strains. And rydes of pleasures constant roul.

O'er ev'ry raptur'd mind and soul.

Each voice and harp performing there, With found harmonious charms the car: What pleafure must the fong inspire, When swell'd by all the tuneful choir!

The faint rebound, evin here below, Makes my whole foul with transport glow: How mighty must the rapture be, To dwell amidst such harmony?

th

There

Seath

There ev'ry breath is heav'nly praise,
There light is God's effential blaze:
There love is life, and work is reft;
Oh! may I there be ever bleft!

CLIX. Death-bed Repentance.

Warwick Tine.)

A ND shall I still the change delay,
'Till nature wasts and life decay?
'Till restless, on the bed of death,
I faint for pain, and pant for breath?

How should I then my follies mourn?
Or from beloved sins return;
When seav'tists heats in ev'ry vein,
Shall scorch my flesh, and sire my brain?

When no one part from pain is free, When feeble all my pow'rs shall be, How should I this great work attend, And all my former errors mend?

Or shall I, Lord, thy patience try, 'Till on the brink of death I lie, And then with confidence look up. And still for thy falvation hope?

Still hope thou'lt make me pure and And take out ev'ry finful frain: [clean, Still hope to have my guilt forgiv'n, And free admission into heav'n?

Pic

Prelumptuous thought! how should I
To offer up one single prayer! [dare
Who still have with thy Spirit strove,
And scorn'd thy laws, and spurn'd thy love!

Now, let my hard heart relent, Now, let me pray, and now repent:
Now, to a pitying Jesus fly,
First learn to live, then long todic.

CLX. A Song of Praise to God.

St. Luke's Tune.)

HOW should a worm attempt to sing
The Majeste, eternal King?
Beneath the subject angels faint,
Nor can the subject angels faint,
Nor can the glories represent.
Great God, all the perfections for,
Above all praise exalted are:
Yet angels may the labour try,
Attempt to sing: And so may I.

Oh! for a beam of heavinly light,
To make mine apprehensions bright!
One spark of true celetial fire,
My breast with rapture to inspire!
But where shall I begin the song?
What glory first employ my tongue?
When ev'ry excellence divine,
Doth with transcendent lustre shine?

Thy

Thy Being never did begin,
From everlasting thou hast been:
And thou, when time it self shall die,
Wilt live through all eternity.
The heav'n of heav'ns cannot confine,
Or grasp Immensity divine:
Within the hollow of thine hand,
The universe may be contained,

Thou to thy felf art fully known, and But fully to thy felf alone?
Nor can the fearch of any mind, and Befides thine own, th' Almighty find. Thy pow'rful word built earth and Ikies, Bad this whole world from nothing rife: One word of thine, one wrathful frown, At once will break the building down.

Unerting skill conspicuous stands.
In all the labours of thine hands:
But deep conceal'd thy countels lie,
From ev'ry bold intruding eye;
Whilst open to thy view, and bare
Hypocrify and hell appear:
Nor veil, nor darkness, nor disguise
Can cover from all-fearthing eyes.

In heavin thy goodies constant streams In living joys, and blissful beams;
And pours in one continual tyde in W. Supplies on all the world believe and

Thy

Thy name and nature both are clean,
And free from every moral stain:
Thy jealous eye can't bear to see,
And not abhor, iniquity.

Impartial justice guards thy throne,
Dispensing right to ev'ry one:
And the thy wrath may siercely slame,
Thy rightcous eye directs its aim:
And yet thy mercy plenteous flows.
To pardon and to melt thy foes:
And none shall by thy vengeance fall,
Who hearken to a Savieur's call.

Whatever doubts my faith alfail,
Thy faithful word can never fail:
Thy truth for ever shall endure,
And all thy promises are fure.
Oh! let me hear that thou art mine,
With smiling face upon me shine;
This will the noblest passion raise,
And tune me all to love and praise.

CLXI. Divine Perfections.

Arundel Tune.)

And thines in beans to dazzling bright.
That angels fearce can bear the fight.
His

His radiant robes the God conceal, In light he dwells invisible: Yet from his eyes one streaming ray, Will change thick darkness into day.

He from eternity hath been, Not can have end; nor could begin; No bounds his Being can confine: All is immense that is divine.

At his command this mighty frame, The universe, from nothing came:
And thro the whole, in great defigns,
And proper means, his wisdom shines.

O'er all his works his bounty flows, His wealth and goodness to disclose: His faithful word we should believe, He can't mistake, nor yet deceive,

Holy and reviend is his name!
His jealous eyes dart wrath and flame!
His justice will on sinners frown,
To vindicate his injured crown.

And yet his glorious grace relieves.

The broken heart, and fin forgives:
In streams of blood his pity flows,
He slays his Son to save his foes.

Let me thy favour, Lord, obtain.

Nor let such blood be shed in vain:

Say to my soul. "Thy sin's forgiv'n,

And lift my heart and voice to heav'n.

CLXII

CLXII. Morning Hymn. Illey Tune: jo will the oreave and mont to

CLXII

Will change thick darkner Ome now, my foul, adore the hand That rouls the lun, reffores the light? Praise him who gives his hosts command; To watch and guard there every night.

When down I lay my weary head, And limbs fatigu'd, for needful fleep, of T With pleasure they around my bed i bat A Attend, and guard continual keep to bat A

And ffill, by thy direction, Lordas @ Thro' all the dangers of the day, They willing stand, and well prepar'd, it. To keep me safe and guide my way.

And, Lord, how many ferrer forces Lie ev'ry where to catch my feet loi eil-In all my much, in all my cares will will Temptations Lam fure to meet hibrow of

Sometimes thre' frailty and furprize I take the bait, and heedles fall : 100 Bill Wilful too oft Liguid on vice a manuful Perceive the hook, but swallow all st

Save me, my God, from eviry dart I Aim'd at my loul, and lent to flay to lov Save me from my falle fickle heart, or vac Nor let me once my felf betrayer will book

Thro' this day's duties, dangers, fnares, Be thou my guard, be thou my guide, In all my mirth, in all my cares, Grant I may never tread afide.

I dare not trust mine own falle heart, And angels help will be but vain, Unless thou doll thy grace impart, Thy needful grace let me obtain.

CLXIII. Evening Hymn.

Effex Tune) 1 1 1003 long to the dw you but

A Coepi, my God, my evening fong, Lake incense let it fragrant rise? Stir up mine heart, and tune my tongue, And let the musick reach the skies.

Thou halt my kind Protector been,
Thro' all the dangers of the day:
My Guardian to defend from fin,
My Guide to chuse me out my way.

The flowing spring of all my good,
Still pouring bleffings from on high;
Thine hand hath dealt me out my food,
For every want a kind dipply

Unceasing, Lord, thy bounty flow'd, Each moment brought me in fresh aid:
But what returns of love to God,
Have I for all his kindness made?

What

What have I done for him that dy'd, To fave my foul from endless woe? How much have I his patience try'd, From whom all my enjoyments flow?

Fast as my slying minutes pass.
My faults augment the former sum:
Forgive the past, and by the grace
Prevent the like for time to come.

Dear Saviour, to thy cross Til fly, And there my guilty head recline, And my whole foul (that fin may die) Yield up to influence divine.

Then iprinkled with atoning blood.
I'll lay me down and take my fell;
Trust the protection of my God.
And sleep as on my Saviour's breast.

CLXIV. Incarnation.

Illiley Tune.)

L'R E earth was form'd, heav'n three od,
Or time commenced, was the Word.
With God he was himself was God,
By earth and heav'n to be ador'd.

Ev'n nothing heard his pow rful call, And foon creating breath obey'd:
At his command this mighty all,
And ev'ry thing therein, was made.

He

He by his pow'r the whole sustains, Guides ev'ry motion with his hand, O'er all without controul he reigns, And angels own his high command.

Yet did he freely condescend,
Our fiesh and frailties to assume:
To men his kindness to commend,
He did himself a man become.

Our nature thus he made his own,
And we beheld his glorious face:
Like that of God's begotten Son,
Shine out with beams of truth and grace,

Gome, let us this rich grace adore, Grace angels cannot comprehend: Close follow where he leads before, And trust our fouls with fuch a friend,

CLXV. Pentecoft.

The same Tune.)

T Pentecoft, illustrious day!
With one accord th' apostles met,
There where their Master bid them stay,
And for the Father's promise wait.

Nor did they fit in long suspense, From heav'n a sudden sound was heard, Like wind impetuous rushing thence, And cloven tongues of fire appear'd.

old

The heav'nly blaft fill'd all the room, A tongue descends on ev'ry head:
And now the Paraclete is come,
To make them glad, and help them plead.

With flowing speech in foreign tongues, God's wond'rous works they now pro-

Whilst of all nations num'rous throngs, To witness to the wonder came.

Surpris'd they heard illiterate Jews
The language of each country speak:
The tongue of Medes, of Lybians use,
Arabick, Persian, Roman, Greek.

Thus did the Holy Ghost inspire, And fit them christian truths to spread, Fill ev'ry heart with light and fire, Teach ev'ry tongue to preach and plead,

Thus did he open witness bear, To their authority divine: Make stupid lands attentive hear, And all their gods and lusts resign.

Thus tidings of falvation run, Through ev'ry nation far and near, And ev'ry where beneath the fun, The triumphs of the cross appear.

Court and their environment

L

CLXVI.

CLXVI. Faith.

Essex Tune.)

Aith is the cogent evidence
Of things unleen to human eyes:
It passes all the bounds of sense,
And penetrates the inmost skies.

Things past it sets in present view,
It brings far distant prospects home:
Things done long since it can renew,
And long foresee things yet to come.

With strong persuasion, from afar The heav'nly regions it surveys: Embraces all the blessings there, And here enjoys the promises.

The Patriarchs by its conduct led, Were pilgrims only here below:
To all the world's enticements dead,
Its swelling sound and glittering shew.

And faints beneath its influence, Whilst here in flesh, yet live above: Fetch down their richest cordials thence, Or soar to heav'n on wings of love.

By it their steddy course they steer Thro' russling storms, and raging seas: Renew their strength, subdue their sear, And still possess their souls in peace.

By

By this they pass the desart thro'.
Safe and serene, tho' oft distrest:
By this the king of fears subdue,
And mount triumphant to their rest.

Devotion.

The same Tune.) and the same and but

YES, Lord, I hope my loyal heart Can give in proof of love to thee, I love thine house, and where thou art There would I ever wish to be.

With fervent zeal my longing foul, Still thirsts for thee the living God, And sooner would renounce her all, Than be excluded thine abode.

'Tis death to live exil'd from thee, The fund of life, and source of bliss: Much rather would I nothing be, Than have so sad a doom as this.

Without thee all the stores on earth, And all the shining worlds on high, Would but create a greater dearth, Upbraid, but never satisfy.

But to be where thy glories shine, Thy loving kindness is displaid, Would fill with joy this heart of mine, My very slesh would there be glad.

L 2

Yes,

Yes, Lord, the dearest hours I know, Are in thy faithful service spent: Of all the joys I taste below, These yield most exquisite content.

And, Lord, if here such pleasures be, What joys will heav'nly mansions yield? When in thy light I light shall see, And my whole soul with God be fill'd!

And bring the dear expected hour, When I shall see thee face to face, And from thy presence part no more.

Charity.

Nassaw Tune.)

105

Would be an happy world, indeed Were ev'ry heart enflam'd with love, Did all this holy passion feed, And as it prompts still think and move.

'Twould make a little heav'n below, Discord, and wrath, and war would cease; Blessings on ev'ry side would flow, And all the world be hush'd in peace.

Lord, let thy Spirit gently breath, And kindle up this heav'nly fire: Still all the storms which rage beneath, And ev'ry heart with love inspire.

But

But if these hopes too tow'ring are, Prompt us to seek our rest above: 'Tis constant peace and pleasure there, The very life of heav'n is love.

CLXVII. Quit-Rent.

who thee

The same Tune.)

DEar Lord, to thee our selves we owe, We owe whatever we posses:
Our substance shrinks, our treasures grow, As thou art pleas'd to frown or bless.

And what from thee we have, for thee Should be expended and employ'd; Or by us it can never be With comfort and delight enjoy'd.

If on our selves, or ours we spend, What thou would'st have laid out on thine, We make thy kindness cross its end, And traitors prove in trusts divine.

And as thou dost our stocks enlarge, Or crown our labours with success, In due proportion, 'tis thy charge, Our needy brethren we should bless.

Lord, open wide our hearts and hands, As treasures grow and stocks enlarge: Oh! let us love all thy commands, And with delight fulfil this charge.

L 3 CLXVIII.

CLXVIII. Grace and Praise.

Illsley Tune.)

[are!]

HOW wond'rous, Lord, thy mercies
How much do thine our thoughts
[transcend!]

Thou'rt flow to wrath, but prompt to spare,
And pity those who thee offend.

Tho' I have scorn'd thy high command, Have both thy love and laws abhor'd, Yet still a monument I stand Of rich and long forbearance, Lord.

Thy dreadful wrath the I have dar'd, Thy pow'r omnipotent defy'd, And spurn'd thy grace, yet am I spar'd, And yet with fresh endearments try'd.

Nor is it, Lord, enough for thee, The vileft rebel to forbear, Thy smiling face I now can see, The melting voice of pardon hear.

With filial boldness I draw nigh, A mercy-seat is now thy throne: No more thy frowns and thunder fly, At thy right hand behold thy Son.

He pleads my cause who once was slain, And shed for sin his precious blood; Thro' faith thy favour I obtain, Made clean in this atoning flood.

Then

Then rouze, my foul, each passion move, Strain ev'ry pow'r thy God to praise: To celebrate redceming love, Forbearing and forgiving grace.

Oh!let my thoughts with pleasure dwell, Dwell long on this delightful theme: 'Till my whole heart its pow'r shall feel, And my glad tongue its praise proclaim.

CLXIX. Love to God.

The same Tune.)

MY God, I hope my loyal heart Can give true proof of love to thee: I love thy name, and where thou are 'Tis my ambition still to be.

Were I but once of God possest, My sated heart would ask no more: To earthly minds I'd leave the rest, And spurn the idols they adore.

What God condemns, my foul abhors, What he commands, I still approve, His fov'reign rule my heart adores, And all his faints I dearly love.

Here, in his house, delights I find, That all on earth besides, surpass: Yet still I wish, and still my mind Pants for the vision of his face.

L 4

'Tis

'Tis where in glory dreft thou art, Lord, I would ever wish to be: These are the proofs, I hope, my heart Can give of love unfeign'd to thee.

CLXX. Love to our Neighbour.

Nassaw Tune.)

Tright. TES, Lord, this great command is I "Our neighbour as our selves to love: 'Twill carry kindness to the height, And make this world like that above.

Oh! could we see the heav'nly flame Diffuse it self through all the kind! Each at the common welfare aim, And all in this pursuit combin'd!

This were indeed to dwell in love. And with each breath take pleasure in: Thus earth a paradife would prove, Of peace and bliss the proper scene.

Lord, calm the tempests here below, Make war, and wrath, and discord cease: Make withering love to sprout and grow, And ev'ry where spread joy and peace.

Let all thy churches here become More like the glorious Church above; Or fetch my longing spirit home, Home to the world of perfect love.

CLXXI.

CLXXI. Snares of Sin.

St. Edmund's Tune.)

DEceitful fin, with fawning arts,
Our heedless fouls too oft beguiles;
Steals unperceiv'd into our hearts, [fmiles.
And wounds to death with treach'rous

We catch the bait e're we're aware,
The specious poison swallow down,
Nor once suspect the hidden snare,
Nor fear to urge our Maker's frown.

Bewitch'd by her adulterous charms, In paths of vice we blindly rove: Avoid our Sov'reign's open arms, Nor heed his threats, nor feek his love.

Oh, fatal error! thus we shun. The living spring of pure delight: We fondly seek to be undone, And headlong rush on endless night,

From God exil'd, in vain we stray In quest of our forsaken bliss: At midnight we should seek for day, With less fatigue, but like success.

Nor do we only heav'n forfake,
And in its stead mere shades pursue:
We urge our God, his wrath we wake,
With all his shafts to pierce us through.
L 7. To

To drive our guilty fouls to hell, Where death and desperation reign, With devils ever there to dwell, In all th' extremity of pain.

And shall we still keep on this road! This fatal road! and ne'er return! Oh, turn us, turn us, mighty God, Now, not for ever let us mourn.

Our long transgressions we deplore: Accept our tears, our fins forgive: Save us by thine Almighty pow'r, Speak thou the word, we yet shall live.

CLXXII. Prayer for Britain urg'd.

The Same Tune.)

Y E saints, to Britain's God address, With humble faith and fervent cries: Beseech him still our land to bless, And guard from all its enemies.

But, ah! can we expect such grace? Will God continue here to dwell? When we insult him to his face, And loud proclaim a league with hell?

Profound revolters we have been, Transgressions ev'ry where abound: And few deplore the general sin, That spreads its venom all around.

Some

Some in their crimes profanely bold, The pow'r of earth and heav'n defy: Too proud and frout to be controul'd, By human laws, or God on high.

Whilst those who boast a Saviour's name, By solemn leagues to him ally'd, Give soccasion to blaspheme, Whilst from his paths they tread aside.

Churches abroad in ruins lye,
Long fince their temples God forfook:
And will he still pass Britain by,
Nor give us one displeasing look?

Oh, no! the skies with thunder rend,
And flaming terrors fill the air:
Assembling clouds a storm portend,
And God provok'd denounces war.

Rouze, all ye faints, and peace implore, (When God is arm'd 'tis time to pray)

Nor once your earnest cries give o'er,
'Till he has turn'd his wrath away.

CLXXIII. Submission.

The same Tune.)

Y gracious Father, and my God, My great demerit I confess: And the I smart, will kiss the rod, And thee my dear Corrector bless.

L 6

Thy

Thy just rebukes I'll humbly bear, Tis fin occasions all my pain: woq odT Much worse I still have room to fear, But have no reason to complain.

Lord, shew me why thou dost contend, Lay open all my lurking fin: That what's amiss I may amend, And holier grow than I have been link

Our fleshly parents often vent Rage and revenge, when they chastise: When God corrects, 'tis his intent, To make his children good and wife.

Lord, to thy purpose bend mine heart, Let trials my refiners be: Then, tho' thy rod may make me smart, 'Twill yet improve my love to thec.

Thus shall I see my Father's love, Thro' all his frowns conspicuous shine: My pains will real bleffings prove; Why should I murmur or repine?

Oh, no! my Father and my God, My guilt thy goodness I confess: And when my faults shall need the rod, Do as thou wilt, I'll acquiesce.

New Tarrending

· Elect the factor will have been

CLXXIV.

CLXXIV. Behold what manner of Love, &c. 1 Joh. iii. 1.

But from no realisation on

Essex Tune.)

What love the Father hath be-That finful men should be inroll'd [stow'd, Among the glorious sons of God.

This is a nobler title far,
Than those of lords and kings below,
The noblest scraphim can bear,
Or God on creatures can bestow.

Nor is the founding name the whole. In this high dignity imply'd:
If we are children, God will all
That's fit and good for us provide.

He'll love us with affection dear, With tender care from harm defend; And when corrections needful are, He'll use the rod with gentle hand.

Nay, thus we happy heirs become Of heav'nly and eternal bliss: And soon shall reach that blessed home: Lord! what a privilege is this!

And am I, Lord, a child of thine, A worm, a wretch fo dignify'd! Strange humbling stoop of love divine! What wonders may be here descry'd!

Oh!

Oh! may this mercy feize my foul, From all her bondage fet her free; My rebel passions all controul, But ever bind my heart to thee.

CLXXV. WONDERFUL.

The Same Tune.)

HArk, the best news that ever came!
To sinful men, condemn'd, forlorn!
Aloud celestial hosts proclaim,
"A Saviour Christ the Lord is born.

Their Sov'reign throwshis beams afide, And steps from his imperial throne, In human form the God to hide, And our frail slesh to make his own.

On high in dazzling light he shines, Tho' here he lays his splendors by, And here a mortal life begins, Who ever liv'd, and ne'er can die.

The Babe for help with moans and cries, To's Virgin-Mother here complains, Whosepow'rfulbreath built earth and skies, And still the mighty pile sustains.

In fwaddling cloaths he's here confin'd, Whom yet no limits comprehend:
And hardly can a lodging find,
Tho' monarchs at his footfool bend.

How

How many wonders here combine, To draw and fix believing eyes! And fill all heav'n with joy divine, With awful mirth and dear furprize?

The angels croud in shining bands, To wait on this auspicious birth: And loud proclaim their God's commands, "His praise on high, his peace on earth.

Let us too try our utmost skill,
And loud with thankful hearts reply,
On earth be peace, to men good will,
And highest praise to God on high.

CLXXVI, One God

Illsley Tune.)

E Ternal God, Almighty cause Of earth, and seas, and worlds un-The world submits to all thy laws, known, Depends entire on thee alone.

Thy glorious Being fingly stands, Of all within it self possest: Controul'd by none in thy commands, And in thy self completely blest.

No rival can thine honour claim,
No higher deity appears:
No equal bears thine awful name,
Nor Fellow-God thy glory shares.

To

To thee alone our felves we owe, This homage heav'n and earth should pay: All other Gods we disavow, Deny their claims, renounce their fway.

On thee we fix our chearful truft, To thee with humble hope aspire, And quit our idols, earth and duft, Born up tow'rds God with full desire.

Our all to thee we freely yield, To whom of right our all belongs: To thee alone we'll temples build, And confecrate our hearts and tongues.

In thee alone we'll feek for blifs, Thou great original of love: There all our wealth and treasure is, And all besides a blank would prove.

Lord, fpread thy name through heathen Their idol deities dethrone, Tlands, Reduce the world to thy command, And reign, as thou art God, alone.

CLXXVII. The Preference.

The same Tune.)

Ain world, thy tempting arts forbear, Hide all thy false and treacherous Too long I've fed on empty air, [charms: And shun'd my Maker's blissful arms. OT

II

And in risy fall bo

I'll wear thy glittering chains no more, Thy pageant glories I despise, Thy fulsome pleasures I abhor, And scorn the wealth thy minions prize.

Much nobler objects now in fight, Engage mine eyes, mine heart posses: My wings are stretch'd for heav'nly slight, And God the source of all my blis.

When he appears thy lustre's lost, As twinkling stars in blazing day: To him, who charms the heav'nly host, Devotion bears my foul away.

In him confummate beauties shine, No spots deform his radiant face: 'Tis life to hear that he is mine, And heav'n to dwell in his embrace.

On him my hungry eyes shall feast,. Thro' boundless charms shall gladly rove: In him my weary soul shall rest,
Ty'd fast by all the bonds of love.

From him no earthly object more, Shall e'er seduce my faithful heart: Vain world, thy fond attempt give o'er, With him I'll never, never part.

Shine out, my God, with friendly rays, Refresh mine eyes, my heart rejoice:
Tune all my pow'rs to love and praise,
My mind, my passions, and my voice.
Chase

Chase all the mists and gloom away,
That hide thy glories from mine eyes:
Fit me to bear celestial day,
And setch me to my native skies.

CLXXVIII. Glorious pity and Condescension.

St. Edmund's Tune.)

OH! love, beyond example great!
What finners to a Jesus owe!
For them he left his royal seat,
To suffer and to die below.

He left the bright celestial coasts, Where he in dazzling glory shone, Whilst all the bright angelick hosts Devoutly waited round his throne.

In servile form himself he drest, The God in human slesh did hide: Obscurely born he liv'd distrest, And then a sacred victim dy'd.

Dy'd with his own most precious blood, To wash away the guilt of sin, To quench the dreadful wrath of God, And grace for rebels to obtain.

And still the kind design pursues,
Their love he courts for whom he dy'd:
And oft repuls'd his suit renews,
As if he would not be deny'd.

His

SI

His word his works proclaim aloud, How much he is inclin'd to spare; And tears on stubborn hearts bestow'd, Shew what his kind intentions are.

Then pause, my soul, admire, adore, 'Till thankful songs my tongue employ: Gaze on, 'till each transported pow'r, Shall feel unutterable joy.

Gaze, 'till in holy wonder loft,
Thou shalt to him thy self resign,
Of such a Saviour make thy boast.
The conquest thou of grace divine.

CLXXIX. Filial Resemblance.

Nassaw Tune.)

I Ord, I would be a child of thine,
And my dear Father's image bear,
Oh! make me with thy lustre shine,
And in the God-like nature share.

Deep on my mind the sense impress Of glories wholly, Lord, thine own, Such as no creature can posses, But must belong to thee alone.

Let these high admirations raise,
And strike me with religious awe,
Tune both my heart and tongue to praise,
And bend me to thy holy law.

But where I may resemble thee, In any excellence divine, Thy counterpart, Lord, let me be, And bright with thy refulgence shine.

Like God let me be pure and clean, Just, holy, merciful and true: And let the image form'd within, Shine out in all I speak and do.

That men the heav'nly light may see, Which my good works diffuse abroad: Confess that I am born of thee, And praise my Father and my God.

CLXXX. Doubts concerning a Providence, vanquish'd.

St. Edmunds Tune.)

V Ile thought be gone, I'll doubt no The fov'reign fway of providence: Angels about the throne adore A theme too high for human fense.

In awful deeps our God conceals His great defigns from mortal eyes, 'Till he by time the scheme reveals, And strikes beholders with surprize.

Or should no obvious footsteps shew The track in which he will proceed, The more I search the less I know, With thicker gloom still overspread:

Shall

Shall worms extend beyond their span? And censure art or acts divine? Shall God be limited by man? Or must his thoughts conform to mine? Oh! frightful pride! my soul abhor This monstrous stretch beyond thy size: Prescribe to providence no more, But know thy measure and be wise.

With humble deserence resign Thine own fond fancies, and submit The worlds affairs to skill divine: Leave God to act as he thinks sit.

Tho' deep conceal'd his purpose lies, And far remote from human sight, Yet all his thoughts and ways are wise, God-like, and true, and good, and right.

CLXXXI. Honouring God as a Father.

Nassaw Tune.)

Y Father, and my God, a name
I still must honour and revere:
Loud I its glories will proclaim,
And use it with religious fear.

The lot thy wisdom shall assign,
With filial duty I'll approve:
I'll subject life to laws divine,
Thy rule and thy commandments love.

Can Provide

It grieves my foul when finners bold, Hate their own fouls, thy laws transgress; But glads mine heart when I behold Mankind concern'd their God to please.

With deep concern and serious thought, With chearful heart and open hand, I'll seek thy glory to promote, And for thy take my self will spend,

Thine honour shall be dearer far, Than mine own dear lov'd life to me: Nor will I ever grudge or spare What I should spend for thine or thee.

Thus would I prove my felf a child, And to my Father honour give, My felf entire to him would yield, And ever to his glory live.

CLXXXII. Duties owing to our felves.

Essex Tune.)

And know thy real excellence:
Too long I've yielded to the ftream,
Born down by appetite and sense.

Awake, my thought, rouze ev'ry pow'r, And right your native strength employ: Let lust and passion reign no more, Nor yield to pride's impetuous sway.

My

My spirit meek and humble be, Content and pleas'd with ev'ry state, From dire revenge and envy free, And wild ambition to be great.

Confine thy roving appetites, From earth withdraw thy heart and eyes, Fix thou on pure divine delights, And love and live above the Ikies.

On wings of faith to heav'n ascend, By hope anticipate the feast:
With all thy might still upward tend, And leave to sensual minds the rest.

With eager zeal purfue the prize, Redeem thy time, thy helps improve: This course will speak, will make thee wise, And lift thee to the land of love.

But, Lord! I urge mine heart in vain: Pour thou upon it quickning grace: Then luft shall die, and reason reign, And I with pleasure run my race.

CLXXXIII. Te know not what Spirit ye are of. Luke ix. 55.

Nassaw Tune.)

S Trange, groß mistake! can God inspire
A blind, a sierce and murd'ring zeal?
Is this indeed celestial fire?
No, 'tis a meteor sprung from hell.

Heav'n

Heav'n is the land of light and rest, 'Tis calm, eternal calm above: There kindness reigns in ev'ry breast, Devotion and the dearest love. Idown

And our bleft Lord from thence came To fpread compassion, peace and joy: In his own blood our faults to drown, To save mens lives, not to destroy.

No rancour in his bosom boil'd, Soft was his heart, serene his mind, His air was merciful and mild, His language courteous still and kind.

And all his holy laws enjoin, We should by his example move, Transcribe a pattern so divine, And breath, and live, and walk in love.

His gracious precepts quite disarm
Fierce anger, foul revenge and spite:
Tye up the hands from doing harm,
Make doing good the hearts delight.

The wisdom he inspires is kind,
Abhorring cruelty and blood;
Fair copy of its Author's mind,
Who went about still doing good.

Heav'n

Zealots, your bold pretence is vain, Heav'n can't such raging heats inspire: There light and love united reign, 'Tis hell is darkness mixt with fire.

CLXXXIV.

CLXXXIV. The Properties of Christian Charity: From 1 Cor. xiii.

Illsey Tune.) a morning stay of the le

I ET men of high conceit and zeal,
Their ferwours and their faith proIf charity be wanting still, [claim:
The rest is but a sounding name.

Knowledge is apt to bloat the mind,
And zeal to fet the world on fire:
But charity is calm and kind,
And gentle thoughts will still inspire.

She's meek and patient, suff'ring long, But slowly her resentments rise: Soon she forgets the greatest wrong, But rage and all revenge defies.

She envies none their better state, But makes her neighbour's blis her own: Nor vaunts her self with mind elate, But still a modest air puts on.

She drives all malice from her breaft,
To ill suspicions ne'er gives way,
But ever hopes and thinks the best,
And, as she thinks, is apt to say.

M With

With spiteful gust, she never hears
Detractors blur a neighbour's name, in
None whisper scandal in her ears, and
Or others, unrebuk'd, defame, and but A

Her neighbour's infamy and ill, To her no entertainment give: 1, 2000 She's pleas'd to fee him profper still, O And still in good repute to live.

Eager she doth not seek her own,
But slights it oft for others good: back
As Jesus did from heav'n come down,
To die and cleanse us with his blood.

This is the grace that reigns on high, And brightly will forever burn: 1967 When bope shall in enjoyment die, 1977 And faith to intuition turn.

CLXXXV. The means to overcome the Fears of Death.

Effex Tune.) I while a robly see both

Lord, help me to furmount the fear: That when I must resign my breath, Serene I may my summons hear.

'Tis fin gives venom to the dart,
In me let ev'ry fin be flain:
From fecret faults, Lord, cleanse my heart,
From wilful fins my hands restrain.

Grant

Grant that I may, with holy zeal,
The ends of living close pursue,
Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfil,
And honour thee in all I do.

To my Redeemer lift mine eyes,
Once dead, but now enthron'd on high:
Glorious I hope with him to rife,
Why should I fear with him to die?

Oh! for an heart that foars above, And foorns the trifles here below: An heart well warm'd with holy love, But dead to fense and outward shew.

Let all my bliss and treasure lye,
Where in thy light I light shall see:
The foul may freely dare to die,
That longs to be possest of thee.

Say, thou art mine, and chale the gloom.
Thick hanging o'er the vale of death:
Then shall I fearless meet my doom,
And as a victor yield my breath.

not add in OLXXXVI. Death of

at when I must keften my breath, St. Edmund's Tuned my my my fine i may my for the state of the

Come, think, my foul, what 'tis to die,
To feel the vital flame decay:
When faint and galping I shall lye,
And clammy sweats bedew my clay.
M 2 When

When mortal pains in ev'ry part, Slow, shivering pulses, lab'ring breath, And fading eyes, and failing heart, Shall warn thee of approaching death.

When the whole tott'ring frame shall. The bonds of union all untie, [shake, When all the strings of life shall crack, Death summons and I must comply.

When all eternity's in fight,
And thou must try that unknown sea,
Launch forth and bidthe world good night,
"How strange a moment will it be?

How wilt thou drop thy kindred clay, And bid all earthly things farewel? Wilt thou not wish for longer stay, Some longer time in slesh to dwell?

Wilt thou the dearest friends resign,
The best lov'd objects here below?
Submit thee to the will divine,
And, when thy Saviour calls thee, go?

Canst thou without relucting dread, Change worlds, and naked wing away? Look up to Christ thy living head, And long for everlasting day?

In dying moments 'twill be fad, Still ling'ring in suspense to stand:
But thou may'st gladly be unclad, In prospect of the promis'd land.

Oh!

Oh! live by faith, and learn to die, Long to depart and be undrest: Then death shall lift thee to the sky, To boundless bliss and endless rest.

CLXXXVII. Judgment.

hen all the frings o

Effex Tune.)

E'RE long the awful day will come, When Christin glory shall appear, And all the world their final doom, From his most righteous lips must hear.

In God-like state he'll then descend, With glory crown'd, and clad in light: His heav'nly hosts will all attend, With looks and robes divinely bright.

He'll mount his dazzling judgment-feat,
And bid the great archangel found,

"Wake all ye dead, both small and great, "Entomb'd in earth, in waters drown'd.

The dreadful blast will shake the sky, The earth and seas give up their dead, Each grave unlock and open fly, And every sleeper lift his head.

The dead reviv'd and all alive,
Before him then shall be conven'd:
And, their last sentence to receive,
Both good and bad shall there attend.

M 3 The

The volumes shall be open thrown,
Where all their deeds are on record, out!
By his own hand there written down,
I heir righteous Judge and sov'reign Lord.

Just as their sev'ral works have been,
Decisive sentence will be giv'n not div't
They'll be condemn'd who liv'd in sin,
The righteous welcom'd into heav'n.

Oh! may I find my little name, and In God's own book of life fet down; but My Judge will then, "Well done, proclaim," And with his hands put on my crown.

Fierce french intelleme frand around

St. Edmund's Tune.)

HEll! 'tis a word of dreadful found:
It chills the heart, and shocks the ear:
It spreads a sickly damp around,
And makes the guilty quake with scar.

Far from the utmost verge of day, I In frightful gloom the region lies: What Fierce flames amidst the darkness play, and thick sulphureous vapours rise.

The breath of God, his angry breath, Still fans, and still supplies the fire:
There sinners taste the second death,
Are dying still, but can't expire.

At

At utmost distance from the place, Thro' all the gloom they heav'n espy; But can't the gulph between them pass, Nor change abode, nor climb the sky.

Conscience, the never dying worm,
With constant torture gnaws the heart,
And woe and wrath in ev'ry form,
Enslame the wounds, encrease the smart.

The wretches rave, o'erwhelm'd with And bite their everlatting chains: [woe, But with their rage their torments grow; Resentment but improves their pains.

Fierce fiends infulting stand around, Upbraid with guilt, and feed the slames: From ev'ry quarter groans resound, Despairing shrieks and hideous screams.

Sad world indeed! what heart cambear, Hopeless in all these panes to lie!

Rack'd with vexation, grief, despair,

And ever dying ne'er to die?

Lord, that I may these horrors shun,
Now let me mine offences mourn:
Seek pardon thro' thy bleeding Son,
And to my God repenting turn.

Although your aid, bood to introduce the

Men A.

Still feas, and this inpplies the fire:

XIXXXII tales and this time (econd death,

See dring feith tout can't expire.

CLXXXIX, Heaven.

Illney Time.) and and busings glad Ill W

Heav'n! 'tis a found delights the car,
Revives and ravishes the heart.
Oh! may I dwell for ever there, dwo Y
And in its pleasures bear a part.

There light, effential light and day, Fresh streaming from the face of God, For ever drives all night away, any oind And sheds delight thro' this abode, but And sheds delight thro' this abode, but And sheds delight thro' this abode.

Each happy foul, with dear furprize, In his own light his God shall see: but a While boundless charms attract his eyes. The vision will extatick be.

And all the raptur'd mind transform, With God's resemblance make her shine, And with intense devotion warm.

She'll feel immortal vigour forcad have all her faculties and frame, old all Transporting joy that ne'er will fade, on And love that will for ever flame and have

There, with eternal rapture fir'd, The glories of her God the'll fing: In strains, by heav'nly hosts admir'd, She'll praise her Saviour and her King.

Angels

Angels will listen to her song, And in the musick gladly join: Each heav'nly harp and heav'nly tongue, Will help applaud the love divine.

Delight and joy shall fill the place, And streams of pleasure endless roul. Youth ever bloom in ev'ry face, And rapture overflow each foul.

Nor will the high employment tire, Nor old the fatisfaction grow: Enjoyment will improve defire, And that no disappointment know.

The body too will be refin'd, And like its Saviour's body shine: Fit partner for an heav'nly mind, Still extafy'd with joys divine.

Oh, happy world! for ever bright, With God's own presence ever blest: True land of infinite delight, Of peaceful mirch, and joyful reft.

Oh! may I dwell for ever there, Its glory fee, its pleafures tafte: Quite cloy'd with all th' enjoyments here, I long for that evernal feather soul he by there, with electral tapture fire,

te glories of her God the Time Timbs silon times to anti-cxc. 'Il praise her Saviour and her King

Jeffer of anamerof (weekelp found

We labour

valient to be decepted o

CXC. Thy Name is as Ointment poured forth, therefore do the Virgins love thee. Cant. i. 3.

Essex Tune.)

JESUS! a name of sweetest sound: How fast it chains the willing ear? It spreads delicious fragrance round, At once to gratify and cheer.

By it, the heavinly host above,
And each redeemed faint below,
Are kindled into holy love,
And feel their hearts in transports flow.

And who that ever felt the pain,
The anguish of a wounded heart,
And found all other means in vain,
To heal the wound or ease the smart.

Who that has known its faving might, To rescue from the pow'r of sin, Can hear this name without delight, but A

Sure virgin-fouls, made white and clean, By bleeding love and quickning grace, His willing captives must remain, His name triumphant ever bless.

Jesus!

Jesus! a name of sweetest sound? It chains, it charms the captive ear, And spreads balsamick odours round, The wounded heart to heal and cheer.

CXCI. We labour whether present or absent to be accepted of him. 2 Cor.

The same Tune.)

OTT

E'RE long the knot must be unty'd,
My mind undrest must quit her clay,
In slesh no longer must reside,
But to some unknown region stray.

Oh! whither will she fly or rove, When her old house shall be destroy'd? To what new dwelling then remove, And how be pleas'd, or how employ'd?

Thanks be to God, her Saviour then Some better manfion will provide: She'll mount and join his heav'nly train, And in his prefence bleft abide.

When will the happy moment come!
When I shall rise to this abode?
Change earth for my celestial home,
And leave my flesh to be with God.

M 6

Oh!

Oh! how I long to be undreft, of T Or rather, to be cloth'd upon / norzalis A In my Redeemer's arms to reft, note of T And have my heav'nly house put on!)

Nor will my Saviour long delay, 1118 He will in time my foul release, he noo? And fetch me home: And whilft Liftay, I'll feek, I'll strive my God to please.

For this my prayer to heav'n I'll fend,
This mark I'll ever keep in view, of both
With constant care my work attend, And spite of dangers close pursue, I'm o'T

May I obtain this happiness I without My foul would hope, would with no more, But strip and try the unknown seas, Or stay content and clad ashore.

CXCII. God our Happiness.

Bedford Tune.)

Ternal God, of Beings first, Of all created good the spring, For thee I long, for thee I thirty vill My Love, my Saviour, and my King: Thine is a never failing store, If God be mine, I all no more, n dying noments, life infoint,

The

Ŕ T The fairest world of light on high, Reflexion makes, but faint of thine, The glorious tenants of the sky In God's own beams transported shine: But should'st thou wrap thy face in shade, Soon all their life and lustre fade.

Thy presence makes celestial day,
And fills each raptur'd soul with blis:
Night would prevail, were God away,
And spirits pine in paradise:
In vain would all the angels try
To fill thy room, thy lack supply.

And fure from heav'n we turn our eyes,
In vain, to feek for blifs below:
The tree of life can't root nor rife,
Nor in this blafted region grow:
The wealth of this poor barren clod,
Can ne'er make up the want of God.

But, Lord, in thee the thirsty soul Will meet with sull with rich supplies: Thy smiles will all her sears controul, Thy beauties feast her ravish'd eyes: To failing slesh and fainting hearts, Thy savour, life and strength imparts.

Oh! let me, Lord, this favour gain, With smiles still sate yet feed desire, In all the loads of life, sustain, In dying moments, life inspire,

Guard

Guard my departed foul to rest, and Be still my God, and I am blest.

CXCIII. Here we have no continuing.

City, but feek one to come! Heb. xiii.

14. Yeb you want an anal the short one and the short one analytics.

The fame Tune, warm half news not flo rel

buni ()

Y foul, forbear: on transient things
No more thy fond affections place;
Their gain no fatisfaction brings,
And yet they tire thee in the chafe.
Restrain thine impotent desires,
From what like dreams and smoke expires.

This airy scene will soon withdraw

Its pomp from thy deluded eyes,

At best 'tis splendid paint and shew;

And, ah! how fast the vision slies.

With sudden gleam it mocks the sight,

And then gives way to endless night.

By daily wastes our lives decay,
Each pulse brings forward certain death:
Ten thousand ills snatch life away,
And stop at once precarious breath.
And, Lord in parting hours, show vain
Shall we eftern the transient scene.
But

But while thousain, includes,

But faith directs believing eyes,
To realms of lafting joy above:
Where pleasures ever blooming rife,
And holy spirits feed on love:
Love that will blissful life convey,
Brisk and screne as heav'nly day.

Thence sin, and pain, and death, and Far off for ever shall retire:

Whilst from God's face the friendliest light Shall beam, and utmost bliss inspire.

Nor shall the living pleasure waste, But at the height for ever last.

Lord, thither bear my mind away,
There fasten mine expecting eyes:
Draw my desires tow rds native day,
And lift my hopes above the skies.
Then death will my glad soul remove
From sin and woe to realms of love.

CXCIV. The Inhabitant of Zion deferibd; From Pfal. xv. and other Places.

The fanie Tune of March all book bill mal

And find a constant welcome there?

Who in thy holy house abide,

And its blest entertainments share?

Tis.

Tis he who is upright and just, it will Whose word one may securely trust of

Who never will his neighbour wrong, Nor ill reports in hafte receive, Nor spread them with a fland'ring tongue, Nor by detraction hurt or grieve. Who the rich sinner can despite, But faints, tho' poor, respect and prize.

By whom all falshood is abhorred,
Who never takes God's name in vain:
To his own hurt he'll keep his word,
Nor falsely swear for any gain.
Who never will the poor oppics,
Nor by their wrong his wealth encrease.

Who can't be brib'd by gems or gold,
Against the innocent to plead:
Hates to see justice bought and sold,
And seeds the hungry soul with bread.
Who prays for his malicious soes,
And blessings, when they curse, bestows.

Who will to all fuch treatment give,
As he himself expects from them,
Yet still to grace a debtor live, and stall
And every proud pretence disclaims back
This man, Lord, shall the favorite be,
Dwell here, and dwell in heavin, with thee.

ार्ज अंदर्भी सामभ्याप्रकारमध्य के जिल्हें **GXGX**.

CXCV. Joy in God for prefent En-

Northeread them with a hand ring tongue.
Nor by detraction hart of same same add.

PReferve me, Lord, in time of need To thee, her God, my foul first fly! For the I can no merit plead, I on thy mercy may rely.
And to thy faints I'll favour show, I the best, the dearest names I know.

Let heathens to their idols halte,
And feek the pageant's help in vain,
Their bloody offerings I deteft,
Their names shall ne'er my lips profane.
The living God's my help and hope,
He'll feed my joys, and fill my cup on

My lot, by his direction lies
Where he an habitation chose,
Delightful scenes around me rise,
And never failing plenty flows.
Blest be the Lord; he leads me right,
And gives advice in time of night.

With stedfast faith mine eyes behold. This great Protector ev'ry where; No foes, however fierce or bold, Shall shake my heart, while he is near.

In him, my portion, I'll rejoice, TEVA And boast of him with heart and voice

And should my state be here depresty Yet still my better hopes remain : And but In faith my dying flesh shall rest, stand of The grave shall yield it up again and bal Its boasted conquests death relign, son And only fleeping dust refine of bland of

Thou wilt the shatter'd frame restore, In glory dreft my flesh shall rife, hours a And meet my mind to part no more, but But mount triumphant to the fkies proup! To God's right hand, where pleasures flow, And blis no bounds nor end will know.

CXCVI. The Triumphs and Kingdom of Christ, and sad Condition of his Enemies; From Pfal. xxi. Enwript in beams and

neu his blacking flore proclaim.

The same Tune yell and conquestion aid confid aid

Then

M Estab, Lord, with boundless might Shall vanquish all his foes and thine, Shall joy in God, and with delighed bal Make grace and faving mercy fhind. ov And by thy favour shall acquire, and od W All that he asks or can defire. They was all Unot parience long the dhicked deliven

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Whill in his face his

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Nay, thou dost his requests prevent,
And favours, e're he alks, conference
He reigns o'er all with thy consent,
And heav'n and earth his name revere.
He wears an everlasting crown,
And angels at his feet bow down.

Once funk with grief, with horrors faint,
He beg'd the dreadful cup might pass,
But tho' he went without the grant,
He drank it off with great fuccess,
And lives for ever the' he dy'd,
Enthron'd by his great Father's fide.

All heav'n refounds his conqu'ring name, And death and hell his pow'r contess, Whilst men his bleeding love proclaim, And raptur'd saints their Saviour bless, And now for all his griefs and pains, He's blest, and everlasting reigns.

Enwrapt in beams and blifs divine,
His fights, his conquests he surveys,
Whilst in his face his triumphs shine,
And tongues celestial sing his praise.
The Father will his Offspring own,
And foes in vain would shake his throne.

No, Lord, thine hand shall reach them all, Who hate thy rule, and spurn thy grace. By thy just vengeance they shall fall, Tho' patience long the stroke delays.

The

The time of recompence will come, And they in vain avoid their doom.

Then as an ov'n that glows with heat, Thy wrath shall swallow all thy foes, No time their terment shall abate, No friendly stroke shall end their woes, Rackt, tortur'd, hopeless they must lye, And ever dying, never die.

CXCVIL The happy Saint, and wretch. ed Sinner; From Pfal, i. pd

The fame Tune)

Appy the man, who never firays, Where impious men in confult meet, Who never flands in firmers ways, Nor can with any patience fit, Where with blaspheming noise and pride Vile scoffers fanctity deride.

But makes the flatutes of the Lord, His constant study and delight, By day confults the heav'nly word, And thinks it o'er again by night. This is his folace and his flay, 194 to 1 and 1 His bleft employment night and day.

He like a tree by kindly streams, Where moifture feeds the spreading root Shall firetch his ever verdant limbs, And bend with loads of heav'nly fruit.

God

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B

God will his undertakings bless And crown his wifhes with fuccels.

Not fo the wicked and unjust, But croft in cv'ry scheme they form, They fhall, like chaff or viler duft, Be blown away with ev'ry ftorm. And all their hopes shall scatter'd fly, When the last trumper shakes the sky.

Among the just they shall not fland, When Christin judgethe world shall come, Divided to a different hand, They'll then receive their dreadful doom. And be adjudged to fire and pain, When faints thall with their Saviour reign.

For God with pleasing look surveys The path in which the righteous tread; His heart approves their holy ways, To heav'n and happiness they lead. But funers chafe the crooked path, Which ends in everlasting death.

CXCVIII. The bleffed Man; From Pfal. critical of all at His bleft corplayment

The Same Tune.

Q Left is the man who fears the Lord And walks with pleasure in his ways, Who trembles at his holy word, and on A Yet gladly his command obeys.

Hie

His house with bleffings shall abound, His seed be mighty and renown'd

A gen'rous pity warms his heart,
His kindness widely he extends,
The poor in all his wealth have part,
"To some he gives, to others lends.
Yet, what his bounty wastes, repairs
By wisely ord'ring his affairs.

Nor is that lost which he bestows
With lib'ral heart to help the poor,
His hand a future harvest sows,
And scatters to augment his store,
His bounty shall himself survive,
And blessings on his heirs derive.

When times with difinal face appear, With frightful clouds and gloom o'enfpread, His heart shall entertain no fear, Above the gloom he'll lift his head, His faith shall bear his courage up. And God approve and crown his hope.

Some friendly beams of cheering light, Will thro' the darkness make their way: And in affliction's darkest night, Their greatest lustre saints display. That heart ill tidings can't surprize, Which with firm trust on God relies.

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When raging waves and tempests roar, And sinners and their hopes are drown'd, He'll sit and see it safe on shore, With life and with salvation crown'd, On earth renown, and heav'n above, Shall recompense his faith and love.

CXCIX. Divine Omniscience, and Omnipresence; From Psal. cxxxix.

The fame Tune.) A or word in dir A

I N vain, in my concerns with thee,
To shun thy notice, Lord, I try,
I cannot from thy presence see,
Nor hide me from thy piercing eye.
Thou know'st my secret haunts and ways,
My very heart thine eye surveys.

My secret thoughts, and long before They are conceived or formed within, Thou dost with utmost ease explore, And e're I speak know what I mean.

Asseep, awake, at bome, abroad, I'm ev'ry where beset with God.

And should I, Lord, so foolish prove, As from thy work and thee to run, Oh! whither could I range or rove, Or where thine awful presence shun? Where could I chuse a safe abode, When ev'ry place is full of God!

Should

Should I to heav'n direct my flight, I there should meet thee on thy throne; Or dive to hell and endless night, There fiends beneath thy vengeance groan. Where e'er I am, how can I dare Offend my God, when he is there?

If mounted on the wings of day,
Beyond the utmost seas I fly,
Thou'lt either stop me in the way,
Or be much sooner there than I.
Be where I will thou still art near,
For, Lord, thy place is ev'ry where.

Or should I wrap my self in night To screen me from all-searching eyes, One glance of thine would make it light, Would kindle all the dark disguise. And noon and night in this agree, That both alike are light to thee.

Be where I will, I meet with God,
And open to his notice lye,
Nor can I find out an abode,
Where he is not, or can't efpy.
Believe my foul, and never dare
To fin, when God is always near.

CC.

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Spiritual Songs.

265

CC. Cheerful Trust in God; From Psal, xxiii.

Devonshire Tune.)

MY Shepherd is the Lord of all,
Whilft he supports I cannot fall,
Nor shall I want since he'll provide:
No beasts of prey shall make me fear,
Whilst he protects, and still is near;
Nor can I stray with such a Guide.

To meads in constant verdure drest,
He leads me out to feed and rest,
Where shade desends from burning day:
Where rivers gently rolling by,
The thirsty slocks and fields supply,
And with soft murmurs glide away.

He, when I stray, in love pursues,
The wanton wand'rer to reduce,
And fetch me home with friendly force.
Thus, for the honour of his name,
Doth he my vagrant mind reclaim;
My spirits, when I faint, restores.

Yea, when I pass the vale of death,
I'll fearless tread the frightful path,
With gloomy shade and horrors fill'd:
Thy presence there will kindle day,
Thy succours chase my fears away,
Thy Spirit living comforts yield.
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Before my Foes my Table's spread,
And precious Oils persume my head,
My cup o'erslows with generous wine.
Lord, to thy house let me repair,
And whilst I live inhabit there,
And celebrate the love divine.

CCI. Praise to God for his Grace to Mankind, display'd in the Gospel and the Incarnation of his Son; From Psal. viii.

The same Tune.)

HOW doth thy name, O Lord, excel!
Thy wond'rous grace mankind can
Whilst heav'nly hosts thy glories sing: [tell,
Nor can the vast and spreading sky,
Confine the boundless Majesty,
Of Zion's God, of Zion's King.

Ev'n babes thy mighty pow'r proclaim, Thy haughty foes the sucklings tame, And all their hardy legions quell: Men that were frail and mortal too, Could with one mighty word subdue The prince and all the pow'rs of hell.

Lord, when I view the heav'ns on high, The moon and stars that deck the sky, Strange Strange floating worlds and funds of light: What's man, or man's polluted race, To be the objects of thy grace, And rais'd to such a wond'rous height.

Yet he, who for a while on earth
Became a man of mortal birth,
Inferior to his angels made,
Is now for fov'reign rule renown'd,
With glory and with honour crown'd,
And dazzling Majesty array'd.

Him Lord of all thou didst ordain, Thou hast decreed that he shall reign, 'Till on his foes his foot shall tread: Whilst angels own his rightful sway, And saints on earth glad homage pay, And triumph in their living Head.

To his command, earth, sea and air,
And beast, and birds, and sishes there
Submit, and serve this heav'nly King:
How glorious is the Saviour's name!
May heathen nations hear his same,
And ev'ry desart shout and sing.

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CCII.

CCII. Providence, and its special Regard to the Servants of God; From Psal. xxxvi. 3, 6, &c.

The Same Tune.)

sand homework been

I N heav'n, O Lord, thy love's display'd,
Thy goodness those blest regions made,
And still with life and joy supplies:
Thy truth's for ever pure and fair,
Thro' ev'ry cloud 'twill bright appear,
Or o'er them all conspicuous rise.

Thine hand the world's affairs commands, Firm as the hills thy justice stands, Nor from its purpose ever bends: In mighty deeps thy Judgments lye, Far from the ken of mortal eye, To man and beast thy care extends.

But from thy favour to the just, (To all who thy protection trust)
Will special blessings always spring:
The sons of men who own the grace,
Will sly to thee in all distress,
And to the covert of thy wings.

And faints shall to thine house repair, And meet a constant welcome there, And And with its fatness feasted be; Their thirsty Souls shall be supply'd, With joy that, in one constant tide, Shall freely issue forth from thee.

With thee the springs of life are found, Springs which nor bottom have nor bound, But constant vigour will supply: [light From thee, their source, shall beams of Break on our minds, and scatter night, And make the mists and shadows fly.

To them that know thee, Lord, be kind, Let them continual favour find, Who gladly learn and do thy will: To all who are in heart upright, Who in thy holy ways delight, Each gracious promise, Lord, fulfil.

CCIII. The Lord's Day.

ab vid tab od and

The same Tune.)

W Elcome sweet day, of days the best, The time of holy mirth and rest, When to God's house the saints repair, To hear his word and see his face, To learn his will and sing his grace, And vent their hearts in praise and prayer;

This is employment all divine, My foul, the bleft affembly join,

And

And from the world this day retire: Go bow before thy Maker's throne, Thy rifen Saviour's glories own, And feed thy love, and fan the fire.

Forget the trifles here below,
The shining heap the gaudy show,
All sensual mirth and worldly cares:
On wings of strong devotion rise,
Pass ev'ry cloud, pass all the skies,
And leave beneath thy feet the stars.

To God direct thy steady flight,
Great fund of blis and source of light,
There fix and there delight thine eyes:
View ev'ry shining wonder o'er,
And with transported heart adore,
And feast on fruits of paradise.

This day was by our Lord ordain'd, That thus his fervants might be train'd, For heav'nly work and heav'nly joy: My foul, be this thy day of rest, And thus prepare thee to be blest, Thus all thy holy hours employ.

Then will the happy day be spent To thine advantage and content, In joys exceeding all on earth: 'Twill be a pledge of heav'nly joy, All pure without the least alloy, Divine and everlasting mirth.

CCIV. Judgment-Day.

The same Tune.)

The trumpet founds the guards ap-To judge the world the Lord is come: He shines magnificently bright, Drest all in majesty and light, And nature trembling waits her doom.

Aloud he calls, " Te dead, arife.
The fleeping nations rub their eyes,
And stretch their limbs, and lift their heads:
His faints the summons strait obey,
Their minds resume their kindred clay,
And joyful leave their dusty beds.

They'll bound from earth and mount the And meet the splendid triumph there, [air, And help make up the pompous train: To them their Judge will gracious say, "Well done, your service I'll repay, "Come and with me for ever reign.

But finners will reluctant rife,
Lay down their heads and close their eyes,
And senseless would for ever lie:
The men of greatest pow'r and pride,
Who spurn'd his grace, his wrath defy'd,
His presence now would gladly fly.
N 4

To hills and mountains now they call, "With all your weight upon us fall,

"Deep bury'd we would never rise:

"But shun the vengeance of the Lamb,

"The scorching, the devouring flame,

"That flashes dreadful from his eyes.

But ah! in vain they howl and cry, Before him mountains melt or fly, All nature trembles at his feet: They must arise they must appear, And from his mouth their sentence hear, And thenceforth find their woes complete.

Lord, let not this my portion be, But quickly bring me home to thee, That when the wicked quake for fear, When all thy glories fill the sky, The heav'ns drop down, the mountains fly, My foul the glad Well done may hear.

CCV. Heavenly Bliss.

The same Tune.)

eyes, Ome now, my foul, and stretch thine Look thro' the veil, look thro' the See what bleft spirits do above, Where wrapt in splendors here unknown, Prostrate they worship round the throne, And glow with everlafting love. There There God his brightest form displays Makes heav'n with constant lustre blazes And sheds abroad true life and joy: Whilst happy souls, with high delight, Their eyes in beatifick fight, In blissful love their hearts employ.

They gaze 'till their own faces shine, Themselves are made throughout divine, And fair reflect their Maker's form: 'Till they are quite entranc'd in bliss, Wrapt up in boundless extasses, And with intense devotion warm.

Nor will this heav'nly form decay, Nor will these pleasures fade away, But still continue at the height: Their eyes the vision will improve, Enjoyment fan the fire of love, And ne'er abate but raise delight.

Immortal life will reign within, Without immortal bloom be feen, And joys immortal fill the place: There pleasure shall be ever young, And rapture dwell on ev'ry tongue, And triumph shine on ev'ry face.

For ever thus to be employ'd, Enamour'd, extafy'd, o'erjoy'd,

Is

Is quintessence of blis indeed:
There let me have my blest abode,
And with the vision of my God,
Mine eyes, my joys for ever feed.

I'll quit the treasures here on earth,
This transient pomp and trifling mirth.
And fix my hopes and bliss on high:
There everlasting glory grows,
There boundless wealth for ever flows,
And pleasures neither fade nor die.

CCVI. Doubts vanquished, and the Wisdom and Justice of Providence vindicated.

The same Tune.)

Sure thou, O God, art just and wise,
And thine are pure and jealous eyes,
Nor will our love to thee be vain:
Yet gloomy doubts disturb my rest,
I feel them struggling in my breast,
Indulge me, Lord, whilst I complain.

Why do the wicked prosper still,
And impious wretches work their will,
And fraud and falshood meet success?
The basest crimes obtain renown,
Why villains on the righteous frown,
And haughty sinners saints oppress?
Blest

Blest with prosperity and peace,
They bask in plenty, soll at ease,
Free from tormenting pains and care:
They feed each wanton appetite,
Or when it flags with art excite,
And no expences grudge or spare.

Whilst saints a different cup must taste, Are poor, neglected, and distrest, And wear out life in woe and pain: And when they beg at sinners doors, The pamper'd dogs may lick their sores, The master's scraps they can't obtain.

This state of things is common here.
Ah! but another state is near,
Where things will take a diff'rent turn:
For death will be the saint's relief,
And put a period to his grief,
When sinners must for ever mourn.

This folves the doubt: Lord, thou art And just, nor dost thou favour vice, [wise Nor will religion be in vain, Tho' prosp'rous sinners here on earth May quite dissolve in sensual mirth, And saints may long and much complain.

CHARLES CONTRACTOR OF THE CONT

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

*

BOOK II.

Adapted to the Lord's Supper.

I. The Love of God in the Institution, exciting proper Graces in the Communicants.

Portsmouth Tune.)



Urprizing proof of love divine!

To make this glorious feast: Where we on heav'nly dainties dine.

And heav'nly pleasures taste.

Smiling

Smiling the God of love descends

To bless his facred board:

Gracious he sits among his friends,

By ev'ry one ador'd.

He sets before them heav'nly food, And bowls of balmy wine:

Life flows in streams of dying blood, And health from wounds divine.

The guilty here relief obtain,
The wounded spirits ease:

Here fainting hearts fresh courage gain, The troubled mind has peace.

True penitents, no more afraid, Here may a welcome find:

Mortals may tafte immortal bread, For endless life design'd.

Then come, my foul, thy pow'rs awake, The wond'rous scene survey:

With hungry appetite partake, Chase ev'ry doubt away.

With kindly grief thy fins deplore, In humble hopes afpire:

With loyal faith feed and adore,
And raise sublime desire.

With grateful Joy thy Saviour blefs, His love with love repay:

Thy foul refresh, improve thy grace, And heav'nward wing thy way.

II. The

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II. The Circumstances of our Saviour's Death, and the Impressions they should make on us.

St. Peter's Tune.)

The wonders of the feast:
The strange provisions here prepar'd.
Thy self as strange a guest.

Hast thou not here thy Saviour view'd, Nail'd to the cursed tree?

In dying pangs, with blood imbru'd, And suffering all for thee?

Whilst raging Jews his pains deride, And stand insulting round:

A purple flood streams from his side, And stains the blushing ground.

Nature can scarce the shock sustain,
The sun withdraws his light:

The trembling earth, rocks rent in twain Confess the general fright.

Shall I the fad event review, And no commotion feel?

No, here my foul thy grief renew, And kindle holy zeal.

Blame

Blame not the blind and raging Jews

For this prodigious deed:

Charge on thy fins the vile abuse, They made thy Saviour bleed.

They tore his flesh, they pierc'd his heart, The blood of God they spile:

Here see and own thy vile desert,
See here thy bloody guilt.

Look and relent; with hearty grief Thy crimfon fins deplore:

For all thy wounds here fetch relief,
But wilful fin no more.

III. Justice and Mercy reconcild in the Death of Christ.

Fareham Tune.)

W Hat streams of glory all divine,
Here mingle and unite!

Justice and mercy here combine

Our wonder to excite.

Justice a sacrifice demands

To expiate for fine

Worth all their lives throughout all lands, Who had offenders been.

And ready mercy foon prepares, The costly facrifice:

God our degraded nature wears, For our offences dies.

The

The guilty thus avoid their doom, or all 'Scape hell and endless pain: Whilst their kind Sov'reign in their room Consented to be flain.

Twas awful justice that required A facrifice to dear: O to boold and

But mercy more to be admir'd That did the Lamb prepare.

Oh! come my foul, ftretch'd on the tree, Thy bleeding Saviour view: There God by death atones for thee, There strikes and suffers too.

Look on 'till kindly grief shall melt My proud rebellious heart:

What pangs has my Redeemer felt, For mine abhor'd defert.

Gaze till his love has kindled mine. And warm'd me all within: 'Till the fweet force of love divine Has purg'd out all my fin.

IV. Thanksgiving for the Feast.

Middlesex Tune.)

OW shall we equal thanks repay For fuch indulgence giv'n! That here we fing, and feast, and pray, As joyful heirs of heav'n. 25

Tuffice

Justice appeas'd forbears to frown, And smooths its angry brows:

Whilst mercy our offences drowns, And here accepts our vows.

Here boldly we approach our God, On his provisions feast:

His flesh we eat, and drink his blood, Reclining on his breaft.

Strange food is this, and rich the grace That fuch a feast prepar'd:

Where finners may obtain a place, And meet with kind regard.

Blood freely flows in living streams, Fresh from our Saviour's side:

Whilft each believer humbly claims A share in him who dy'd.

These streams will cleanse polluted souls, And purge their guilt away:

And (whilft we drink in ruddy bowls) Will fill us full of joy.

Oh! dearest pledge of love divine! Relief of drooping hearts:

No earthly food, no common wine Such joy or life imparts.

But if such pleasures here we taste, At this mysterious board:

How full a joy, how rich a feast Will heav'n it self afford!

V. The Price of our Redemption.

Grantham Tune.)

Let faints with joyful hearts appear,
The holy board around:
See love divine triumphing here,
And Jesu's praise resound.

The wond'rous price is now in view For our redemption paid:

When hell and vengeance were our due, By Satan's arts betray'd.

To him enflav'd (of beings worst)
We drag'd the loathsome chain:
Of God deserted and accurst,

And doom'd to endless pain.

But this rich price our pardon bought, And set the vassals free:

Jesus from heav'n redemption brought, Our year of Jubilee.

No sparkling gems, nor glitt'ring ore, Not all the wealth below,

Or buy us off from woe.

Much higher were divine demands,
And Jesu's blood was spilt:
His precious blood by impious hands,

To take away our guilt,

This

This cooling stream quencht wrath divine, Bought freedom for our souls:

Here as the pledge is balmy wine.

Set forth in facred bowls.

Let faith behold the healing flood, And at the fight revive:

Let faints applaud atoning blood, Whence all our hopes derive.

VI. Hofanna de Bo da W

Portsmouth Time.) handlast about of but.

H Osanna to king David's Son,
And to king David's Lord:
May he be prais'd by ev'ry one,
By ev'ry one ador'd.

We would with holy transport cry
Hosanna to the Christ:

Oh! may the shouting reach the sky, Hosanna in the high'st.

Blest he, who comes to take away. The guilt and pow'r of fin:

Welcome to ev'ry heart to day,
'Tis thine, Lord, enter in.

With thankful hearts and tuneful tongues, We will the Saviour bless:

And with melodious minds and fongs, Our joy in him profess.

Thou

Thou wast a spotless victim made,
To quench the wrath divine:
To purge our guilt thy blood was shed,
Thus purchas'd we are thine.

We yield, subdu'd by mighty love,

Thine are resistless charms:

Oh! for the pinions of a dove,

To bear us to thine arms.

Fain would we see our Saviour shine
With all his glories on,
And in their Hallelujahs join,
Who wait about the throne.

Here dully our affections move,
And flat are all our lays:
There ev'ry breast's replete with love,
And ev'ry breath is praise.

VII. If any Man sin we have an Advocate with the Father. I Joh. ii. I. Fareham Tune.)

ORD, at thy table we fit down
Polluted all and vile:
Most justly might we fear thy frown,
Yet hope to see thee smile.

With horror now we would review,
Each guilty word and deed:
And to the spring those streams pursue,
From whence they did proceed.
We

We own our laps'd apostate state,
That we were shap'd in sin:
Our actual faults exceeding great,
And multiply'd have been.

The terrors of thy law we fear,
And thy revenging arm:
But humbly feek protection here,
From ev'ry threatning harm.

We have an Advocate on high,
Who bled for fin and dy'd;
To him we now for refuge fly,
And in his plea confide.

He with success must ever plead,
And smooth thy frowning face;
With thy consent his blood was shed,
To buy a league of peace.

This Jesus here we bleeding see,
For our offences slain:

By faith we hear him plead with thee, Who cannot plead in vain.

Tho' therefore, Lord, we here fit down,
Polluted all and vile:
For Jesu's sake forbear to frown,

Who from purtising verteemee dies

And meet us with a fmile.

.iiiv higaly his Redomer prize,

VIII. Christ precious to Believers.

St. James's Tune, avail by fquition both

S Inners perverse, with blinded eyes, Their glorious Saviour may despise, and And stumble at his cross.

Thus Jews would still a fign demand, W. Nor own the pow'r divine id all W. But all the evidence withstand. That in his works did shine air but.

Proud Greeks by science false missed,
The Gospel scheme deride:
The heavinly wisdom there displaid

Abases humane pride good a vird o'T

The fool who, still bewitch'd to vice, Will neither fear nor turn?

The hardy wretch who God defies, May at a Saviour spurn:

But he who sees his Maker frown, And fears the wrath of God:

Who with the weight of guilt bows down, And finks beneath the load.

Who from pursuing vengeance flies
To Jesu's open arms:

Will highly his Redeemer prize, And value all his charms.

His

His blood will calm the troubled foul,
With guilty fears opprest:
His grace rebellious lusts controul,
Which warring faints infest.

The Father will forbear to frown,
When we have kift the Son;
And where the heart to him bows down,
There glory is begun.

IX. The Christian Passover.

Dorchester Tune.)

C Has'd by the beams of Gospel day,
The Jewish shades are gone:
The veil is quite remov'd away,
And all the cloud withdrawn.

For shade we have the substance here, The real sacrifice:

Now doth the paschal Lamb appear To each believer's eyes.

Here we behold the Saviour flain,

The very Lamb of God:

See from his heart and ev'ry vein

There flows atoning blood.

This sprinkled on the guilty mind,
Will screen from ev'ry harm:
'Twill make destroying angels kind,
And all their wrath disarm.

God's

God's own uplifted hand 'twill stop, And smooth his angry brow:
Twill give the dying sinner hope, And calm his confcience too.

Come therefore let us keep the feast, From drofs and fin refin'd: Let malice void each christian breast, Nor leave a spark behind.

Let all old leaven be remov'd, All guile be put away:

With heart fincere, and truth approv'd, Here let us feed and pray.

Let's eat, and life divine derive From this celestial food: Our fainting graces will revive, In drinking Jesu's blood. inde weching the Chance here,

X. Let him kiss me with the Kisses of his Mouth, &c. Cant. i. 2, 3, 4, 12 minh their est one blucked eve ently

Secution this inherita

Middlesex Tune.) Dito dien I pared "

a'boD

Ear Jesus, now thy love display, And feal it with a kis: Come fnatch my longing foul away From all inferior blifs.

I fcorn I fcorn the worldling's shining wealth,
The sensual's mirth and wine:

Thy love to my whole foul is health, It's taste indeed divine.

All sweetness centers in thy name, The very found inspires:

Souls that abhor a vicious flame Yet feed these chaste desires.

Then draw me, Lord, with pow'rful My dull affections move: [charms,

We'd fly to our Redeemer's arms, And take our fill of love.

With ravishing delight we'll here In thee, our King, rejoice:

No sprightly wine the heart can cheer, Like thy forgiving voice.

Oh! bid us welcome to thy board, And with thy guests fit down;

Pardon, and peace, and smiles afford, Our guilt and forrows drown.

And whilft the King fits smiling by, May ev'ry rich perfume,

Each grace with lovely fragrancy, Spread sweetness through the room.

We would with joyful heart and voice, Our gracious Monarch meet:

When Jesus smiles and saints rejoice, No sweetness is so sweet.

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XI. The

XI. The Humility and Honours of our Redeemer. Phil. ii. 6-12.

Ely Tune.)

7 E'll celebrate the glorious name Of our Immanuel: Of God the Son who freely came, In human flesh to dwell.

He being in the form divine, Did not esteem it wrong, In those high attributes to shine, Which do to God belong.

Yet all this Majesty he veil'd, in the And stept from off his throne: it al In our vile flesh the God conceal'd, And human form put on.

Nay more, a subject state he try'd, And God bis God obey'd: Upon the cross resign'd he dy'd,

For man a victim made.

Him therefore God hath rais'd on high, To peerless pow'r and state:

Rewarding his humility With dignity as great.

No head that wears an earthly crown, No heav'nly throne can claim, The honour or the high renown, Due to his awful name.

For

For ev'ry knee to him must bow, And sov'reign homage pay:

Heav'n, earth, and seas his right allow, And his commands obey.

Let us with bending hearts confess That Jesus Christ is Lord:

And with glad hearts the Father bless, Who thus lost men restor'd.

XII. Privileges of the Evangelical State. Heb. xii. 22, 23, 24.

Northampton Tune.)

The facred feat of God,
The hill which he hath made his home,
And chose for his abode.

The city, where the pomp of love,
Th' eternal King displays:
To that Jerusalem above,
Where boundless glories blaze.

To feraphim in shining bands,
Attending round the throne,
Prompt to perform what he commands,
Who awful sits thereon.

To faints in full affembly met,
With radiant glory dreft:
Near their Redeemer's regal feat,
And with his prefence bleft.

The

The glorious church of holy fouls, Where ev'ry fon's an heir:

Whose names fill up the heav'nly rolls, All happy burghers there.

To God the Judge, from whom we must Receive our righteous doom, And to the spirits of the just, To full perfection come.

To Jesus who, 'twixt God and us The friendship to renew, Did in our room become a curse, And bear what was our due.

Whose blood was shed to sprinkle all Who to his arms will fly; For vengeance it will never call, But for their pardon cry.

XIII. Angels Song made ours.

St. James's Tune.

B Lest angels intermit their songs,
Their Hallelujabs cease:
And wing to earth in shining throngs,
To spread the news of peace.

"Sinners, say they, forbear to mourn, "We happy tydings bring,

"To you a Saviour now is born,
"The long expected King.

cc Then

"Then glory to the Lord on high,

"By you and us be giv'n:
"We'll spread the musick thro' the sky,

" And fing his praise in heav'n.

" Catch you the joyful fong below, "And back your praises send:

" For God will peace on earth bestow,

"Good will to men extend.

Yes, God, to our apostate race, Did fuch affection bear, He sent his Son to buy our peace,

Our guilty score to clear.

Him, God our facrifice did make, Who had nor fpot nor ftain;

That we, the guilty, for his fake, Salvation might obtain.

That none who do in him believe, For their offence should die:

But pardon here on earth receive, And endless life on high.

Then let us with the angels join, And learn their heav'nly fongs;

n

And to applaud the love divine, ·Tune both our hearts and tongues.

but by his lupporting hard,

Who for our fillings all ale

O.1 XIV.

411

294 Hymns and

XIV. The Believer's Triumph. Rom. viii. 32, &c.

Ely Tune.

Hat gracious God, who freely gave
His dear and only Son,
By death our guilty fouls to fave,
And for our fin atone:

Will, from the fame unbounded love, More favours still bestow: Eternal life in heav'n above,

And needful grace below.

Who God's elect with crimes should Whom he hath justify'd? [charge, Or those condemn whom to enlarge, Their great Redeemer dy'd?

Yea, rather rose and took his seat

At God's right hand on high:

To be their pow'rful Advocate,

Who on his plea rely.

Who shall our faithful hearts divide,
From him our dearest Lord?
Shall we desert his cause, if try'd
With famine, fire or sword?

No, but by his supporting hand,
Who for our sakes did die,
Ev'n more than conquerors we'll stand,
And ev'ry foe defy.

The

The hopes of life, the fears of death,
The sharpest sense of pain,
And all the pow'rs of hell beneath
Make this attempt in vain.

Nor height, nor depth, nor ought belide, Shall e'er untie the bands; Or from God's love our hearts divide, Held fast by Jesu's hands.

XV. Distinguishing Love of God to Sinners. Rom. v. 6—12.

Fareham Tune.) .ovin lancoso odil lliW

e

W Hen none affiftance could afford To loft mankind belide, and In season long prefix'd, our Lord, 'our T For wretched rebels dy'd, should did well afford to the long of W

No love can with this love compare, IVX
No parallel be brought:

'Twill pole ev'n faith, but passeth far The bounds of humane thought.

A just man's life to buy?

But few, the best-lov'd friend to save, Did ever dare to die.

But God his love to us commends, In that he flew his Son:

To make rebellious foes his friends, By their own crimes undone.

04

And

And if by this atonement, he . Has clear'd our former score, By him from future wrath shall we Be fafely kept much more.

For if, when we were foes avow'd, His death had fuch fuccels, As to appeale an angry God, 10 mon 10 And mediate a peace.

Much more, to favour now reftor'd, We through his life shall live: To us, our now exalted Lord, Will life eternal give. Fareham Tana

Nay, we can now with joy fincere, In God our God be glad: Thro' Jesus Christ our Saviour dear, Who fuch atonement made. W 10 1

XVI. The Cost of our Redemption, and Worth of our Souls.

Dorchester Tune.)

LuA

in to range of N.D. did our Lord the ranfom gives And buy us off from hell! Submit to death that we might live, And rife from whence we fell!

Did he our guilty fouls redeem With his own precious blood! When worlds of gold had worthless been, To purchase such a good! Oh!

Oh! glorious proof of love divine,
On worms and dust bestow'd:
Here grace doth in full lustre shine,
'Tis kindness worthy God.

But who the mighty worth can rate
Of an immortal mind,
When God was at expence to great,
To ranfom loft mankind?

And shall we throw away our souls,
Bought at such costly price?
Refuse to live by Jesu's rules,
And keep the road of vice?

Such vile ingratitude repay,
For his transcendent love?
Oh, no! we'll go no more astray.
No more rebellious prove.

Here we again our vows renew,
And solemn pledges give:
Afresh his streaming blood we view,
And pardons scaled receive.

Oh! may his bleeding love constrain, And captivate each heart: Then whilst we mourn a Saviour slain, With ev'ry sin we'll part.

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XVII

XVII. The Cross of Christ mortifying Sin.

Sometlet Tune.)

OH! for a strong and steddy faith!
To count the world but dross,
To doom each darling fin to death,
And nail it to the cross.

My fin! lo there the murd'rer stands, Stain'd with my Saviour's blood: This pierc'd his heart, his feet, his hands, And fixt him to the wood.

This first the innocent betray'd,
Then seiz'd, and bound, and try'd,
'Twas this the surious clamour made
To have him crucify'd.

With spittle this profan'd his face,
And crown'd his head with thorn,
Put on in sport a royal dress,
And hail'd him King in scorn.

This mock'd at all his mifery,
And triumph'd in his pain;
Insulted him upon the tree,
And joy'd to see him slain.

And shall not indignation slame,
And fill my loyal breast?
May all that love a Saviour's name,
The monstrous thing detest.

Viper,

Viper, with all thy train be gone, Thou must mine heart relign:

For ever thou art hateful grown, My Saviour's foe and mine.

Hence with thy falle and fawning arts, Thy promiles and fmiles:

Thy words are fwords, thy fmiles are darts, And each that enters kills.

Be gone or die: It is decreed,

I can no longer bear: What! shall I see my Saviour bleed Yet his affaffin spare!

No, pityless I hear thee plead, This justice to prevent:

My Saviour's love demands the deed, Nor shall mine heart relent.

XVIII. Our Saviour's Sufferings and Conquests, laying a Foundation for the Believer's Triumphs. Middlesex Tune.)

Ome, let us tune each heart and tongue To praise redeeming grace: And join in one harmonious fong. Our Saviour's name to raife.

Jesus our everliving Lord, Our merciful High-Prieft, Invites us to his facred board, There on himself to feast.

With gracious look, and imiling face He bids his guests draw near:

Such foft and friendly words he fays, Twill melt the heart to hear.

" For you, he cries, my dearest friends, " For you I bled and dy'd:

"See here my wounded feet and hands,

" My gaping heart and fide.

"These are the tokens of my love, " Marks of the pangs I felt,

" Of what I fuffer'd to remove "Your dreadful load, of guilt,

When all the pow'rs of hell combin'ds "Stood frightful in my way,

"For you I freely life relign'd, "Or you had been their prey.

"But when I dy'd that empire fell, "Its fatal pow'r I broke:

"Down to the deepest realms of helf "They trembling felt the shock.

"You that were wretched captives, now-" Are from the bondage freed:

"Here you your liberty avow, And praise the glorious deed.

" You

"You now may triumph round my board, "And with your God may feaft,

"Share in the conquests of your Lord, "And heav'nly Manna taste."

Dear Lord, our fouls with rapture flow, To hear this charming voice,

Our breafts with firong devotion glow, Our glory shall rejoice.

Oh! for a fong of lofty praise, Hosanna in the high'st:

We'll celebrate this wondrous grace,

Hafanna to the Christ.

With joyful hearts, and tuneful tongues,
Thy conquests, Lord, we'll sing,
'Till angels listen to our songs,
And help to praise our King.

XIX. The Institution.

Warwick Tune.)

That very night, that doleful night, In which our Lord, our foul's delight, From supper to the garden went, To give his heavy heart some vent.

To give it vent in groans and fighs, In bloody sweats and bitter cries: In which he basely was betray'd, And by a kiss a prisoner made. That night at supper he took bread, Gave thanks, and breaking it, he faid, "My broken body here you see,

"Take, cat it, and remember me.

Thus also with a gracious look,
The cup when he had supt he took:
"See here the precious blood, he faid,

"Which I for your falvation shed.

"Here I my covenant make good, "And seal it with my reeking blood:

"Here, what your pardon cost, you see,

" Drink all, and drinking think on me.

Yes, Lord, on ev'ry thankful breaft, Thy name shall ever be imprest: Oft we'll revolve this love of thine, More cordial far than any wine.

How can we e'er thy cross forget?

Or our own everlasting debt?

Oh! never let the thought remove,

But dwell within and kindle love.

Oft will we at this feaft attend,
And there redeeming love commend:
There shew thy love to sinful men,
Till thou return it to earth again.

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In bloody five are and bitter citis

washing a pritoner anders w

Can fenisless things his torrure feel

XX. Christ dying. dinso and

The same Tune.)

e ver sol of b'vo Ord, what a spectacle is here To move my grief, to move my fear? My dear Redeemer here I fee, Pierc'd thro' the heart, nail'd to the tree.

How hard's that unrelenting heart That hears his cries, beholds his fmart, Yet bears no part in all his pain, Nor grieves to fee his Saviour flain.

All nature ficken'd when 'twas done, A fainting horror feiz'd the fun: Sunk in a fwoon three hours he lay And from the fight withdrew the day.

The heav'ns a fable veil put on And in hoarle thunders made their moan: Whilst ev'ry wind in mournful fighs Breath'd out its forrow and furprize.

The earth convuls'd with terror, flood And blush'd to see her Maker's blood: Ev'n stubborn stones did then relent, And rocks with pangs of grief were rent.

The ftrong concustion shook the dead, And rouz'd them from their dufty bed: The temple rent its veil in two, To shew what our hard hearts should do.

Can

Can senseless things his torture feel,
The earth be shook, the mountains reel,
The dead awake! and shall not I
Be mov'd to see my Saviour die?

Shall I like an obdurate Jew, Relentless this sad scene review? Unmov'd his lamentations hear, Nor breath a sigh, nor drop a tear?

No, break, my heart, melt both mine eyes,. Eccho my voice to all his cries, And thus lament a Saviour flain, Lament my fins that gave him pain.

Thus kindle up revenge within, Revenge against each bloody sin: And each offence devote to death That pierc'd his heart and stop'd his breath.

XXI. Redeeming Love displaid in the Sacrament.

St. Luke's Tune.)

mi)

Was love, my foul, 'twas love indeed That Christ for guilty me should My Lord should die my life to spare, [bleed, And wrongs himself receiv'd repair.

His laws with bold contempt I broke, His rights disown'd, flung off his yoke. Thus from his favour wilful fell, And thus became an heir of hell.

Te

To fave me from this frightful doom,
My God was offer'd in my room:
To make atonement for my guilt,
His life was loft, his blood was spilt.

Mine was the crime, but his the finart, The wounded head, the bleeding heart: Thus did he purge away my fin, And open heav'n to let me in.

And here he gives his flesh for food, For drink pours out his vital blood: The food doth life and health impart; The drink revives and warms the heart.

Here he with overcoming charms, Wide open throws his gracious arms, Then takes me gently to his breaft, And on his fulness bids me feast.

Here he dispels my guilty fears,
Makes glad my heart, wipes off my tears;
Displays the riches of his grace,
Enflames my love, and claims my praise;

Ten thousand thanks, my soul, repay,
That thus my guilt was purg'd away:
To thy Redeemer loyal prove,
And by obedience shew thy love.

And thole who ere it never die.

tixx and will conflant his larger,

XXII. The Bread of Life; From Joh. vi. Arundel Tune.)

Ord, to thy temple we repair,
To taste the entertainments there:
We humbly wait about thy board,
To sup with our Redeemer-Lord.

Thy table thou hast richly spread, With heav'nly wine, with heav'nly bread? Oh, what a waste of love is here! How strange and costly is the fare!

This wine will cheer the heavy heart, To fouls this bread will life impart; I for Jefu's flesh is here our food, and I And here we drink our Saviour's blood.

The Jews were in the defart fed H With Manna, which was angels bread: A But far the food on which we feed, The Bread of Life does theirs exceed:

Their Manna was from clouds distill'd, Such bread as ours no clouds can yield: Theirs was the type, ours is the true, Of heav'nly growth and substance too.

The Jews who were with Manna fed, Continu'd mortal and are dead: Our bread will constant life supply, And those who eat it never die. It did indeed come down from heav'n, 'Tis Jesu's blood for sinners giv'n:
To purchase pardon he was slain,
And thro' his death we life obtain.

The was dead he ever lives:
To finners life divine he gives:
And faints, to keep each grace alive,
From him must constant pow'r derive.

Dead faints he will revive again,
With him they shall for ever reign:
To us this bread, Lord, ever give,
And faith that we may cat and live.

XXIII. Christ's Sufferings and Successes.

Warwick Tune, while the care bail of Time of the slone can judity. (Jane of the slone can judity.)

Your Saviour hanging on the tree; O His gushing blood, his gaping heart, And in his anguish bear a part.

There wounded by our fins he stands, They stab'd his heart, they pierc'd his hands: And yet the injur'd Saviour dies, For these same sins a facrifice.

His painful wounds procure us peace, His pangs and agonies give ease: The blood which from his heart he pours, Is rich and healing balm to ours.

For

For we like sheep were gone astray,
Each took his own destructive way:
But God on him our suff'rings laid,
His life for our offences paid.

And dumb the spotless victim stood, Whilst raging murd'rers shed his blood: Resign'd he yielded up his breath, Nor struggled with approaching death.

But fince it pleas'd thee, Lord, to make.
Thy Son an offering for our fake;
Oh! let his blood prolifick breed.
A vaft increase of holy feed.

Let him with great success be blest, His name by ev'ry tongue confest: To his kind arms let sinners fly, 'Tis he alone can justify.

All other things we count as drofs, Our refuge is our Saviour's crofs: For our discharge let him prevail, His pow'rful plea can never fail.

Lord, let his blood thy wrath appeale, His pains our wounded spirits ease, His spirit all our souls refine, And pour upon them life divine.

And the property of the

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XXIV.

XXIV. The Love of God in giving his Son, and Christ's Love in dying for us.

Arundel Tune.)

T Erein our God his Love displays, (Love passing far our pow'r to praise) That when we were by fin undone, He for our ranfom gave his Son.

His only Son he freely gave, Our wretched fouls from wrath to fave: On worms that could not profit God, This dear falvation he bestow'd.

Tho' we for him no passion felt, His pitying heart o'er us did melt: Tho' we provok'd his wrath by fin, He kept the just resentment in.

Nay, that he might fuch wretches spare, To his own Son he feem'd fevere: Of him a facrifice he made, And with his blood our ransom paid.

Strange, costly proof that God is love, When thus his tender bowels move: When he to fave rebellious foes, His dear lov'd Son would thus expose.

And

And freely did the Son consent,
To bear for us such punishment:
Our guilt by dying to remove,
Strange, costly proof of matchless love.

Then let us to our Saviour dear, (Who thus has made his love appear, Who from his heart pour'd out a flood, To wash our sins away with blood:

And rais'd us to the greatest height; To priestly and to royal state:) The glory and dominion give, And still to him devoted live.

XXV. Praise to the Father and Son for redeeming Grace, and this Institution.

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The same Tune.)

OH! for an hymn of losty praise,
To celebrate redeeming grace!
Grace that should ev'ry heart inspire
With holy love, true heav'nly fire.

It tunes the tongues and harps on high, Spreads joy and musick thro' the sky: How can my heart or tongue refrain, Tho' I must sing in humble strain?

No,

No, gracious Father, I approve,
Applaud, adore that glorious love,
Which mov'd thee to expose thy Son
To death, for ills which I had done.

And thee, bleft Saviour, I adore,
Who didft my gasping hopes restore:
To ransom mine, thy life didst give,
And die that I might ever live.

When I behold thy wondrous cross, I count the world but dung and dross:
Thy love's engraven on thy scars,
It flow'd in blood and drop'd in tears.

Here I behold the healing tide,
Spout recking from thine open'd fide:
And come to wash me in the flood,
And cure my wounds with Jesa's blood.

This stream will cleanse my guilt away,
'Twill life to my dead soul convey:
In all my pains sure ease 'twill give,
My mind in all distress relieve.

'Tis vocal blood and loudly pleads,
And for my pardon intercedes:
Oh! hear the plea, my God, and shine
Upon my soul with light divine.

Some tokens of thy love afford,
And send me joyful from thy board:
Sure pledge of heav nly rest above,
Where I shall live and breath in love.

XXVI.

XXVI. The Institution.

Naslaw Tune.)

That night, in which our Saviour dear,
Did to Gethsemane retreat,
To yent his woes and gloomy fear,
In cries and groans and bloody sweat.

That very night, when for our lake, A willing prif'ner he was made,
The bread he took, and bleft, and brake,
And thus to his Disciples faid,

"My broken body here you fee,

" For your transgressions pierc'd and torn,

"Take, eat it, and remember me, o both

"And all your vile offences mourn.

He also took and blest the wine, And then with gracious voice he said,

" Take and drink all, the draught's divine,

" Tis blood for your falvation shed.

"Here you behold the price paid down,

"Remission of your fins to buy, " which he

"And here with blood, ev'n with my own,

" My testament I ratify desilering A

"Do this 'till time shall be no more, "

"In mem'ry of your dying Lords both

"Review his fuff rings and adore, and adore,

"Oft as you meet about his board.

Yes,

Yes, Lord, we'll ever bear in mind, Thy healing wounds, thy glorious crofs, Thy blood's more cordial far than wine, The world compar'd with thee is drofs.

First may our hands forget their art, Our lungs to heave, our tongues to move, E're we forget thy bleeding heart, And scars, the tokens of thy love.

We'll often at this feast attend, Shew forth thy death, thy grace proclaim: Make humble boats of such a friend, And on our hearts impress thy name.

XXVII. Christian Hopes and Supports.

I Pet. i. 3—10.

Illsey Tune.)

TO God, devoutest thanks we pay,
The Father of our dearest Lord,
Who, his rich mercy to display,
Hath our expiring hopes restor'd.

Thro' Christ, who from the dead arole, Our humble hopes to heav'n may rise, To heav'n where plenty endless flows, And pleasure never fades nor dies.

A portion kept in store for all,
Whom by his pow'r their God will guard,
And through their faith prevent their fall,
'Till they obtain their full reward.

P Such

Such hopes will drooping spirits cheer, The bending mind they'll prop and raise, Give strength our various loads to bear, The needful trials of our grace.

For trials must our faith refine, I (As fire refines the fading gold) and W That with full splendor it may shine, When ev'ry eye shall Christ behold.

That Jesus whom we dearly love, Whom at the highest rate we prize; H Tho' now far off in heav'n above, W Beyond the ken of mortal eyes. hab no

Yet our believing hearts rejoice, and I With glorious joy surpassing thought, And all the pow'rs of art and voice.

For we from him, e're long, expect
The end of all our love and truft:
Our foul's falvation he'll effect, him was
And glorious raise our sleeping dust.

XXVIII. Christians made the Sons of God. I Joh. iii. 1, 2, 3.

And make them like

Essex Tune.

Ome, Christians, lift believing eyes, Attent this pleasing scene survey: See, glory breaks from parting skies, The pleasing dawn of heavinly day.

Look

Look up, and see your Father drest In all the forms of love and grace, Compassion printed on his breast, And friendship finiling in his face.

Look and admire how God can love What favour he to us extends! Our guilt not only to remove, But call fuch wretches form and friends

Nor doth it fully yet appear, How rich and bleft our state shall be What farther honours he'll confer-On duft and worms to vile as we.

But this already is made known, That when our Lord to earth returns, We too hall put our glory on Such fplendor as himfelf adorns.

For then, with eyes made strong to bear, Of all his light the glorious blaze, We shall behold our Lord appear, And quench the fun with brighter rays.

The glory he shall then dil Will thro our fouls foread life divis His full relemblance 'twill convey, And make them like their Saviour fline.

Oh! let these hopes ev'n here belov Our love and loyalty fecure: Make us more like our Saviour g And pure as he himfelf is pure. XXIX.

XXIX. Gofpel Grace. Eph. i. 3-8,

Illiley Tune.)

B Lest be the Father of our Lord,
The God who ever reigns on high,
Who doth by him, to us afford,
Of heav'nly things a rich supply.

Pursuant to the purpose, he Had form'd, e're time began its race. That we an holy seed should be. And blameless in his sight, thro grace.

For that he fully had design'd. Us his adopted sons to make, By free resolves of his own mind, And for his Son Christ Jesu's sake.

That praise might to his grace redound, Its lustre might be spread abroad, By which we have acceptance found, Thro' the beloved Son of God.

In whom forgivenels we obtain, The purchase of his precious blood:
Rich grace that wash'd the guilty clean,
And drown'd their faults in such a flood?

Him God hath raised from the dead, And saints on earth, and saints above, Unite in him their common head, Ty'd fast by holy bands of love,

Thro

this property controlled

Thro' him we heirs of heav'n are made, And by his holy Spirit seal'd, Pledge of the life that ne'er shall fade, And glories then to be reveal'd.

Then let's with thankful hearts proclaim This free, and rich, and wond'rous grace: We'll celebrate our Saviour's name, And to his Father offer praise.

XXX. Christ's Sufferings.

St. Edmund's Tune.)

Sugnee

Ome all, who now have seen the Lord, And triumph'd in redeeming grace, Have feasted at this blessed board, Thro' all his griefs your Saviour trace.

First to the garden let's repair, And there observe his pangs and throws, His agonies of grief and fear, Sad bodings of yet greater woes.

He bends beneath his grievous load, And lifts to heav'n imploring eyes, Entreats his Father and his God, With moving groans and mighty cries.

Blood iffues out thro' ev'ry pore, To shew what pangs he felt within, How vast a weight of guilt he bore, What torture he endur'd for sin.

P 3

Observe

Observe the villain next appear, And with a kis his Lord betray; Whilst the mad rabble, void of sear, Seize him, and drag him bound away.

Next see the innocent arraign'd, Charg'd deep, yet making no reply: Whilst round his raging murd'rers stand, And bawl incessant, Crucify.

Behold him mock'd and made a jest,
Us'd with the rudest spite and scorn,
In royal robes for sport he's drest,
Hail'd in contempt and crown'd with thorn

See him unjustly doom'd to die, To Constrain'd his fatal cross to bear, In triumph led to Calvary, And slain with ling'ring torments there:

First nail'd to the accurled wood, "Then listed up expos'd he stands," Whilst purple streams of precious blood. Flow from his wounded feet and hands.

The barb'rous crowd that wait beneath, Are pleas'd with all his woe and pain, Infult him in the pangs of death, And hear him with delight complaint pur

All this, and more than tongue can tell, Or heart can think, did he endure, To fave our guilty fouls from hell, And heav'nly blits for us procure.

Strange

Strange love, by all thefe fuff 'rings try'd, Oh! may it ev'ry heart constrain, And make us live to him that dv'd: Why should such blood be shed in vain?

XXXI. The Privilege of those who wide dwell with God good begund

Effex Tine

Sittinge

Chofe.

Hrice happy they, whom God hath In his own holy house to dwell: There heav'nly plenty ever flows, And joys to mighty rivers swell.

There, with provisions all divine, His table's crown'd, his people fed: Their Saviour's heart is broach'd for wine, His flesh serv'd up as living bread.

On ev'ry wounded heart he there, His blood as healing balfam pours: 1 no its Regales his faints with heav'nly fare, And heavinly bleffings on them show'rs.

He shews his face and calms their fears, And smiles their gloomy doubts away: Their humble praise indulgent hears, And loves to answer when they pray

Nay, ev'ry heart indeed contrite, I'A To him a real temple proves: The humble mind is his delight, And he inhabits where he loves.

Strange!

Strange! what, will he who reigns on high Above the heav'ns, yet dwell with men? I Let ev'ry door wide open fly, And let the gracious Monarch in.

Make ev'ry bar, dear Lord, give way, And chuse my spirit for thine home: The Here fix and here delighted stay, at but Thy rivals all shall make thee room.

May I beneath thy shadow rest, and And welcome at thy table dine, and He with thine heavinly savour bless, and I can all the world resign.

XXXII. Mercy and Justice honour'd by Faith and Fear.

Nassaw Tune.)

IF at our Maker's righteous bar, We finners should be strictly try'd, Each would a criminal appear, Nor could a man be justify'd.

None has that perfect duty paid, Which his most holy laws demand: None so exactly hath obey'd, As guiltless at his bar to stand.

From his avenging justice then,
We to atoning love will fly:
'Tis grace alone can make us clean,
Or sinners save and justify.

That

That flowing that transcendent grace, By Jesus Christ our Lord displaid. Who to redeem our guilty race, His own heart's blood a ranfom paid.

In him the proper Mercy-Seat, God now appeas'd in smiles appears: There we with him may humbly treat, And shake off all our guilty fears.

Yet did our Saviour also die. God's dreadful justice to display: 14 Anna His blood alone would fatisfy, where has To purge our crimfon guilt away. Wol

Thus terrible upon his throne, The just the jealous God appears: Whilft by the death of his own Son, He each believing finner clears

Oh! let us therefore humbly fear, Whilst yet in faith we venture nigh, Nor God's confuming vengeance dare, Left by its feorthing flames we die.

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control printing per ain to kixxxiii. I from his avenging juffice then,

XXXIII. The happy change of Circum stances by the Gospel; From Heb. xii. 18-24. Bedford Tune.

Postvally our crimital male

Rom realms of fin, and fhades of death, And difinal regions of despair, Where plagues diffus'd contagious breath, And frightful gloom fill'd all the dir. Loud thunders thook the trembling ground, And lightnings dreadful glar'd around.

Where God in majefty declar'd, w Lot A His awful will from flaming fkics, or pad I No fost of friendly voice was heard, No pitying looks refresh'd our eyes, But frowns from heav'n and fears within, Proclaim'd the vile defert of fin.

We now are come to better climes. Where heav'nly hopes revive our hearts, Where Jefu's blood will drown our crimes, His death atone for our deferts, His bonds will our release procure, har His life our endless bliss ensure.

Our God appear'd forbears to frown, With friendly smiles invites us near, Himself our tender Father owns, And calls us now his children dear:

And

And here, his great good will to prove, Invites us to a feeft of love.

Here Jefu's flesh, the best of food,
Does health to hungry souls convey:
Salvation flows in streams of blood,
To wash our crimson guilt away:
Smiling the God of grace descends,
And kindly whispers, Welcome, Friends.

Then come, my foul, admire, adore, In humble tone thy guilt confels, Look all these pleasing wonders o'er, In lofty strains thy Saviour bless: And whilst thou dost this grace partake, Keep ev'ry faculty awake.

XXXIV. A Feast for Men, not Angels. The same Tune.

Nee more our God, the God of grace,
Has made a friendly vifit here,
Shed balmy dews around the place,
Our spirits to revive and cheer:
And with soft voice and aspect mild,
Has shewn that he is reconcil'd.

Sinners may now to God draw nigh, And seat them round his royal board, Since his own Son vouchsaf'd to die, To recommend them to their Lord:

P 6

His frowns no longer them debar From heav'nly hopes or angels fair.

Nay, holy angels ne'er did tafte, Such food as he doth here provide, Such wine as ftreams for our repail, Fresh from a bleeding Saviour's side: Those happy minds ne'er had above, Such glorious proofs of tender love.

But worthless, guilty men partake
Of this rich entertainment here,
For them God did the banquet make,
For them provide this costly cheer:
With heav'nly food their fouls he feeds,
And guilt removes, and joy succeeds.

May vulgar feafts be nam'd no more, All dainties else unheeded lie:
He that eats here can ne'er be poor, This feaft will ev'ry want supply:
Infinite wealth is here bestow'd, And holy souls fill'd full of God.

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XXXV.

XXXV. Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption; From 1 Cor. i. 30.

Devonshire Tune) smboold a mora short

B Egone, each haughty thought be gone, We'll glory in the Lord alone, And make our boafts of Jesu's name: On him we'll cheerfully depend, Fix all our trust on such a friend, All other help but his disclaim.

Him God the Father Wisdom made, By him is heav'nly light convey'd, To such benighted minds as ours: His word important truth contains, Into our souls his spirit shines, And quickens all our thinking pow'rs.

He is our Righteousness become,
Thro' him we 'scape the dreadful doom,
To which we stood expos'd before:
Thro' him we grace and favour gain,
He was the spotless victim slain,
To pay off all our guilty score.

He is the stock and quick'ning root,
Where we must grow to yield our fruit,
Whence

Whence we must heav'nly life derive:
His grace must purify the heart,
His spirit influence must impart,
That cv'ry grace may grow and thrive.

By him our nature is reftor'd, dainy no He did from wrath our fouls redeem: An angry God becomes our friend: All Our grov'ling fouls to heav'n afcend, In hopes of boundless bliss thro' him.

To him who this provision made, H. And thus his glorious love displaid, and H. Whose wealth is an exhaustless store: W. Thro' Jesus Christ be glory giv'n, H. By ev'ry saint on earth, in heav'n, h. In ev'ry age for evermore.

XXXVI. Our Redeemer's Grace and Honours; From Col. i. 12—22.

The same Tune.) who had and ye of

And sing our heav'nly Father's praise,
Who by his grace doth make us meet
For that inheritance above,
Where saints in boundless light and love,
About his throne triumphant sit.
Who from the frightful pow'r of hell,
The dismal night where sinners dwell.

Hath

Hath now redeem'd and fet us free: Well Work hearts hath by his kindness won, And made us gladly serve his Son, In realms of love and liberty.

We have redemption thro! his blood,
Our guilt by this atoning flood and val
Is purg'd. This for our rankom paid.
The unfeen God in him appears,
The very form of God he bears,
And by him ev'ry thing was made.

He stretch'd the spreading heav'ns on He peopled all the inner sky, [high, With Angels, Seraphs, Cherubim, He gave to this inferior earth, And ev'ry thing therein a birth, By him 'twas form'd, 'twas made for him.

He of his holy Church is Head,
The first-fruits of the rising dead,
That he in all things might excel:
He by his bloody cross made peace,
In him, it did the Father please,
All fulness should for ever dwell.

Thro him an angry God looks mild,
And heav'n and earth are reconcil'd:
We, who by fin were foes before,
Rejoice to fee him dying finile,
By death his Father reconcile,
And to his favour men reftore.

XXXVII.

XXXVII. The happy Change, or those - afar off brought nigh; From Eph. 13, &c.

Yes now the West of

The fame Tune

XXXVII

OD, who is ever good and kind,
I To acts of mercy much inclined,
Whose flowing love the world supplies,
Much his abounding grace commends,
When his compassion he extends
To us his hateful enemies.

When guilty and condemn'd we lay,.
To death and hell an easy prey,
And wholly void of life divine:
He bid our dying hopes revive,
In Christ he made our souls alive,
And with his own resemblance shine.

Nor do we from the grave alone,
Revive with his reviving Son,
With him on wings of hope we rife,
With him we mount to worlds of love,
Posses the starry seats above,
And enter into Paradise.

Tho' once of faded birth and blood,

Far off as foreigners we stood,

Rejecters:

Rejecters of his love and laws:
No hopes our gaiping fouls reviv'd,
Without a God forlorn we liv'd,
Without a Christ to plead our cause.

Yet now, in Jesus Christ our Lord, We, who were once of God abhord, And far from him deserted stood, Are by rich grace again brought nigh, Made part of his own family, Thro Jesu's reconciling blood.

Thro' him, we, by one Spirit, may
To God our gracious Father pray,
And boldly hope that he will hear:
The former war is at an end,
And God appeas'd become our friend,
And we are his delight and care.

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SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK III.

In particular Measures.

I. For the Lord's Day.

Hannover Tune) and the war to to said more but



A I L, happy day! the day of holy rest, When saints assemble and on dainties

fill the veil between no forth

When all in smiles the God of grace descends,

Opens his stores, and entertains his friends.

Let earth and all its vanities be gone, Move from my fight, and leave my foul alone: Its flatt'ring, fading glories I'd despise, And tow'rds immortal beauties turn mine eyes. My foul is now with nobler love possest,
I feel the rapture strive within my breast,
My heart all kindles with refin d defire.
And boundless charms maintain the pleasing fire

Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies, And on my Saviour's glories fix mine eyes:

Oh! meet my rising soul, steep from above Jesus, and wast it to those realms of love.

E're yet the knot of union be unty'd, And death the loving partners shall divide, A glimpse of suture glory I would see, And take how joyous 'tis to dwell with thee.

But if the wish ambitious is and vain,
Downward I'll bend my humble flight again,
And to thy temple with devotion haste:
Oh! let me there on heaving fatness feast.

There holy fouls are with true Manna fed.
There eat the living and the quickning bread.
There mix their food with most delicious wine.
And cheer their hearts with cordials all divine.

If yet I must not climb the starry height, And see thee blazing on a throne of light: If still the veil between us must divide, And from mine eyes my Saviour's glories hide.

Yet here display the wonders of thy grace, Look thro' the skies and shew thy smiling face: Stoop down blest King of glory from above, Shine on my soul and ravish me with love.

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to the jug. Lading places liderbilled and the series

The surfaced all six remaines be gone

II. All Creatures call'd upon to praise God.
From Psal. clviii.

Ye fertile platos, disawy g

or a valleys, to bis honour,

The Jame Tune.)

O H! for an hymn of universal praise, the lost of the lost of the heaving begin the solemn sound.

And let it spread the wide creation round.

Wrapt in perpetual transport humbly wait, You best must know the glories of your King.
In sweetest, lostiest strains his wonders sing.

Bless him, thou sun, great ruler of the day, Before whose splendors thine must sade away: To him the honour's paid, to thee restore, And teach mankind your Maker to adore.

Ye moon and stars, who with more feeble light Break thro the shades and gild the gloom of pight, Far as you can diffuse your feeble rays, Tell his great name and propagate his praise.

Fair light, the first of all created things, in the From whom all earthly bliss and beauty springs, Help the blind world to see their Maker shine.

In light effential, fairer far than thine.

Ye dancing spheres, that ever tuneful move, of Drawn towirds your centers by magnetick love. Convey his name thro' all the vast expanse, and Whilst to the musick of his voice you dance.

Let awful thunders bellowing in the air, And bluffring florms his dreadful praise declare, Whilst gentler winds with balmy breath proclaim The gracious God, and spread his charming name.

Let

Let mists, and clouds, and meteors all conspire In this blest work, and help to fill the choir: Whilst loud his praises foaming billows roar, And seas resound his name from shore to shore.

Ye fertile plains, display your gayest pride, Ye valleys, to his honour, low subside, And at his call, ye mountains, stately rise, And bear his praises to the neighbouring skies.

Ye trees of ev'ry kind, ye fruitful vines, Ye knotty Ozks, and tall alpiring pines: Or bend your heads, or let your juices flow, To honour him at whose command you grow.

To him let ev'ry beaft this tribute pay,
He feeds the flocks, he finds the lions prey,
To celebrate his bounty and his pow'r,
Bleat all ye lambs, and all ye kions roar.

Ye birds, who thro' the airy regions wing, Nature's muficians, you his praise must sing: Ye slies and worms, his various skill display, Tho' you can't sing, this homage you may pay.

When nature's all in tune, shall man refrain, And have his voice and pow'r to fing in vain? Oh, no! let ev'ry rank, and sex, and age, With all their might in this design engage.

Great kings and potentates, ye gods on earth, And ev'ry man of meaner rank and birth, Submit your selves to his imperial sway, You're bound, and tis your honour to obey.

Let youthful voices swell th' harmonious choir, Old age their feebler breath in praise expire: Oh! let his love each virgin's heart inflame, And infants learn to list his wond'rous name. But above all, ye faints, your breath employ, To found his praises, and to tell your joy: You, the blest objects of his love and choice, His glories sing with well tun'd heart and voice.

Loud as his thunders let his praises found, From heav'n to earth, from world to world re-Let art and nature in the fong conspire, [bound. And the whole world become one facred choir.

III. Hymn to the Creator; From Gen. i.

Or burn manufactor for let your man toes?

Ail everlasting, sovereign Excellence,
Of light, and life, and love, abyssimmense!
Great independent Being, causeless God,
Thine own circumf sence, center and abode.

Long e're old time began its hafty flight,
Or sun or stars displaid their borrow'd light,
Thou didst within thy boundless felf possess,
Immortal joy and plenitude of bliss,

When time commenc'd, thy goodness over-Fill'd all the world, yet empty'd none of God: Thou'rt by thy felf, and with a world the fame, Still happy, rich, fufficient and supreme.

No sooner had th' Almighty Maker said,
"Now let a world, a mighty world be made,
But nothing teems, and strait obedient rise,
Sun, planets, stars, earth, seas, and spreading skies.

Eternal gloom had overspread the face
Of deep, unfathomable, empty space:
But at thy call, the kindling seeds of light,
Shot thro the void, and soon dispersed the night.
Thou

Thou bad'ft th' ætherial matter rife on high, Expand it felf, and stretch into a sky: Soon did the obedient particles ascend, And thro' the empty space the skies extend.

At thy command the neighbouring fields of air, Flow'd round the earth, and form'd an Atmosphere: Where rifing vapours stop, and, rang'd with skill, In rain, hail, thunders, storms perform thy will.

The waters, which before o'erflow'd the ball, Together roll'd obedient to thy call: Drein'd from the earth and left its surface dry, And still in mighty seas collected by.

Thou said'st the word, and strait (a wondrous Herbs, slowers and trees adorn'd the naked earth: With vernal bloom and summer's plenty crown'd, E're sun or show'rs had yet prepar'd the ground.

At thy command the scatter'd seeds of light. Did in the sun their common force unite:
And the pale moon shone out with borrow'd ray,
Queen of the night, as he commands the day.

Whilst stars of various ranks hung round the sky. The spheres began their tuneful dance on high; And still the tracks of heavinly skill appear, On all the changing seasons of the year.

Thou spak it, the quick ning deep the summons And animals of various kinds appear d: [heard, Birds try d their wings, and upward took their way, But still the fish in her own bosom play.

Obedient to thy will the teeming earth, To beafts and worms of ev'ry kind gave birth: With flocks and herds the plains were cover do'er, And forrests shook to hear the hons roar.

But

But last, to finish what thou had't design'd, (Of clay like theirs, but with a nobler mind)

Adam was made, made sov'reign of the rest,
And lively with his Maker's form imprest.

Benignity, and skill, and pow'r divine, In the great whole and ev'ry part did shine: Fair in its Maker's eye creation stood, He view'd it well, and pleas'd, pronounc'd it good.

Let all thy works, O Lord, refound thy name, Applaud thy skill, thy pow'r and love proclaim: But above all below, let man exert In this blest work his utmost strength and art.

IV. Hymn to the REDEEMER, in Three Parts.

PART L

The fame Tune.)

B Left Jesus, whom should ransom'd sinners sing?
Whom should my verse or songs exalt but thee?
Whom boundless love abas'd so much for me.

From heav'ns high throne thou did'st our fall With tender heart, and with a pitying eye: [espy, And veil the God, and leave a while the throne, To wear our flesh, and put our frailties on.

Well might a new born flar proclaim thy birth, And wond'ring feraphs tell the news on earth: Fresh pleasure must their former heav'n improve, When they beheld this glorious stoop of love.

In shining bands they leave their native sky,
And down to earth on this kind errand sty:
In heav'nly strains improv'd their joys rehearse,
And homely shepherds hear the wondrous verse.

** Shepherds

Shepherds, fay they, most blissful news we To day is born your Saviour and your King:
We bring you news of peace with injur'd heav'n,

" To God on high be utmost glory giv'n.

To God be glory, ev'ry vale resounds,
From ev'ry hill the heav nly song rebounds?
'Tis born aloft, and thro' the ætherial plains,
Unnumber'd tongues and harps repeat the strains.

They swell their former harmony, and sing In lostier notes the glories of their King: In louder triumph his rich grace they tell. And sound it dreadful to the lowest hell.

Enrag'd the furies hear of man's relief, Foam with vexation and grow fick with grief: With fruitless spite enflame their former pains, And gnash their teeth, and bite their burning chains.

But thro' the earth the peaceful accents spread, Rejoice the living, and revive the dead:
The desarts sing, despairing mortals rise, And shout redemption to the distant skies,

To market his program with the season of

R Edemption! how fignificant a word!
Hell conquer'd, death difarm'd, and man re[stor'd:
Justice appeas'd, the way to heav'n made known,
And ruin'd rebels listed to a throne.

Oh, God like act there's kindness at the height!
Excess of love, compassion infinite!
I'm quite o'erwhelm'd with such a scene as this,
Wrapt all in wonder, and entrane'd in bliss

Lord,

Lord, why to man should such rich grace be [shown, Who spurn'd thy love, and claim'd thy sov'reign Could God have any need of such as I, [throne? To prop his empire, or his wants supply?

How should be need my help, who with a word Built this great all, of all things fov'reign Lord? What could'st thou want, of ev'ry thing posses, And in thy single self supremely blest?

Or would thy praise have fail'd had man been lost, When round thy throne there waits so vast an host, And hallelujahs and celestial songs, [tongues. Sound from ten thousand thousand harps and

When with a word thou could'st enlarge the choir, Make myriads more, or list their voices high's?
Not could their songs improved improve thy bliss, Twas always full, nor will admit encrease?

Or could superior force extort from thee, What thou hast done and felt to ransom me? When all things else thy pleasure must fulfill, What pow'r, Almighty Lord, could force thy will,

'Twas neither want nor weakness urg'd thee on, Nor thirst of praise that brought thee from thy [throne:

Thine, my dear God's a felf sufficient state, Thy pow'r Almighty, and thy blis complete.

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PART III.

Why! but because thy tender bowels flow?

And matchless mercy is becoming God.

This

This made thee leave thy royal seat above, And hide the God, to manifest his love: Made thee in form of sinful slesh appear, Thy creatures rage, thy father's wrath to bear.

A vile and cruel death this made thee die: Thy precious blood was shed my bliss to buy. Wrath to appeale and my sierce soes controul. And from eternal ruin save my soul.

Amazing stoop of Majesty divine!

Here love does in its utmost lustre shine:

Oh! let it raise esteem, enslame desire,

And my whole soul with holy rapture sire.

What heart the potent influence can withfland, Or who refuse to bow to love's command? I'm conquer'd, Lord, and willingly refign My self to thee, to be for ever thine.

With ev'ry idol now I'll freely part,
And drive each rival passion from my heart:
I'll doom to death each fin I lov'd before,
Tho' once I pierc'd, I'll grieve thine heart no more:

I'll bow with glad obedience to thy will, The hardest duties with delight fulfil, All that is dear I'll for thy sake resign, Nor any hazard in thy cause decline.

For thee I'll part with honour, ease, estate; My dearest friends, my very stesh I'll hate: My life, my dear low'd life, lay down for thee, Whom love has made a facrifice for me.

Thus I resolve; but mine's a fickle heart,
To keep it firm thy mighty grace impart:
Breath on my soul and holy love inspire,
Help to perform, and what thou wilt require.

But.

siam a all with will and thick impervious clocus

V. Hymn to the Holy Spirit.

The fame Tune.) attacket the logar amount of

Hail, holy spirit, bright, immortal dove!
Great spring of light, of purity and love,
Loceding from the Father and the Son,
Distinct from both, and yet with both but one.

By thy prolifick influence empty space Grew fruitful, and old chaos chang'd its face: Upon the wasteful deep thou didst but move, And life and light strait thro' the fluid strove.

When twas foreseen that man would soon rebel, And yet decreed to save the wretch from hell: Thou didst in the eternal consult join, And freely bear a part in that design.

How dim and faded did the apostate look, How chang'd his nature when he God forsook! How did his glory wane, his life decay, And all his native beauty fade away?

Before he shone with heav'nly lustre bright, Bore God's own image, and was his delight: Bask'd in his smiles, and on his love did feast, And settled in him as his central rest.

But ah! what waste th' invader sin has made, I. His lustre's lost, his mind involved in shade, I. His God is gone, the very man is dead, I was And in his room the brute erects his head.

Dusky and callous all his mind is grown,
Dark as the grave and hard as any stone:
Insensible to things divine become,
Stain'd all with guilt and thick impervious gloom.
But,

But, Lord, from thee one kind and quick ning Will pierce the gloom, and re-enkindle day: [ray 'Twill waken all the primogenial fire, Revive the man, and life divine inspire.

Will purify the foul, and purge out fin:
"Twill warm the frozen heart with love divine,"
And with its Maker's image make it shine.

Oh! shed thine instuence, and thy pow'r exert, Clear my dark mind, and thaw my icy heart: Pour on my drowzy soul celestial day, And heav'nly life to all its pow'rs convey.

Say but the pow'rful Word and twill be done, Soon shall I put my Maker's image on, And shine again with his resemblance bright, Enjoy his favour and be his delight.

The brute in me shall die, and in its stead.

The man revive, and lift again his head:

God reconcil'd shall to my breast return,

And all my soul with strong devotion burn.

VI. Heavenly Glory and Happiness.

The fame Pune.) 1139 bos troglasti inclino all

Ome now, my foul, and stretch believing eyes. To see the wonders of the upper skies:
I nece day original with high delight,
Pours on the soul, nor overwhelms the sight.

The fun grows faint, his splendors melt away,
Lost in a blaze of far superior day:
Whilst Godhimself emits his kindliest beams,
And from his face perpetual brightness streams.

Q 3

With eager eyes his bleft attendants gaze, And whilst they look, with his resemblance blaze: Before the throne they bow with holy fear, And yet with bold confiding love draw near.

Wrapt in his arms, and bleft with smiles divine, They see his face with blended glories shine, (Inviting Majesty and awful Grace,)
And grasp consummate bhis in his embrace.

In flames of love each holy spirit burns,
And with augmented heat the flame returns:
Fresh suel ever seeds th' immortal sires,
And still supplies, and still excites desires.

The more each breast with heav'nlyrapture glows, Thro' all the soul the greater vigour slows:
Thought grows intense, affections still improve, 'Till perfect light is kindled all to love.

Tis transport all within the upper skies, I Fix'd thought, and flaming love and feasted eyes: Full tydes of glory pour upon the soul, And in full streams immortal pleasures roul.

Delight immense each happy breast inspires,
And boundless charms keep in the heavinly fire:
Nor will the pleasure sade nor life decay,
Tis constant transport and perpetual day.

No transient cloud will ever veil the fight,
There day gives place to no succeeding night:
No present pain, no sear of future ill,
Will pall the taste of joys fresh sprouting still.

No weary moments interrupt the bleft,
Pleasure's their exercise, and this their rest:
Past all the danger of returning woe,
Their bliss is perfect and for ever so.

FU

For ever ! who can grafp th' important fenfe! Or firetch his thoughts to boundaries immense! Prodigious joys that all our thoughts transcend. And never will abate. nor ever end it b with the

Oh! my dear God, now lift mine heart on high. In thine abode let all my treasure lye; mand a sel That I at last may climb the heav'nly height, And ever feaft on infinite delight ve or vide la

VII. Seafonable Salvation for the 5th of November; From Pfal. cxxiv Flom Pla xx

The fame Tune.

T A D not the Lord, may thankful Britain fay. Had not the Lord appear'd that difinal day When hell and Rome their arts and forces join d, At once to ruin church and fate combin'd:

Had not the Lord engag'd in our defence. Repel'd their rage and check'd their infolence. Or from their plots remov'd the thick disguise: And laid their schemes all open to our eyes:

Sure they had glutted their revenge and foite: Destroy'd our nation, and devour'd us quite: Their swelling rage had overwhelm'd our foul, For none but he could those proud waves controul.

Bleft be the Lord who then maintain'd our cause. And fnatch'd the prey from their devouring jaws: He quell'd their fury and rebuk'd their pride, And made the swelling waves at once subfide.

Just as th' entangled bird escapes the snare. Breaks thro' the net and cheerful mounts the air : So we escap'd the murd'ring blast and stroke, Their hofts were scatter'd, and their snares were

For ever bleft be God th' Almighty Lord,
"Twas he alone our gasping hopes restor'd:

Our laws and our religion were his care,
He shew'd the danger, and he broke the snare,"

With humble trust let's still on him depend;
He's prompt to help, and able to defend:
He built the world, and still supports the frame,
Mighty to save: Jebovah is his name.

WHI. God praised for his Perfections, Providence; and peculiar regard to his Saints; From Pfal. xxxvi.

Chichester Tune.)

ffills.

The lofty skies thy mercy far transcends: From clouds thy bounty fatning dews distills, Beyond the utmost clouds thy truth extends.

Conspicuous as the hills which reach the sky. Thy justice stands, firm as old mountains are: In awful deeps conceal'd thy judgments lye, Of man and beast thy providence takes care.

But, Lord, thy friendship to the good and just, Exceeds thy kind regard to other things:
Their God with sure dependance they may trust, And dwell secure beneath thy shady wings.

They at thine house shall constant welcome sind.
Their souls shall there be richly satisfy'd,
With living pleasures always entertain'd,
That slow from thee in one continual tyde.

The springs of joy and life are all with thee,
Thy presence, Lord, makes everlasting day:
Nor can thy fulness e'er exhausted be,
Nor thine essential splendors sade away.

This

This blifsful favour, Lord, let me obtain, Dwell in thine house, and on thy sulness feast; With friendly lustre let me see thee shine, Drink of thy pleasures and improve my taste.

Nor let these blessings be to me confin'd, On all thy saints let them perpetual flow: To ev'ry upright heart be ever kind, Impart thy wealth, and thy salvation show.

IX. The Soul's Choice of God, and firm Dependance on him, founded on our Redeemer's triumphant Death, Resurrection, and Ascension; From Psal. xvi. at v. 6.

The fame Tune:) a mich liet aut entent a

He fills my cup and all my wants supplies,
He guards my person, he'll secure my joys,
And lift my soul to her own native skies.

Gracious, to me he has a lot affign'd.

There where himself has fix'd his residence;

Where round me slow delights of ev'ry kind,

To seast the soul and gratify the sense.

I'll bless the Lord for his peculiar grace,
His faithful word and all its heav nly light,
This to my mind his wise advice conveys,
By day it leads me, and instructs by night.

On him with steady trust I'll six mine eye, In ev'ry place, I know he's always near, Whilst he protects I'll ev'ry soe defy, Despise their threatnings and disdain to fear.

Within

Within my foul a living spring shall rife,
Dilate my heart, my tuneful tongue employ:
With voice triumphant with exulting eyes,
I'll spread his praises and proclaim my joy.

I see my Saviour gently bow his head, And on the cross his life for me resign:

Dying he conquers, and triumphs when dead,
And in the grave displays his pow'r divine.

In vain would death the mighty pris'ner hold.
The grave on him shall close its mouth in vain to Both death and helt will be by him controul'd.
Behold him burst the bands and rife again.

And to God's presence mark the shining way, Where streams run full with pleasures here und Joy's at the height and never will decay. [known,

X. Praise to God for his love to Mankind, especially in the Incarnation of God the Son, and the Exaltation of the Mediator. From Pfal. viii.

Where rough how seed of

other dischool bell of

The fame Tune.)

Ord, how illustrious is thy facted name!

Thro' all the world how glorious is our King!

Thy faints below victorious grace proclaim,

Whilst heav nly hosts thy dazzling glories sing.

When in tumultuous rage the pow'rs of hell, Against thy throne with proud defiance rose, By sucklings breath deseated down they fell, And tender babes dispers'd thy daring foes.

When

When I behold the vast expanse on high,
That mighty product of Almighty breath,
See moon and stars adorn the distant sky,
And spread their light to sealms so far beneath.

What's man, or man's polluted offspring, Lord, Thus to be favour'd, thus advanc'd by thee!
Strange humbling step! Oh, grace to be ador'd?
That in our stell God manifest should be.

Yet did our God our feeble flesh put on,
And to his angels was inferior made,
That man with him might fill the sov reign throne;
And with immortal splendors be array'd.

Him thou hast constituted Lord and Christ, His boundless empire thro the world extends: The heavenly courtiers serve this royal Priess,—And at his sootstool every creature bends.

The bleating flocks, the lowing herds obey, And hungry beafts which in the forrests roar, The birds of heav'n, and monsters thro' the sea Move at his nod, and in their way adore.

With loud applause we'll this rich grace proclaim, This matchless stoop of the eternal King!
"Oh! how illustrious is his holy name!
May heav'n and earth in joyful confort sing.

XI. The true God our only Refuge, with a Reproof of Idolaters; From Pial. cxxxv.

breaths, flor moves; but ever

The fame Tune) and one doing valor bad all

OH! praise the Lord, ye laints, extolhis name, With tuneful heart and with melodious voice: Ye priests, ye people, his great deeds proclaim, Display his glones, landimprove your joys.

Sure 'tis the noblest work to sing his praise,'
'Tis what becomes the people of his love:

The special objects of his saving grace,
Should in the blest employment still improve.

He bids, and foon th' obedient vapours rife,
The lightnings kindle and the thunders roar,
Outrageous tempests sweep the dusky skies,
And rain pours down from his aerial store.

His dreadful pow'r thro' Egypt he displaid, His tokens sent on king and people too; Thro' Canaan's pow'rful nations terror spread, Subdu'd the people and their princes slew.

In vain must any earthly pow'r withstand, When the Almighty for his Ifrael fought: To his own slock he gave the conquer'd land, Whom from the house of bondage he had brought.

And still his pow'r and goodness are the same, His people still are his delight and care: Britain, rejoice in his Almighty Name, Whilst he's our God we never should despair.

But the voin gods which heathen lands adore, Are lifeless shapes, of metal form'd or wood: Men melt the monster out of glittering oar, Or out of timber hew the stupid god.

Vain is the shew of mouth, and eyes, and ears, in vain the maker gives it feet and hands, The pageant neither speaks, nor sees, nor hears, Nor breaths, nor moves, but ever senseless stands.

Tis hard to say which are the greater sools,
The gods or they who this blind homage pay,
Who form them first with their own hands and
[tools,
And then fall down to what they made, and pray,
Britons,

Britons, do you such helpless gods despise, But make the living God your help and hope: His pow'rful word produc'd the earth and skies, And should you sink, his hand can bear you up.

XII. The Happiness of Evangelical Times, and the Glory of the Church under the Gospel.

PART L. From Several Scriptures.

The Same Tune.)

Ark, a kind voice! the list ning desert hears:
"Prepare the way, the heav nly envoy cries,
"Immanuel comes: God in our flesh appears:
Immanuel comes, each echoing hill replies.

He comes, by ancient Prophets long foretold, Rise up, ye vales, and sink, ye mountains, down: The saviour joyful let all fiesh behold, And hush their sears when God forbears to frown.

On fightless eyes he'll pour reviving day, The musick of his voice the deaf shall hear, The dumb shall sing, the lame shall leap for joy, And faded looks change to a blooming air.

His flock he'll like a careful shepherd feed, They'll know his Voice, he'll call their several names.

His sheep to wholsome air and pasture lead, And in his bosom bear the tender lambs.

The world shall hear no plaintive murmurs more, He'll wipe the tears from ev'ry mournful face: Their fatal feuds the nations shall give o'er, And war's tumultuous din be hush'd in peace.

ĸ

Warriours

Warriours their fwords shall into ploughshares

To pruning hooks convert their useless spears; In the same pastures wolves and lambs shall eat, And cows securely graze with ravining bears.

The sporting infant (in his peaceful reign)
With asps and basilisks shall harmless play,
Unhurt dance o'er the cockatrice's den,
And safe his little hands on vipers lay.

PART II. From Ifa. lx.

The Same Tune.)

R Ife, Salem, city of the heav'nly King, Display thy rising glories in the air, Gentiles will in thy light rejoice, and bring New sons and daughters to thee from afar.

Rise, and behold thy progeny increase, How sast how num'rous thy descendants grow: From lands remote, and from the utmost seas, To thee behold converted nations slow.

See mighty crouds thy temple gates attend, And heathen princes at thine altars lye: See east and west their constant tribute send, And gladly thee with all their wealth supply.

See foreigners thy broken walls repair, And pow'rful kings to ferve thee take delight: Whilft, fafe from danger, and secure from fear, Thou ne'er shalt thut thy gates by day or night.

Behold thy proud oppressors crouch and bow, And ask for mercy prostrate at thy seet: Those who despis d thee once shall honour now, And thee their parent and their guardian greet.

No

No more shall foreign force lay waste thy land, Intestine seuds no more embroil thy state: Girt with divine salvation thou shalt stand, And joy and praise inscribe on every gate.

On thee thy God shall pour his glory down; And thou with true celestial brightness blaze:
The sun no more shall make thy day; the moon No more shine out by night with borrow'd rays.

Full tydes of light on thee shall constant flow,
And with unclouded lustre ever shine:
Thy glories neither ebb nor end shall know,
"But God's own everlasting day be thine.

XIII. The Inhabitant of Zion: From Pfal. xv. &c.

Torrington Tune.)

L Ord, who's the happy man that may ascend. Thy holy hill, and find a welcome there? Who in thine house thy worship may attend, Behold thy beauties, and thy blessings share? Who shall at last to heav'nly mansions rise, And with thy glories feast his ravish'd eyes?

'Tis one well exercis'd in pious deeds,
Whose heart's sincere, his actions ever just,
Who steadily in God's own path proceeds,
Whose constant truth one may securely trust:
Who hates with treach'rous heart and fair pretence,
To cheat and make a prey of innocence.

Who to his neighbour never offers wrong, And, conscious of no ill, still thinks the best, Who hates the venom of a sland'ring tongue, Which known will spread, and unknown crimes

[fuggeft: = Who'll =

Who'll ne'er by leff'ning real worth, defame, Nor real faults with spiteful joy proclaim.

Who vice and villainy fincerely hates,
However dreft or guarded they appear:
With high respect who true religion treats,
And the poor saint will to a prince prefer.
Who to his oaths hath ever firmly stood,
And to his hurt yet makes his promise good.

Who to the great will never basely bend,
Or honour by unlawful means obtain:
By thriving fraud will not his fortune mend,
Nor by oppressive might increase his gain:
No bribes will buy, no force his vote extort,
To screen the villain, or the guiltless hurt.

Who loves his worst and most malicious soes, And injuries with benefits repays;
For bitter curses, blessings still bestows, And for his cruel persecutors prays:
Who will with flowing heart the poor relieve, And what himself expects, to others give.

Who after all builds all his hopes on grace, (Nor boasts his deeds) this is the welcome guest, Who to God's house shall still have free access. And see his face, and on his fatness feast:

There dwell a while secure, and then remove To fix for ever in the court above.

Who hates with the stock of the series and the victories.

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And a lite of the state of the same of the XIV.

XIV. The Saints Difficulties about the Prosperity of the Wicked remov'd: From Psal. Ixxiii.

White state short combinate when because while the W

The same Tune.)

Anish, ye doubts; a thousand proofs appear
That to his Israel God will still be kind,
To all that love him with an heart sincere.
Tho once with stagg'ring faith and anxious mind,
I long was pos'd, long held in sad suspense
About th' unequal steps of providence.

With envy gnaw'd, and pin'd with discontent, I saw ungodly fools grow rich and great; From common cares, and wants, and woes exsempt,

Their bodies healthy, and secure their state, Saw them with haughty look and scornful air, The spoils of lawless pow'r triumphant wear.

They humourev'ry brutal appetite,
At vast expence the clam'rous wanton feed,
Or when it flags, with costly art excite,
Yet still their growing stores their hopes exceed:
Throughout the earth their tongues at random fly,
And with blaspheming talk invade the sky.

Thus finners fare, whilst God's best saints confession,

[plain,

With num'rous wants, and woes, and wrongs op-

" Sure I have wash'd my heart and hands in vain,

"In vain my faith and trust in God profest: " Is there a God indeed? Or can he know?

Or doth he heed at all the things below?

R 3 I checkt.

I checkt the doubt left I should faints offend;
But it reviv'd and bassled all my skill;
"Till in thine house I saw their wretched end,
Foresaw the pangs they must forever seel:
What lasting woes will follow sading mirth,
What pains succeed their pleasures here on earth.

As dreams, with airy joys delude the mind, So vanishes their cheating bliss away, But leaves an everlasting sting behind.
What brutal folly did my doubts betray!
Thanks to my God, I now have scap'd the snare, He solv'd my doubts, and sav'd me from despair.

XV. The Saints Resignation to God, and Triumph in him: From Psal. lxxiii. 24, 25, 26.

The fame Tune.) provide here wildered some of find?

O, my good God, I'll never more repine;
Lead where thou wilt, I'll not dislike the
To thy superior wisdom I resign, [way;
I'll trust thy conduct, and thy laws obey;
Thou wilt instruct and guide me whilst I live,
And to thy glory, when I die, receive.

My foul releas'd shall pass inferior skies, And mount, aspiring still, to thine abode, With arms extended, with unclouded eyes, To see thy glories, and embrace her God: See boundless beauty smiling in thy sace, And grasp consummate bliss in thine embrace,

And 'tis thy blissful presence, Lord, alone, Makes heav'n the happy seat of joy and light; Should once thy smiles and splendors be withdrawn All would be wrapt in dark and dismal night:

Thy

Thy presence any where makes heav'nly day, But heav'n it self's eclips'd if God's away.

For him I'd quit the brightest things on high."
And turn from tempting Scraphs with a frown;
For him despise all that's below the sky,
And tread the earth with all its glories down:
Be stript of all, yet more than all possess,
If with his love my longing soul he'll bless.

He, when the joys of time shall all retire,
Will to my soul more tasteful joys convey,
More brisk and vigorous life he'll then inspire,
When heart shall fail and sleshly life decay:
With blooming hopes I then shall meet my death.
And with triumphant calm resign my breath.

My foul her dying partner shall survive,
Shake off her load and stretch to heav nly bliss,
There in eternal extasy to live,
Where God, her everlasting portion, is:
My bliss will be complete of him possess.

I'vin would not die to be for ever bless?

XVI. God the Thunderer, the Refuge of bis Saints: From Pfal. xxix.

The fame Tune.)

Y E mighty monarchs, who on earth below.
With borrow'd glories shine and grandeus
[swell,

Pay to your God the tribute which you owe, Whose might and glory yours so far excel: Go worship at his seet with humble sear, And do him homage for the crowns you wear.

R4

Whene'er

Whene'er he speaks with awful voice on high; Clouds burst and empty out their liquid store, Earth shakes, a solemn murmur fills the sky, And frighted seas in hoarse confusion roar: His thund'ring voice with loud majestick sound, Asserts the God, and spreads his dread around.

In vain would stately cedars stand the shock. The woods with which old Libanus is crown'd, Must bow their heads, or by its force be broke, Torn from their roots and laid along the ground: Like calves they'll skip, and like the hunted deer, The tall and mighty mountains bound for fear.

Thro' cleaving clouds it drives a glaring light,
And forward still impels the forked stame;
The waste and lonely defarts catch the fright,
And quake to hear th' Almighty tell his name:
Ev'n hungry lions quit the trembling prey,
And to their fafest coverts haste away.

The fruitful hinds convultive terrors feel,
And cast their young unform'd with fruitless pains:
The haunts of beasts demolish'd woods reveal,
And shiver'd oaks lie strew'd upon the plains.
But in his temple milder glories shine,
There ev'ry tongue proclaims the grace divine.

The Lord on high commands each floating cloud, Controuls the deep and swelling floods below; Obsequious meteors kindle at his nod, And lightnings blaze, and blustring tempests blow: He reigns for ever with resistless sway, And winds and waves his sov'reign will obey.

Happy the objects of his love and care, Omnipotence will be their guard and shield; In vain their foes breath rage and bloody war, And with their num'rous forces take the field:

as spend A

He'll

He'll break their pow'r and their fierce rage difarm. And fave his people from th' intended harm.

XVII. God our Happiness.

The same Tune.)

Ail, sow reign beauty! infinite abyss
Of light, and life, and love, and excellence;
Exhaustless spring of being and of bliss,
Of all that's good sole treasury immense:
Light of my eyes, of all my joys the soul,
Lord of my heart, my portion, and my all.

The grandeur and the pomp of courts and kings, To poor and grov'ling spirits I resign; Unenvy'd they may take these gaudy things, And grasp the cheating joy, if thou art mine: Oh, elevating thought! blist at the height! This is indeed to be sublime and great.

Worldlings for shining dirt may daily drudge, And without end augment their glitt'ring store, Their growing treasures I shall never grudge, Were the whole world their own they'd still be

Midst all their wealth their soulsstill starve and pine, But I am rich and blest if thou art mine.

Wantons may gratify their brutal taffe,
And ev'ry sense with their coarse pleasures cloy;
Let them on such gross entertainments feast,
Whilst I my God with higher gust enjoy;
My pleasure's noble, lively and refin'd,
Improves the taste, and elevates the mind.
Without

Without thee heav'n it self would joyless prove,
Thou art the life of all the pleasures there,
Divided from thee nothing's worth my love,
The world it self would one great void appear:
The whole creation can't a joy excite,
If God withdraws and wraps my soul in night.

But, Lord, when all my other comforts fail,. When o'er my breast tempestuous passions roll, When my heart finks, and soes and sears prevail, And gloomy griess quite overspread my soul: One look from thee, my God, one friendly ray, Will still the tempest, and recal the day.

When in thy light I always light shall see?
When with her God my soul shall still be fill'd,
How blissful will the satisfaction be?
My joy will then be lasting and complete,
Still slowing, yet for ever at the height.

XVIII. God the Lord of all, and Saints the Persons who dwell with him: From Pfal. xxiv.

Kingston Tune:)

Each lofty hill, and all the spreading plains,
The spacious seas, and all the rolling floods,
The fertile valleys, and the shady woods,
His are the cattle on a thousand mountains,
His all mankind, his all the streams and fountains,

He on the yielding fluid made it fland,
Balanc'd the seas, and fixt the solid land;
In vain the troubled waters foam and swell,
Their threatning surges he'll with sand repel:
Firm

Firm he has made it fland on this foundation, For man and beaft a proper habitation.

But there's a brighter world by far on high, Beyond the limits of the utmost sky, Where God unveil'd his radiant face displays, And makes all heav'n with his reslexion blaze: Ten thousand thousand spirits serve before him, And with delightful reverence adore him.

There pleasure rouls in one perpetual tyde,
There plenty flows, and there the blest reside,
There in high rapture all their hours employ,
And in loud hallelujahs tell their joy:
What happy man this blissful world shall enter,
And there in God with boundless pleasure center?

"Tis one who keeps his heart with utmost care, Nor suffers any fin to harbour there: Whose hands from all injurious acts abstain, Whose soul can earthly vanities distain: Whos true, consistent, plain and open hearted, And from his word and oath has never started.

True to his God, and faithful to his trust,
To all mankind benevolent and just:
Who hates all ill, and keeps his conscience clean,
Nor stains his heart and hands with wilful sin:
This is the man who in God's habitation
Shall see his face, and joy in his salvation.

He shall at last the heav'nly hills ascend,
And near the throne with high delight attend,
See God in all his glories ever shine,
And feast for ever on the love divine:
Thrice happy state! all others far excelling!
Oh, may I there have mine eternal dwelling!

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XIX. Praise to God for Creation, Providence, Redemption and Grace: From Psal. cxxxvi.

The fame Tune.)

P Raise ye the Lord, the universal King,
His truth, his pow'r, and his salvation sing,
Him God of gods, him Lord of lords proclaim,
Let it be known he ever reigns supreme:
To spread his glories let mankind endeavour,
Whose truth and goodness are the same for ever.

What mighty deeds have by his pow'r been done, Wonders to be perform'd by him alone! He by his wildom spread abroad the sky, And hung out all the starry lamps on high: His pow'rs the same, his mercy faileth never. Oh! let his praise be glorious made for ever.

He bid the seas drein from the solid land, And made the earth above the waters stand; He form'd the sun to bless the day with light, The moon to clear the dusky face of night: And still when sun, and moon, and stars are saded, Bright will his glories shine and ne'er be shaded.

Egypt's first-born he in a night struck dead,
And Ifrael from the house of bondage freed;
He, the Red-sea did for their sake divide,
And led them safely through the parting tyde;
For never-failing kindness he's renowned,
Oh! let him be with endless praises crowned.

But Pharaoh and his army perish'd there. He through the defart led his flock with care:

Famous

Famous and mighty kings fell by his hand, And Ifrael that'd by lot their conquer'd land : And fill his mighty arm will prove victorious, His promise fure, his mercy rich and glorious.

He saw the dismal state the world was in-In guilt involv'd, and tainted all with fin. And his own Son for our redemption fent. Our fees to conquer, and our wees prevent: Oh! boundless pity, grace to be adored! That this way sinners hopes should be restored.

He for his people needful food provides. Guards all their bleffings, all their fleps he guides, Thro' fnares and dangers fafely leads them on, To endless bliss and his own heav'nly throne: May praise perpetual to the God of heaven. For his eternal grace and truth, be given.

XX. The Appeal: From John xxi. 17. Lord thou knowest all things: Thou knowest that I love thee.

shoots of the english worlds to de The (ame Tune.)

7 HY must the question, Lord, be put again. Art thou in doubt? or can I dare to feign? Can I from thee my fecret fense conceal? Or, what thou didft not know before, reveal? Thou who know it all things know if I truly love thee, And fet no other object up above thee.

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For thee, dear Lord, I freely can forego, All earthly joys, and welcome want and woe: For thee the world's reproaches I can bear, And with delight their spiteful scoffs can hear: Fools may mock on, and ridicule my passion, I'm bleft if favour'd with thine approbation.

If this and all the heav'nly worlds were mine, For thy enjoyment I would all refign: Worldlings for me might seize the mighty store, If thou art mine I never can be poor: Thou art my never-failing spring of pleasure, Life of my soul, a boundless fund of treasure.

To be exil'd, my dearest Lord, from thee, Is death it self, or worse than death to me: When thou dost frown or wrap thy face in shade, Distress and horror my whole soul invade: 'Till thou return I shall for ever languish, Thy friendly look alone can ease my anguish,

J love thee so, my soul's impatient grown,
Tir'd of the world, and eager to be gone:
How doth she strive tow'rds her eternal rest?
And long in thine own presence to be blest?
She'd kiss the friendly dart that should release her,
And of her guilt and griefs for ever ease her.

Oh! with what satisfaction would she rise!
And stretch away beyond the utmost skies:
She'd leave her heav'nly convoy on the road,
And leap a thousand worlds to be with God;
Fearless thro' unknown tracks she'd singly venture,
By force of love drawn to her proper center.

Her center where alone she'll be at rest,
Wrapt in thine arms, and of thy self possess:
For heav'nly light streams from thy lovely face,
And heav'nly bliss is graspt in thine embrace:
But all the glory's gone if thou art missing,
All-heav'n besides is hardly worth possessing.

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TENT WEST

ni na diselementa di manganta in XXI.

XXI. The Vanity of worldly Enjoyments.

The fame Tune.

W Hat are the gaudy glories of the great, Possessions, empire, treasures, pomp and state?

What sparkling gems, or heaps of glitt'ring oar, Which fensual minds so covet and adore? When I possess them will they satisfy me? Or, want whate'et I will, can they supply me?

When sense of sin shall cut me to the heart, Can they remove my pain or ease my smart? Can they appease my God, remission buy? Redeem my soul, or justice satisfy? Can they atonement make for mine offences? Tis Jesu's blood alone the guilty cleanses.

Can they purge off the poil nous guilt of fin?
Renew my heart, or make me clean within?
Can they with life divine my foul inspire,
Suppress each lust, and kindle holy fire?
With God's resemblance fair can they impress me;
Or with his free and friendly converse bless me?

When age comes on, and sharp distempers seize, Can they recal my youth, heal my disease? When I must struggle with the pangs of death, Can they relieve me or retain my breath? But they must vanish and be lost for ever, When death my body and my soul shall sever,

When at the bar of God I must appear,
And from his lips my final fentence hear,
Can they my guilty soul to him commend,
Or bribe my righteous Judge to be my friend?

5 2

Or, should he in that dreadful day reject me, Can they against his just revenge protect me?

Can they secure me from eternal woe!
Or soften fiends, and make them pity shew?
Can they put out or damp the slames of hell?
Or settle me where all the blessed dwell?
Should the whole world be for the savour given,
Would it prevail and let me into heaven?

Go, wretched worldling, these poor trisles prize, In vain they spread their charms before mine eyes: My greatest wants they can't at all relieve, Nor what I chiefly covet can they give: Let all who value such possessions take 'em, With pleasure I, for God and heav'n, forsake 'em,

XXII. The Sinner's Portion, and the Saints Trials and Hope: From Pfal. xvii. 13, 14, 15.

discurrent beat, or many ment

The fame Tune.)

Y God, by various methods thou dost prove
Thy servant's faith and patience, truth and
[love:
Sometimes they smart by thine own chast ning rod,
And for their sins meet the rebukes of God:
Sometimes their persecuting foes distress them,
And pow'rful tyrants cruelly oppress them.

These are thy sword, thine instruments of death,
To punish sin, and execute thy wrath:
Men of the world, whose portion's all below,
They seek no other bliss, no other know:
Here they abound in wealth, and swim in pleasure,
And to their num'rous heirs transmit their treasure.
And

And let them still for me their wealth increase? Let them the world and all its stores posses: I'll ne'er at their felicity repine, Envy their state, or wish their portion mine: The world's well lost if God and heav'n are gained, Mine is substantial bliss, theirs only seigned.

'Tis my ambition now my God to please,
My utmost wish at last to see thy face:
May I hereaster reach the heav nly shore,
Stand near thy throne and at thy feet adore,
And with thy blissful vision be delighted,
I'm now content to be abus'd and slighted.

Oh! when will this long dream of life be done, My foul awake and clap her pinions on? Leave off her flesh and lay down ev'ry load, And joyful stretch away to thine abode, There to behold thy glory in perfection, And shine for ever bright with thy reflexion!

How dear, how joyous will the pleasure be,
Thy self in thine own native light to see!
To dwell amidst the beamings of thy face,
Drink in thy form, and with thy likeness blaze!
With never-failing wealth this will supply me,
And with extatick bliss still satisfy me:

XXIII. He was wounded for our Transgressions, with his Stripes we are bealed. Isa. liii. 5.

For the SACRAMENT.

Hannover Tune.)

D Eep in our thankful breafts let us record,
The wond rous flory of our dying Lord:
As here his death and passion we review,
Our love and wonder let the scene tenew:

S 3

The Lord of glory leaves his shining throne, Veils for a while the light in which he shone:
The glorious God in human form appears,
And all the marks of service meanness wears.

The King of kings by all heav'ns host rever'd, Is by the mob with rude profaneness jeer'd: And he whose head celestial gems adorn, Submits to wear a crown of rugged thorn.

The holy, harmless, undefiled one,
With heavy loads of guilt is made to groan:
The Prince of life by various torments dies,
For guilty men a willing sacrifice.

Thus did he shew his love to human race, And at this dear expence procure them peace: To make us free, be was a pris ner made, By a base traitor with a kis betray'd.

Our wounds and mortal maladies to cure, He did himself the sharpest pangs endure; To give us ease he various tortures try'd, And to procure us endless life he dy'd.

Thus he prevail'd, and thus victorious fell,
Thus triumph'd over death, and conquer'd hell;
And now enthron'd, his victiries he purfues,
And rebel hearts by royal love subdues.

Here let us pause a while, and here adore, In vain we seek such wonders to explore: Oh! let our souls his dying virtue prove, And yield themselves the conquest of his love.

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BHOTH CROKE

The Gloria Patri, &c. fitted to the feveral Measures of the foregoing Hymns, for the sake of those who shall think it proper to amex it to any of them in singing.

For Common Measure.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit too,
Whom heav'n and earth adore,
Be glory paid, as is most due,
Now and for evermore.

For all Eight rhyming in couplets.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three and one,
Be praise and adoration giv'n,
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

For all Eight rhyming alternately.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoft, Be everlasting glory givn, By faints on earth, and all the host Of glorious worshipers in heaven.

For all Ten rhyming in Couplets.

To Father, Son, and Spirit ever bleft, Eternal praise and worship be addrest: This still was due in ages heretofore, Is now, and will when time shall be no more.

For all Ten rhyming alternately.

To God the Father, Son, and Spirit too, By heav'n and earth be adoration paid; From the beginning this was always due, And still will be when time it felf shall fade.

For the Measure of Kingston: Or the soth Plalm Tune.

To God the Father, who has all things made,
To God the Son, who finners ranfom paid,
To God the Holy Ghoft, who fouls inspires
With life divine, and kindles pure defires:
Be everlasting praise and glory given,
By all the family in earth and heaven.

For all Ten in Six Lines: Or, Torrington Tune.

To Father, Son, and Spirit ever bleff,
The holy undivided Trinity,
Be praise and adoration still address,
By saints on earth, and angel hosts on high:
This still was due since time its race begun,
And will be so when time it self is done.

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